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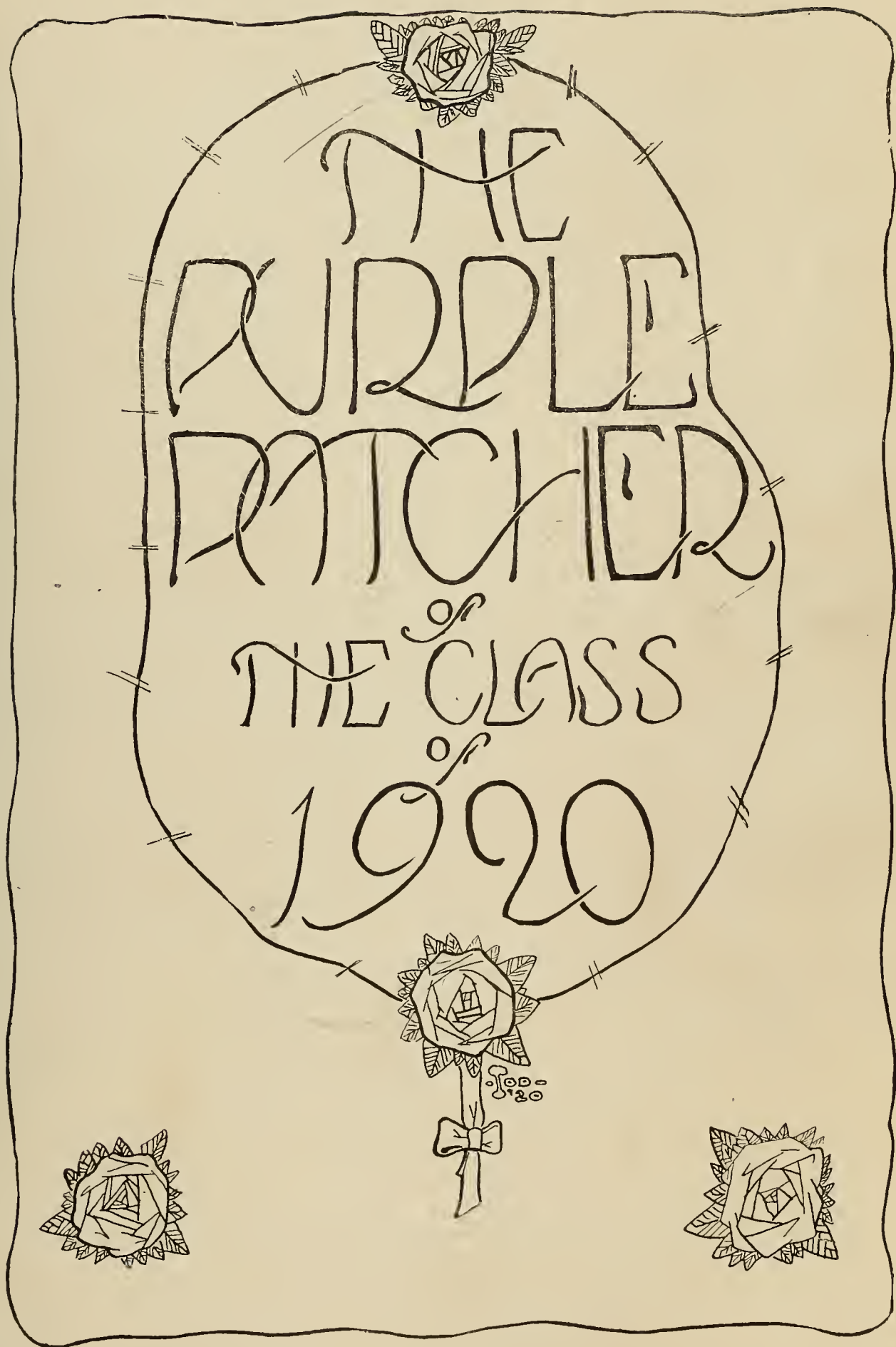
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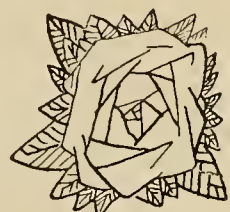
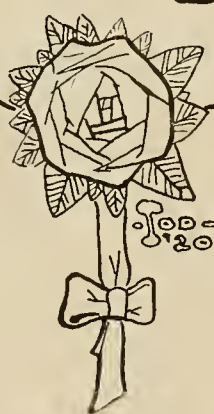
THE PURPLE PATCHER

VOL. XIV

The Purple Patch of the Class of 1920



THE
PURPLE
PATCH
of
THE CLASS
of
1920



Edited by
THE 1920 PURPLE PATCHER BOARD

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Chummy pals and chummy stories,
Merry made our hearts each day;
Melodies were hours with cronies
As we climbed the hooky way.

Yester-year's good round of pleasure,
Every hour's gay crown of fun,
We have saved for love and laughter
When our student day is done.

Now to you we show this mirror.
Won't you glimpse this proud array?
Full five score of princely fellows
On their holding holiday.

—Arthur J. O'Leary, '20.





As an evidence of their esteem and gratitude
The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty
affectionately and sincerely dedicate
this volume of
The Purple Patcher
to
Reverend John M. Fox, S. J.,
Professor to Senior in Ethics and Evidences

GREETINGS



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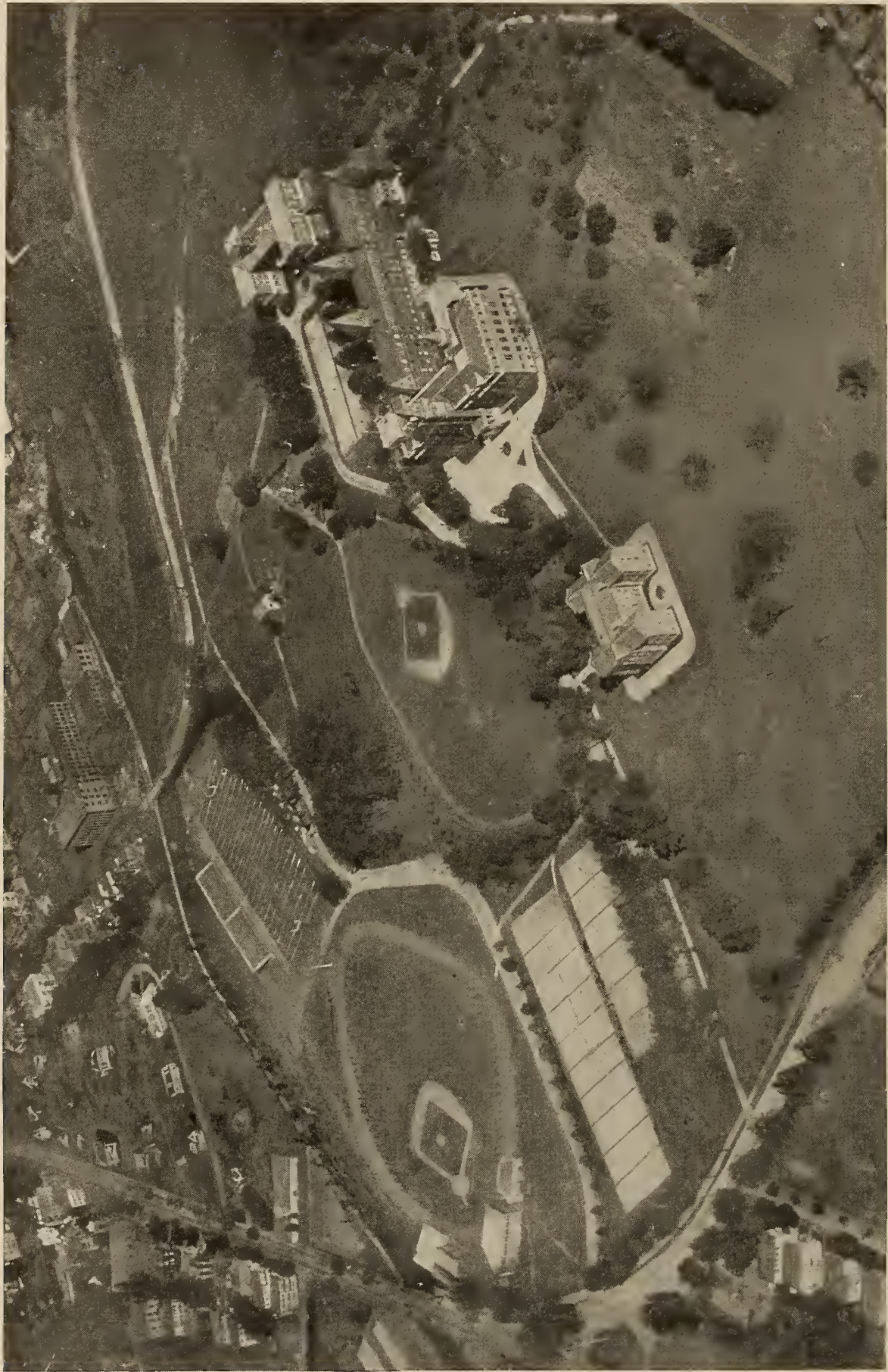
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HOLY CROSS TODAY

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FACTY.

To the Faculty

"In sweet accordancy of praise and love
The singing waters run;
And sunset mountains wear in light above
The smile of duty done."

—WHITTIER

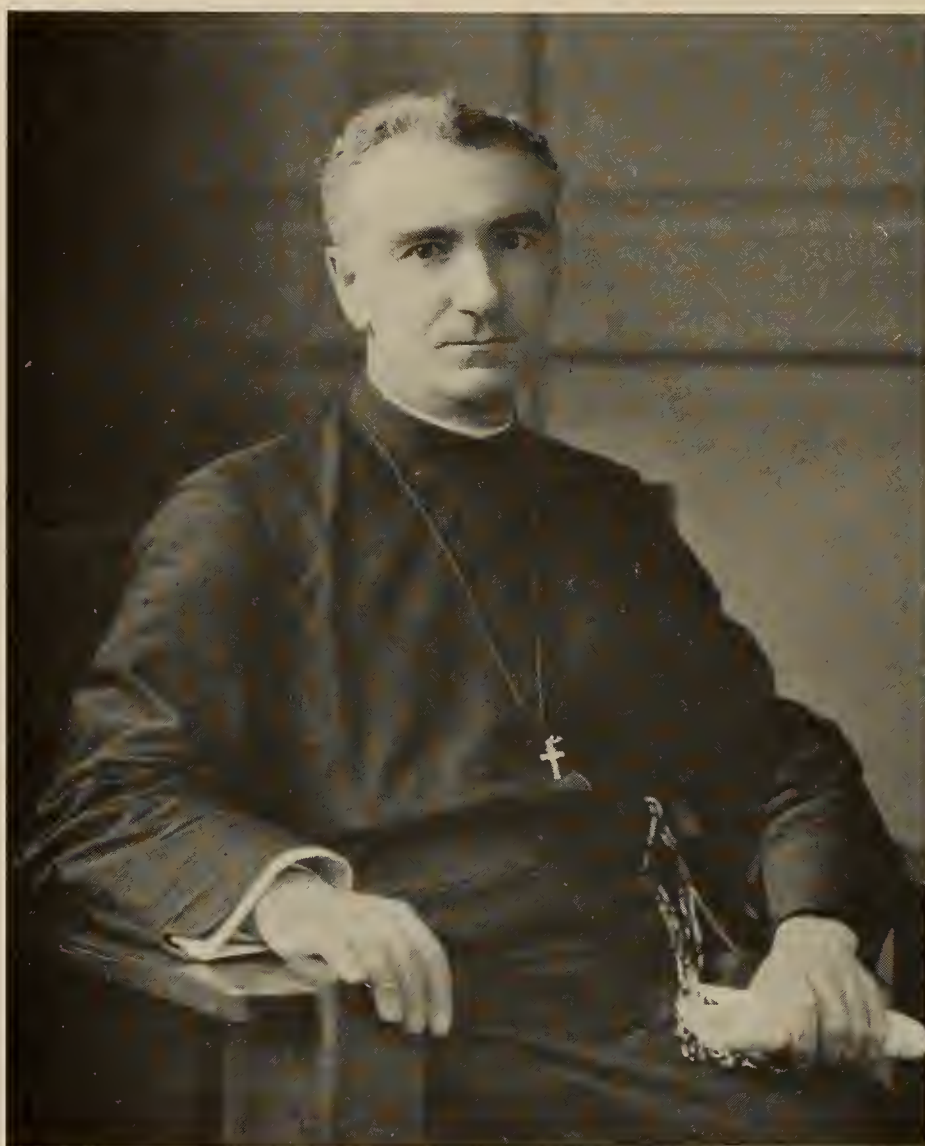


IN the year books, from the time that Plato's pupils published a history of their days with the learned pedagogue, down to the year and moment of this writing, Professors have been typified as helmsmen and the like. However, our good teachers need no figurative adornments, for we find them even in the affairs of every day, picturesque and appealing. All that they have, and self included, has been placed in the crucible of sacrifice: whence rises the better good of man and God's greater glory. And we came among them and lived in this atmosphere of interest and paternal care, and let us hope the world will be the better for it. Fitting thanks for their kindness and regard would exhaust any human mode of appreciation. Words expressive of them would double the lettered wealth of the ages. The Faculty has a goodly claim upon the gratitude and admiration of the "Class of Nineteen Twenty."



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STUDENT LIFE

To the Seniors



THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY has a history unique and individual in many respects. Starting she matriculated more men than any class up to that date, and in June she will receive the greatest number of sheepskins—and this in spite of her checkered career.

The Freshman year abruptly took its exit in the early spring-time owing to a call for war-workers. So the pleasures of the "Hill of Sunset Splendor" vested in vernal plumage, were not our privileges as Freshies. A turbulent and trying year of hesitancy and doubt followed, most of our members being on the brink between mufti and khaki, and so our college activities suffered. Junior year found most of us in arms and only half of our philosophic day was spent by the "Men of Twenty" on the hill "where flow pleasant crystal springs." But we weathered the winds of an adverse fate and our crowning year found us as light-hearted as Freshmen but energetic withal as the proverbial busy bee. Threads of gold were the ties that bound us together, and these will never part while memory lingers.



1920 AS SOPHOMORES



1920 AS JUNIORS



1920 AS SENIORS



JOHN W. ARCARI

HARTFORD, CONN.

"Pats"

"A calm, unruffled gentleman was he."

—ANON.

B. J. F. (3, 4)

College Orchestra (3, 4)

Band (4)

Senior Minstrels

This genial citizen of Connecticut's capitol city turned his footsteps Worcesterwards and became a member of our class at the beginning of Junior year. It was an event benefiting both "Pats" and the class, and it did not take him long to adapt himself to Holy Cross. Soon after he was aiding the college orchestra by means of the melodious notes of his renowned clarinet. His

activities soon spread to other fields; in fact, like the Helvetians of old, he felt hemmed in by his narrow confines, and sought the society of other towns. At a prominent social function in Junior year he was even known to have imported an inhabitant from one of the neighboring tribes for the occasion.

In Senior year he was a great aid to the college band in arousing enthusiasm for our biggest football game. Adorned in a grotesque costume, "Pats" paraded with the band and played the clarinet and French horn by turns. He was also a steady and generous contributor to the college building fund.

Given to eloquence on the slightest excuse, John has been a prominent figure in all arguments. However, "Pats" usually held to the even tenor of his way except when an opposing orator became excited. Genial and reliable, he is indeed a representative member of "Twenty." Whate'er the world may induce him to take up for his life work, we wish all success possible, after his two years' stay in the "City of Prosperity."

OLIER L. BARIL

SPENCER, MASS.

"Oli," "Doc"

"Everything which is out of our power to amend becomes more supportable by patience."—HORACE.

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

During his stay with us Olier commuted to and from Spencer. His travels on the jaunting-cars of the "Rocky Road to Auburn" have not as yet antiquated those flat wheels, but "Oli" is optimistic of the future. In such beneficent hope for posterity he is joined by each and every member of the "Class of Twenty."

Olier's early days on Packachoag evidenced a serious purpose in his methods of study, and we were not at all surprised to see the "Doctor" pursuing a course in biology and chemistry. However, we must mention the fact that, while to all appearances he seemed a faithful student, his frequent romps with Ethel Acetate in the chemical laboratory were a constant source of disquietude on the part of his immediate neighbors.

In passing, we feel obliged to mention Olier's loyalty as a Senfresojunite in his Senior year, when, after the midnight banquet, he was forced to relish the heavy fog of the early morning for two hours before securing a train for home.

In spite of heavy odds, "Oli" has constantly applied himself with earnest endeavor to every subject he has studied, and we know that the past is prophetic of a successful future, if results are to be considered. To one so practical and immediate in his methods, there is bound to come the fruits of labor, and we all extend to him our sincerest wishes for a *bon voyage* through life.





R. JOHN BARNES

ST. ALBANS, VT.

"Jack"

*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrows."*

—WORDSWORTH.

Track (1)

Dramatics (1)

Chairman Ways and Means (4)

Philomathic (1)

"Who is the little fellow running against Kelly?" was a question asked at the inter-class track meet in the fall of 1916. That was Jack's first appearance at Holy Cross, and it augured well for a successful career, at least in athletics. However, he was satisfied to rest on the laurels won in that

event by finishing second to the "Peerless Andy." Shortly after, his pet theory of the "Conservation of Energy" put in its appearance, and has remained a steadfast ally throughout the succeeding years.

At the close of his Sophomore year "Our John" heeded the call to the colors, and the following fall found him wearing the little gold bars, a testimonial to his qualities as a leader among men. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the Huns that the front to which Jack was assigned was Grove City rather than that of the Marne! We heard but little of his actual accomplishments while there, but the avalanche of multi-colored, scented letters that engulfed him on his return to Holy Cross was a glowing tribute to the fact his successes were not confined to the drill field.

The qualities that impressed Uncle Sam—his military bearing, versatility, temperament, and leadership—will, we know, make Jack a marked man when he enters the world in his chosen line of endeavor, and the success that has attended his work while on the Hill is but a forerunner of the honors that will be bestowed on him in the future.

J. LEGRAND BELL

TROY, N. Y.

"Lee"

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Dramatics (1)

St. John Berchmans Society (1, 2, 3, 4)

Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Liberty Loan Committee (2)

Orchestra (3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Philomathic (2, 3, 4)

Entertainment Committee (2, 3, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Publicity Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Cheer Leader (4)



Here's an effervescent chap, always sparkling with pleasantry and jollity, whose fancies are as varied as the consequent convulsions. No manner of restraint could bridle Lee's eagerness to spread the tidings of great joy that his "wonderful times" stirred up in his heart. "Gee, I had a wonderful time!" is his favorite description of his Sophomore-Junior trips to the "Hub" or his all-four-years visits to various academies of the fantastic terpsichore.

Beneath this glittering disposition there is a solidity of friendship that lies in the background of the atmosphere in which he lived. Lee is rich in personality, and he deals it out freely. His approaches with faculty members were always decorated with smiles, and somehow the charm worked.

Lee was cheer leader. He was a good one, too. When he pranced out before the crowd in his blanche costume, immediately there was noise. It might appear that the combustion was spontaneous, but the volume, and pep, were all due to Lee's hard work at mass meetings.

A cheer leader is among the most deserving, and yet he seldom gets a cheer. But, Lee, there's always a "Hoiah" made of "Twenty's" best esteem for you. Good cheer will always be with you, and that is inestimably treasurable.

"A 'Hoiah' for Lee Bell, 'Twenty,' and make it the best ever! Hip! Hip!"



FREDERICK L. BERIGAN

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Fred"

*"Why was that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?"*

E. A. ROBINSON.

Smoker Committee (2)

Banquet and Smoker Committee (3)

Class Football (4)

Publicity Committee (4)

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

Some of our more astute men may have entered class unprepared, some of our Beau Brummels may have appeared unshaven, but never has Fred come to school without his smile! Never has he forgotten that "The man worth while is the man

who smiles." Not only is he ever smiling, but he is a living example of perpetual motion. This latter trait has been developed by a number of circumstances. Being the school reporter of the city's greatest newspaper made it necessary for him to move fast to keep one stride ahead of the other "scoops." And the added burden of being a day scholar made him not only active, but extremely agile. Fred's specialty is news! True, the source of some of his copy was at times very vague and doubtful, yet his quick wit has interested many an eager listener and reader. How many hardened heretics has he converted, and how often has the college opened and closed at his wink!

If we were able to read the thoughts of Freddy, we might well be surprised! For we would see that beneath that smiling countenance is a deep, thoughtful mind, and that, far from taking life as a mere joke, Fred has a well-developed sense of duty. Always thoughtful and kind, he has made an everlasting impression on all of us which time can never efface. The coming years hold great promise for him, and "Twenty" may well be proud to boast of him as one of her sons.

WILLIAM R. BOOTH

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Bill "

"Booth led boldly with nis big bass drum."—VACHELL LINDSAY.

Class Football (4)

Philomathic (4)

Senior Minstrels

After spending two years at Brooklyn College, Bill wisely decided to join the Purple cohorts, and since then has proved himself a worthy addition to "Twenty's" ranks. When we first became acquainted with him we wondered if a descendant of John Wilkes Booth had joined us, but he emphatically denied any relationship to the notorious actor-assassin, and indeed Bill's open and manly character proved the absurdity of such a thought. Although he is not, and never was, a publicity agent for himself, those who know him intimately will testify to his worth and character. "Still waters run deep," and even if Bill has been a little backward in coming forward to mix in the uproar of class politics, he has never hesitated to lend his heartiest support to any movement that was worth while.

The handicap of a late arrival did not prevent him from giving his best, and when the call for class football came in Senior year, we saw Bill up on the hill doing just a little more than his bit quietly and consistently.

Bill lived in Junior year among that motley crew of late-comers up on the Annex, and the key to his character is found in the statement that he ranked among the best in his section despite his place of habitation.

Law has claimed Bill for its own, and we will not be surprised to find him in future years the just and ideal judge, protecting the innocent and deciding the fate of the guilty.





JOHN J. BRADY

WATERBURY, CONN.

"King," "Joe"

*"And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Varsity Track (1, 2)

B. J. F. (4)

Scientific Society (4)

Hail to the King! Decked out in his best smile, John takes the center of the stage. Slightly inclined to display an embonpoint, he captures you with the most genial expression imaginable.

In his four years John has carried more duties on his shoulders than one could think of, and with the most wonderful unconcern. "How about a vacation dance in Waterbury?" See John. "I'll have it arranged in a few days." "What is going on in Worcester?" See John. "But how about a permission?" "Oh, that's the least of the whole thing."

And then you throw up your hands. How does he get them? I don't know, and I think Father Wheeler doesn't know himself how he happened to give it to him.

He has the most secret and efficient system of getting permissions that has ever been known. Perhaps a hint might be taken from one of his statements: "Stay there and talk until he gives you one to get rid of you."

In the riotous days of the S. A. T. C., John was elected President of the Juniors, and, without flinching, carried "Twenty" through the storm.

John will certainly make as good a mark on the Rialto as he did at Holy Cross, and happy are they who become his friends.

GEORGE F. BREEN

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Red"

"The gladsome light of jurisprudence."

—SIR EDWARD COKE.

Elocution Contest (1, 2)

Varsity Track (3)

Masque and Bauble Club (1, 2, 4)

Senfresojun Club (1, 3, 4)

Interclass Track (1, 2, 3, 4)

"Red" was one of that irrepressible galaxy of "Day Dodgers" whose voices were always raised in debate regardless of the issue or the argumentative worth of the side they upheld. He was constantly in the van and ever willing to use his oratorical powers for the "K. of C.'s" or to come to the rescue of his "mates" by killing time during a jurisprudence lecture with a barrage of questions. During Junior year he developed into a valuable addition to the Varsity track team, where also his "long-winded" capacities again proved an indispensable asset.

George is a member of that limited number of erstwhile ensigns in the Class who saw service on the other side. Although looking very trim and sea-going in his gold braid on those days when the home guard and ex-service men show their wares for the edification of the populace of Worcester, he receives their plaudits with becoming modesty, and with a dignified reserve that would never lead you to suspect that during the rest of the week he is one of the "hoi polloi" at Holy Cross, and glad to be considered as such.

Throughout the year, George was always one of the leaders in the Jurisprudence Class, and if he does not continue in the law, another Choate, another Webster, will be lost to the world. But if he does, even the most hardened outfit of courtroom spectators will not be bored by any lack of vim and action when George is pleading a case.





PHILIP H. BREEN

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Phil"

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thee."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Debating Team (1)

Treasurer Fitton Debating Society (1)

Vice President Debating Team (2)

Masque and Bauble Club (2)

Philomathic (4)

As the great Demosthenes, in the days of old Greece, denounced the arch-enemy of his country with frequency and eloquence, so, too, was Phil every ready to measure swords or burn powder verbally with any calumniator of the "Class of Twenty" in general, and for the day scholars in partic-

ular. His loyalty to these and to another is as characteristic of Phil as action is of the day-scholars room at noon. And speaking of action, Phil is active. The word "active," when predicated of Phil, may be taken in its broadest sense. He is active in class; he is even said to have asked a question on one occasion. Moreover, he remained awake a whole hour one Friday afternoon during Geology, which is mental activity of the rarest kind. He is also active outside of the class. Many a fellow day-scholar, when looking for his rubbers on a rainy day, has realized that Phil has been active in a rubber fight.

Phil's knowledge of topics of the day is profound, and his understanding of Socialism would do credit to a Goldstein. His discussions on this subject cause quiet in the day-scholars' sanctum even when our more turbulent members have decided to attend class.

If Phil goes into politics, we feel safe in predicting that he will occupy high official positions, and with credit. But, no matter what course he chooses to follow, it is certain that Phil will be where there is the most room—at the top.

CHARLES A. BRENNAN

NATICK, MASS.

"Chick"

"An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man."—GOLDSMITH.

Track Squad (1, 2, 3)

Varsity Baseball Squad (1)

Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4)

Condolence Committee (3)

Secretary Senior Reception Committee (4)

In the fall of 1916, there appeared on the Hill of Mount St. James, a tall, light-haired lad whom we soon knew as "Chick," and immediately afterward we learned that his home town was Natick, the home of Mahan, Murray, and Casey. Nor were we long allowed to remain in ignorance in regard to the many other claims of Natick to greatness and to the foundation of its fame as the Home of Athletes; "Chick" saw to that!

But it was in Junior year that "Chick" acquired fame. Philosophy seemed to have a peculiar attraction for him; in fact, such an influence did it exert over him that he was a year ahead of most of us in his attempt to prove that Darwin's theory of man's animal descent had a semblance of truth, in that the ape's arboreal habits were pronounced even in a perfectly good Christian youth.

Nor was the boy from Natick one of those who believed that the weaker sex were to be shunned! Early in his career he proved the fact that auburn hair was not without a certain advantage in making friends, and when Astronomy began to number its victims, "Chick's" name was among the missing. There was nothing about stars that he did not know from personal experience.

Surely, the future is extremely bright for this smiling, capable, loyal son of Natick! With you, "Chick," go our best wishes for success in whatever you may undertake, and the confidence that the world will be better for your contribution to it!

"Where do we go tonight, 'Mac'?"





THOMAS F. BRENNAN

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Doc," "Kinky"

" . . . Boy, despise not love, or dance."

—HORACE.

Day Scholar's Social Committee (2, 3, 4)

Smoker Committee (1)

Freshman Reception Committee (4)

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

Senior Minstrels

"Doc" is a very close intimate of King Jazz. He likes good music, and when anyone pipes out "Dance," don't be in his way, because he's just naturally going to go!

He can also pound the ivories, and many times has he been the center of a happy gathering at the piano.

"Doc" is the real student type. In his bouts with the books he has been known sometimes only to secure a draw, but as to his dress, he is always immaculate, even to the last curly hair on the well-defined line of his hair-part. Speaking of things tonsorial, "Doc" is the champion of brush wielders!

Having a wide local acquaintance, he has always been ready and anxious to do his best for any of the "small-town" boys on a cold, or warm, Sunday evening.

"Doc" is the height of good nature, and we regret that on account of his uncertain life as a commuter we did not have the pleasure of enjoying more of his company. In saying farewell, it is our greatest sorrow that we must leave a pal of such great promise to his fate in Worcester.

JOHN J. C. BURKE

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Jack"

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Masque and Bauble Club (1)

Vice President (2)

Banquet Committee (2)

Smoker Committee (3)

Chairman Senfresojun Dance Committee (4)

Four years ago, when some two hundred youths climbed Linden Lane for the first time with a High School diploma behind them and a college degree ahead, Jack was a Junior.

To one who has been a Freshman, it is unnecessary to tell the sensations experienced by one who matriculates in a college. Jack, however, had been a Freshman, and his sympathy and advice to the youngsters was no small factor in rounding corners and smoothing edges. Our association with him, however, was short-lived, for he became a soldier at the outbreak of the war. After twenty-five months of subservience to the bugle, Jack returned to Holy Cross to receive his degree with "Twenty."

Although for nineteen of the twenty-five months spent by Jack in the service of Uncle Sam he was within rifle range of the German trenches, and although he is one of the very few members of our class who has been in a position to appreciate the marksmanship of the German artillerymen, those of us who do not read the papers would never know there was a war if it was necessary to rely upon "Jack" for information. "It is an ill wind that brings no good," is a true saying, for the kaiser caused us to have a classmate of whom we may well be proud.





THOMAS A. BURKE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Tom"

*"Darling—Darling—Darling—Darling,"
said the Chinese Nightingale."*

—VACHELL LINDSAY.

Banquet Committee (1)

Chairman Smoker Committee (2)

Prom Committee (3)

Publicity Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Philomathic (1, 2, 3, 4)

Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

A Freshman whose scholastic rank is described by a becoming adjective on Tom's lips, once called him "Little Boy." But Freshmen are not keen to detect real big-

ness. Stature, after all, is no factor in the consideration of manliness. This "little boy" is a man, a business man. Several class successes evidence it. The Freshman Banquet, the Sophomore Smoker, the Junior Prom, the B. C. Game Publicity, all glorious memories, were what they were to a great extent because Tom exerted himself in his usual enthusiastic, energetic and efficient manner. In fact, any undertaking by "Twenty" was readily and actively supported by T. A. Burke.

This chap from Cleveland wears an affable disposition. It was especially becoming when he offered suggestions—he habitually offered more than suggestions—that were always flavored with prudence and wisdom. The financial magazines were always of greater interest to Tom than any others, although he cultivated a fondness for copies of a more fantastic color. Current information furnished Tom with a wealth of substantiation for his discussions on business matters. He is listened to, and his audience is seldom unrewarded.

When you go west, Tom (we are not employing the terminology of the casualty list), for the last time from the Hill you will bring with you the kind regards of everyone who knew you, and the deepest appreciation of the "Class of Twenty" for the many substantial services you rendered.

WILLIAM J. CANNON

HARTFORD, CONN.

"Bill "

*"Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

B. J. F. (4)

Glee Club (3)

Masque and Bauble Club (4)

Senior Minstrels

Bill made his debut into "Twenty" society in the beginning of Junior year, and was immediately received with open arms. In company with "Pats" Arcari, he rapidly became a new constellation in our galaxy of stars.



Bill is of a rather philosophical turn of mind, and many a time has propounded a question of the deepest import, so deep in fact that the assembled populace in Sennett's room would sorrowfully nod their heads and say, "It may be so."

His room at the head of the corridor in Junior was another meeting place of the crowd. Talk was the order of the day—and night. The close proximity of Father Keyes' room offered no terrors to Bill and his room-mate, and many a surreptitious "drag" was dragged.

Bill has several viewpoints that are secretly held by many of his listeners. One is his belief that the quality of the suburbs predominates over that of the city, and, with consistent logic, he carried his belief into practice. However, in Senior he slightly retracted, but if some inquisitive person should happen to ask him, he would stoutly maintain that he has never descended from his original platform, and that this present aberration is not to be considered.

When June, 1920, is a memory, Bill, you can look back with happiness on the friendships you have made, and feel that a reunion will always renew them.



RAYMOND B. CAREY

GARDNER, MASS.

"Douzy"

"The force of his own merit makes his way."—SHAKESPEARE.

Banquet Committee (1)
 Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)
 Class Football (1, 2, 4)
 Assistant Manager Baseball (3)
 Manager Baseball (4)
 Manager Freshman Baseball (3)
 Secretary A. A. (3)
 Condolence Committee (3)
 President A. A. (4)
 PATCHER Board (4)
 Publicity Committee (4)
 Constitution Committee Nexus Club (4)

When the idol of Gardner cheerfully wended his way up the leafy lane to O'Kane, it was his address merely that was changed, and not his condition in life in relation to his fellow men! "Douzy" early won for himself a warm spot in our hearts, and time has but served to make it more secure!

Somewhere in an industrial magazine we found these words, "The world sits in Gardner, Mass., chairs." From observation, we are inclined to believe that Gardner's claim to fame is not the production of chairs, but of saddles, as "Douzy" has exhibited marked riding abilities during his sojourn in our midst, and it would tax the imagination to the utmost to attribute this ability solely to his training at Holy Cross.

While Junior and Senior were busy years for the Gardner youth, with his duties as Assistant Manager and Manager of Baseball, Sophomore, too, might well be mentioned as worthy of note. That year "Douzy" was class-beadle. Have you ever had as many intimate friends since, Ray?

As his college days draw to a close, and the time approaches for "Douzy" to wend his way down Linden Lane for the last time as a student, let him not forget that his years on the Hill have been, for him, rich in the treasures of acquaintances formed and friendships cemented. May they be but a fore-runner of his life's successes!

PATRICK R. CASEY

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Pat"

"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."—DRYDEN.

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

We do not know whether Pat owns any brick blocks and apartment houses or not, but it is quite likely, if the opinion of all the old-timers is correct, for Pat does not smoke cigarettes. If Pat can realize on his silence, and if the money that is squandered on Demon Nicotine by most young men is saved by him, he must indeed be voted the Morgan of "Twenty."

After careful consideration, it seems to be the opinion of the majority that Pat is as much of a success among the sex welcomed as visitors, but not as students, at Holy Cross, as he is with his college mates. This is as much information on the subject as we possess, for Pat does not enlighten us concerning his experiences when "out among 'em."

Pat is extremely studious. We mention this, for, strange as it may seem, it is not usual. His industry has placed him among the leaders at "exam" time, and no professor can say he has ever caught him unprepared.

Pat has not told us what his future endeavors will be. We are convinced, however, that his unobtrusive energy and likeable personality will carry him far toward perfection in any work he chooses. He leaves Holy Cross after a career of marked success, a friend of both faculty and students.





MATTHEW P. CAVANAUGH

DOVER, N. H.

"Cav," "Pilate"

"There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee."—BROWNING.

Class President (3, 4)

Banquet Committee (1)

Class Football (1, 2)

Assistant Football Manager (3)

Manager (4)

A. A. Advisory Senate (3, 4)

Assistant Marshal H. C. Night (4)

Reception Committee Bishop Hickey (4)

Interlocutor Senior Minstrels

Escort De Valera (4)

Rector's Day Committee (3, 4)

PATCHER Board (4)

The genius of an artist shines through the object of his production. In telling you of Mat, we open the pages of "Twenty's" history and offer for inspection the story of the two most successful years the Class has spent with him as leader. Should we do or say nothing else in his praise, we might well be pleased with his record. Always a booster for the Class, his earnest work has helped us through many difficulties which we now look back upon with a feeling of pride at their successful conquest.

With the changing of Graduate Managers of athletics, it was Mat who returned as Manager of football in the Fall of 1919 to practically put the existing chaos into some semblance of order. This he did with patience and dispatch. His management of Jack Mitchell's team was a complete success.

Mat wears well. He boasts of many friends throughout the college, and these know him to be ever obliging and always the gentleman. Among other things, he claims March 17th as his birthday, and to this coincidence can be attributed his middle name.

We prophesy big things for Mat, even if Dover is a small place. We shall not soon forget his gracious smile and his constant atmosphere of good fellowship.

WILLIAM P. CHURCH

FULTON, N. Y.

"Bill"

*"Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill."*

—WOTTON.

B. J. F. (3, 4)

St. John Berchmans Society (3, 4)

Another Chrysostom! Perfect diction, sound logic, and golden words—all these he pours forth with generous abandon in the halls of the debating society. With amazing facility, he can take hold of any side of a question and make it a burning issue.



Bill came to us late in Freshman year, was immediately a shining light in class, and since then has been making himself proficient in the art of refuting, persuading, and convincing.

During Senior year, Bill was very much annoyed by interference from without. It disturbed his classic calm and diverted his thoughts into channels other than those of philosophy and rhetoric. He has been assailed by telephone calls repeatedly, but, chivalrous as he is, he always answers them. Once upon a time, however, Bill was not at home, and two worthy Seniors of second Beaven undertook to speak for him. With unfeeling cruelty, they succeeded in getting the wires badly crossed, but Bill, after a while, straightened it all out.

Bill's genial smile, and readiness to do anyone a favor at no small cost to himself, has won for him a very high place in our regard. His life-long "Damon and Pythias" friendship with McQuillan is a very sure evidence of his ability to keep friends.

When you are working hard in the battle of life, Bill, remember that the class is back of you almost as much as Ray is.



J. ROBERT CLAIR

DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Bob," "Jay Arcy"

"Pan himself,

The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"

—WORDSWORTH.

Purple Board (1, 2, 3)

Editor-in-Chief (4)

Vice President K. K. Society (3)

Oratorical Contest, Second Prize (3)

Ode to Rector (2)

Class Song (2)

Editor "Pan on Packachoag" (4)

Ode to Senator Walsh (3)

Ode to De Valera (4)

Contributor "Poets of the Future" (3)

PATCHER Board (4)

Dramatics (2, 4)

Everyone knows this mogul of letters at Holy Cross as the Dorchester Bard. His was a muse of prodigious volubility and wondrous interest which nurtured the sublime and at times touched upon the ridiculous, for, as Jay Arcy, he often sallied into print with rhymes of bugs and belles. How can we, puppets of the pen, give commensurate encomium to our "Bard," who has sung of all things, great and small, that grace this terrestrial ball? So, just in passing, we would say Bob, as mirrored in his verses, is an honest, unaffected fellow, hale to meet and hearty to know.

Bob's talents as a host after the B. C. game are of fragrant memory, and heralds a great future for our young enthusiast as one of Boston's humanitarians.

It's a matter of history that Sam Johnson was past the half century mark in years before basking in the sunshine of literary fame. From a few other striking examples, we are safe in looking for great things, as Bob has already broken the ice on the pool of authorship. The book he edited, and its contents, are of course familiar to all who may read these lines, and we take no little complacency in the fact that your judgment and our's conform, namely, that the editor of "Pan On Packachoag," who has sown well and early, will of a surety reap a goodly harvest.

EDWARD J. COMISKEY

DOVER, MASS.

"Teddy"

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."—SHAKESPEARE.

Track (1, 2, 3, 4)

Freshman Relay Team

Varsity Baseball (1)

Freshman Baseball Team

Varsity Baseball Squad (2, 4)

Class Football (2, 4)

Smoker Committee (4)

Scientific Society (3)

Orchestra (4)



Despite Ted's retiring disposition and innate diffidence, he has always been recognized at his real worth. His record, his personality, and his good fellowship, asserted themselves, even though he himself would not press his claims for pretige. One of the most popular of "Eighteen's" members, he unobtrusively assumed a similar standing in "Twenty" very shortly after joining its ranks.

As a student he always ranked high. The claimants for class honors always looked to Teddy as the man to be beaten before they could hope to breast the tape a winner.

In Freshman, Ted appeared in the limelight as a member of one of the fastest Freshman relay teams ever to represent the college. The same year he proved a tower of strength on the Freshman nine, his hitting, fielding and speed on the bases resulting in his being drafted for the Varsity, where he performed very creditably at the hot corner.

His honors and conquests have been many, and he was ever an indispensable and tireless worker in the various school and class activities.

In concluding, let us remark that as a "gob," Ted was so capable that he was promoted to the rank of ensign, and, after a lengthy period of sea duty, was deemed worthy of further study at the Naval Academy. Place him where you will, you will find him steady, conscientious and efficient, ever making friends and progress, always boosting, never knocking.



GEORGE L. CONLEY

LOWELL, MASS.

"Dunler"

"My friends were poor, but honest."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Smoker Committee (2)

Concert Committee (2)

Chairman Prom Committee (3)

Civil Service (3, 4)

Manager Glee Club (4)

St. John Berchmans Society (3, 4)

Philomathic (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Chief Marshal H. C. Night (4)

Assistant Manager Glee Club (2)

"Harpy," through all the four years of one vicissitude after another, has been our "in hoc signo vincis," shining forth like the silver lining behind threatening clouds. "Harpy" was in our midst but a short time when he made his debut among "our very best people," and he can tell you all about hiring a dress suit, and where you can borrow dancing slippers. In short, he is in society.

George is an exemplification of the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." He is always ready with the helping hand; he is ever willing to fix it up for two, or even three. Lone wolves, take notice!

But, seriously, a man of "Harpy's" caliber is a rare find. A willing sympathy, ready humor, and marked business ability—as witness the unprecedented success of the College Glee Club under his efficient management; this in a whisper: he is responsible for the success of our Junior Prom—all these are notes of his essence. Such a character certainly contains in itself a virtual guarantee of friends and friendship throughout life. During our Senior year, George was again called upon to steer our ship over a new ocean—Holy Cross Night—and again George came through with flying colors.

His smile, his wit, his friendliness, are his fortune, and a most happy fortune it is. So long, George; just remain the old George Conley, and the world will necessarily lay her best gifts at your feet.

WILLIAM F. CONNELL

HARTFORD, CONN.

“ Bill ”

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

—THEOBALD.

Secretary B. J. F. (3)

Secretary Philomathic (2)

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Class Basketball (1)

Class Football (1, 2)

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3)

Bill belongs to that class of fortunate individuals who possess the combination to the lock “Success.” He has the happy faculty of getting ahead in anything he undertakes, and during his entire course at Holy Cross has always been looked up to for his business ability and acumen.

Noted for his volubility, desired for his genial and interesting contributions to the general conversation, a crowd was sure to gather with unwonted celerity when it became known that Bill was holding forth in the room of one of his fellow “Eighteeners.”

When it came to social conquests, Bill was unquestionably without a peer in the class, if not in the college. His acquaintances and friends are legion—from Worcester to New York, from New York to Key West. A dance was incomplete unless stamped with the seal of success—Bill’s presence.

His prominence and influence extended even to the Boston Store, and scores of classmates can thank him for opportunities to procure the “wherewithal” to patronize Arakel’s dyspepsia emporium.

Anxiety to do his bit led him to enlist in the navy soon after war was declared, and, as you can’t keep a good man down, Bill was soon wearing the insignia of an ensign.

All branches of study found him a worthy student, and in “Math” he was exceptionally gifted.

All in all, we might say that “Twenty” was in luck when Bill inscribed his name on its illustrious roll.





JOHN J. CONNOLLY

DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Jack"

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—ECCLES. IX., 10.

Promoter League of Sacred Heart

Freshman Relay Team

Track Squad (1, 2, 4)

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Treasurer Aquinas Club (4)

Jack entered the classic portals of Holy Cross as a member of the "Class of Twenty," and for that little privilege he is duly grateful! The Dorchester lad brought with him no mean reputation as a hurdler, and until a disastrous accident to his knee he was regarded as one of the future main-

stays of the track team. However, that injury was not sufficient to keep Jack entirely out of athletics, and as a member of the champion inter-class football team in 1918 he was a bulwark of strength.

We fear that the summer following Freshman year was the occasion of Jack's resolution not to "shine" in the social life of Worcester. Somehow or other, that summer found Jack assisting Uncle Sam as a farmer in the vicinity of Natick, and whether it was his successes as a wooer of crops, or accomplishments in the more gentle lines of "wooing," we know not. Suffice it to say, his visits to Natick could not be termed "few and far between," since that eventful vacation!

Doubtless Jack will enter the world of industry, and we expect that shortly we will see or hear of the name John J. Connolly as a power in or around the "grand old town of Boston." Now that you know what we think of your abilities and possibilities, Jack, all you have to do is to live up to them. Not so much of an assignment, eh?

"Was there a phone call for me today?"

EDWARD J. CONNERS

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

"The Clean"

"You hear this fellow in the cellarage."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Varsity Football (1, 2, 4)

Toastmaster Smoker (3)

Captain S. A. T. C. Football (3)

Varsity Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4)

Class Basketball (3, 4)

Philomathic (2, 3, 4)



Have you ever seen that picture of the boy setting out to conquer the city, holding his bag in his hand, and father, mother, sister, and the other members of the family waving a sorrowful goodbye? If so, you can readily picture St. John's Prep the day "Micky" left. They lined up outside, and watched him stride down the road. "He'll make a name for himself," they said. And he did.

Mike's accomplishments, great enough in themselves, had little to do with his popularity. It was the proverbial good nature, the smile, the ever-ready helping hand, that endeared him to us. And it is quite a tribute to him that at the end of four years he has the good will and friendship of every man in his Class. For "Micky" possesses that rare quality of making friends with everyone with whom he comes in contact.

It's no use! You can't resist him, for the minute he breaks loose you have to laugh.

But don't think that this is all that he has to recommend him. In athletics, he is also a basketball player of considerable fame, and a baseball man of merit. In the scholastic line, it will be remembered that he captured Freshman prizes in Latin and Math.

So, good luck to you, "Micky," and may your years to come be the same bed of roses—and he has laid on them—that the past four years have been.



MYLES F. COSTELLO

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Scoop"

"For though I am not splenetic and rash, yet have I in me something dangerous."—SHAKESPEARE.

Purple Contributor (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Senfresojun (2, 3, 4)

B. J. F. (4)

Scientific Society (4)

Nineteen-twenty has in Myles an ideal subject for its hero-worship, for "Costy" is a man of many virtues and accomplishments. He is a paragon in dress, but he is also a toiler beside whom Ben Franklin and Thomas Edison themselves might well

hang their heads in shame. Above all, as a knight of the scissors and paste and the reportorial typewriter, he bids fair to become a worthy rival of Arthur Brisbane and Marse Henry Watterson, for he has given even more than a literal meaning to the phrase "golden moments." We owe a great debt to "Costy" for the accurate detailing in the *Telegram* of our activities in society and athletics. Speaking of society, our young Croesus was ever a handy man about the ballroom. He knew all those little things which are the "*sine qua non*" of a square dance, and could always pick out those who were heavy afoot.

"Costy" always mixed well with the boys, won recognition as a worthy student, and found ample time for many things else. It is, perhaps, his ability to crowd two days into one that has already carried "Scoop" so far. This knack of eliminating idle moments would be the criterion of success for a far less gifted youth than Myles, and it augurs for him a future resplendent with all that this world holds dear.

THOMAS J. COYLE

HARRISVILLE, R. I.

"Tom"

*"A face with a smile, and a story of wit,
Made the long hour short."*

—ANON.

Philomathic (4)

Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2)

Class Baseball (1, 2)

Class Football (2, 3)

There is a little firm or combination in "Twenty" known as "Coyle & Doyle," famous for its wit, repartee and versatility in the gentle art or pastime of spreading wonderful tales, wholly original and wonderfully replete with all that brilliant imaginations can furnish in the way of fancies weird and visionary.

But this little record deals with the senior member of the firm, Tom Coyle, esteemed as an Ex-'18er and affectionately known to "Twenty" through many other traits aside from his familiar penchant for all that pertains to humor.

Tom was never known to show even the semblance of a smile when entertaining the boys with one of his stories; and even his closest friends could not detect when Tom's wit was on the rampage and when he was in a serious mood.

Tom is another of the "ex-gobs," and we have it from a good source that he was just as popular among the salty denizens of the deep as here at Holy Cross. Also, be it known, he was an exceptionally fast and efficient radio operator.

Noted for his wit, sought for his bright and congenial comradeship, generous to a fault, and a conversationalist of more than ordinary ability, that is the secret of his popularity. His jokes were never planned with malice, but just spontaneous outbursts of humor, leaving a happier and better atmosphere in their wake. Here's to Tom, one of the best, and "more power to him."





FRANCIS C. CUDDY

AUBURN, N. Y.

"Slim"

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown."—WORDSWORTH.

Philomathic (1)

Consultor, Sodality (2)

Masque and Bauble Club (2, 4)

B. J. F. (4)

Assistant Librarian (4)

Senior Minstrels

Business Manager "Pan On Packachoag" (4)

The curtain rises on "Cud," the optimist, the most self-composed of mortals. Nothing worried him. Impending exams, the bugaboo of the great majority, would not so much as bring a frown to his fore-

head; even a tie-up in traffic on an ever-so-important date could not shake the equilibrium of popular "Cud." It would take a volume to mention the manifold qualities that "Slim" has manifested. Suffice it to say, this cheerful optimist has good nature written all over him; and whether in class or out of class, six-footer that he is, he is every inch a man.

During the Fall of 1919, "Cud's" ambition led him into the field of class football. Here he determined to manifest his Herculean strength at the expense of the so-called regulars. But alas! for "Cud's" athletic ambitions. After one session, in which he endeavored to withstand the mighty onslaught of our renowned exponent of jiu jitsu, "Cud," battered and bruised, wisely decided to be behind the team with his financial and moral support.

"Cud" has always possessed the happy faculty of dashing off occasional verse, and it was only natural for the "Sweet Singer of Dorchester" to appoint him business manager of "Pan On Pakachoag." A man who was able to sell a book of poetry to E. Joyce Connors could sell red flannel shirts to Hottentots or palm-leaf fans in Greenland. Whatever "Cud" takes up as his lifework, he is always sure of a berth as salesman.

ROBERT L. CUMMINGS

GREENFIELD, MASS.

"Bob"

"Nor feared conflicting storms."—ANON.

Class Football (2, 4)

Class Track (2, 4)

Varsity Track (2, 3, 4)

Cap and Gown Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)



Perhaps you needed a toothpick; an old magazine four months back; an extra desk or a pool cue, if you went to Bob, he would inevitably oblige you with the object of your desire and his triumphant smile. We verily believe that he could have produced absolutely anything from some corner or other of his room, which attained the reputation of being a sort of general store.

Bob has a happy laugh that can always be depended upon, no matter how cloudy the weather. Among other things, he knows how to drive a car! Ask "Jim!"

Bob has annexed three track letters and has always been a consistent point winner for Holy Cross in the hurdles and running broad jump.

In our class football battles he has consistently scintillated. He is a fighter from the word "commence."

In passing, we *might* touch on his being a neckwear connoisseur! But we won't.

In Bob, the grain runs true. We know that his courage and stick-to-it-iveness will at least win him elbow room wherever his path may lead him. A hearty good luck!



TIMOTHY F. DALEY

BURLINGTON, VT.

"Tim"

"And smooth as monumental alabaster."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Leader (3, 4)

Jazz Band (3, 4)

Purple Staff (4)

K. K. Society (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Varsity Football Squad (1, 2)

Class President (2)

Speaker De Valera Reception (4)

Philomathic (1, 2, 3, 4)

"Dix Magnus" is a title that has been coveted since heroic literature began; and the story of our class would not be in pace with the times unless it told the tale of a real leader; and this page is telling the chapter.

Tim Daley is a leader. Many a time and oft this particular capability has been openly acclaimed and oftentimes still has it been exercised with the merit of only reserved commendation. In Sophomore he presided over his class; for two years the leadership of the orchestra was his well-deserved lot; when the grim days of war endured he won a lieutenancy in the army. When Holy Cross welcomed the president of the Irish Republic, her greetings were representatively spoken by Tim Daley.

Tim is the possessor of sterling qualities which might be the envy of many who recognize them. Striking among his powers was that of making and retaining friends. Enthusiasm marked his efforts in the support of varsity and class activities. Generosity and cordiality illuminated his associations; selection and good taste underlay his energies; courage styled his words.

May he be crowned with the rewards which a noble and successful career is sure to confer.

WILLIAM T. DALY

TORRINGTON, CONN.

"Moose"

*"Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and
wisdom with mirth."*—GOLDSMITH.

Football (1, 2, 4)

Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)

Captain (4)

Coach Class Football (4)

De Valera Arrangement Committee (4)

The notion occurred to the editors that consideration in THE PATCHER should be commensurate with the size of the man. The present case was before them, and it was unanimously decided that here at least due space could not be afforded, whether his physical dimensions or his inner magnitude was to be considered.

We shall all remember that "Moose" was no meager boy when we recall the grandstand pleas to hit the flag-pole, or the needs for a smash through the line that were cried out to him. The entreaties of the crowd were seldom in vain, as is evidenced by each year's batting average, the number of field goals and touchdowns to his credit, and the appearance of his name on the best newspaper all-star teams in both baseball and football.

The most becoming and characteristic thing Bill wore was a smile. His whole self was represented by it. A slight curl of his lips meant admiration, generosity and friendship. A hushed laugh meant two things with "Moose." When it was backgrounded by a husky, red complexion, it showed keen delight. Otherwise, he smiled amid a pale rouge tincture of his cheeks; and this happened when some fair damsel approached him on the field after a game, or coaxed him, in leap-year fashion, to try a waltz with her.

It's all in good nature, Bill, because you may rest assured, we all realize that you can "come through" any time, anywhere; and all you've done and said, we, and many classes to come, will not "forget quite well."





FRANCIS E. DELANEY

WATERBURY, CONN.

"Dink"

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."*

—RICHARD LOVELACE.

Promoter League of Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Smoker Committee (1)

Class Football (1)

Philomathic (2, 3)

Manager Class Athletics (4)

Freshman Reception Committee (4)

Senior Minstrels (4)

"Del" successfully conducted the "Open Hearth" for the restless during the Senior year. His room has always been the forum for the most exciting arguments.

With the arguments advanced, pro and con, "Dink" always took the "con" side, no matter what it might be. He is also Worshipful Master of the Owls Club, the members of which throw aside all drowsiness promptly at 10 P. M. and go into animated session in 25 Lower for the joys of a crab-fest, and during his four years held the office of Faithful Supplier of Matches and Soap. They say he is a gentleman of polish *ad finitum*, among the fair sex, always acknowledging an introduction with the elaborate remark, "I am charmed to make your acquaintance, I assure you." And, by the way, "Dink" always held up to the scorn of the multitude anyone who belonged to the class of vertebrates known as "social lions."

"Del's" powers of persuasion are remarkable, and should he assume the dignified position of a pedagogue on leaving us, we know that he will go up the scale rapidly. As manager of class athletics during Senior, he applied himself to the task with the vim and vigor that are characteristic of him. "Dell" is a friend with whom we are loathe to part, and it will be not farewell, but *au revoir*, as we watch him go down the lane with his sheepskin.

EDWARD J. DEVINE

DUNMORE, PA.

"Micky," "Cinders"

"Hard as a piece of the nether millstone."—OLD TESTAMENT.

Class Baseball (1, 2)

Class Football (2)

Varsity Football Squad (4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

President Penn. Undergraduates' Club (4)

Toastmaster Penn. Club Banquet (4)

Class Basketball (4)



When the regional history of "Twenty" is compiled, Pennsylvania's representatives will play a prominent part, and at their head will be popular "Micky" Devine, the fighting Tad from Dunmore. Yes, "Micky" was a fighter in every sense of the word. This sterling quality was displayed, not by going around with a chip on his shoulder, but by hard, steady plugging on the gridiron. He was a close adherent to the policy "Watch out for the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." This principle he applied to football, and when ripping through an opponent's line would bitterly fight for every inch with the firm belief that the yards would take care of themselves.

During his first few years, Ed confined his ability to class struggles, and never will we forget the march down the field in that memorable clash with the Juniors in our Soph year. Last season "Micky" fought bitterly for a berth on the Varsity, and, had it not been for an accident early in the season, would now be sporting the coveted "H. C." Ed's athletic ability was not confined merely to the gridiron, but was also to good advantage in class baseball. In short, "Micky" is one of the most popular and versatile athletes in the class.

During his four years sojourn at Holy Cross, "Micky" has clearly distinguished himself as a clever student, a fighting athlete, and, above all, a prince of a good fellow.



EDWARD A. DINNEEN

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Big Ed"

"Large in stature and large in intellect."

—ANON.

Tennis Captain (4)

Class Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4)

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Treasurer Philomathic (1)

College Tennis Champion (3)

Athletic Editor Purple (4)

Assistant Librarian (2, 3)

"I'll bet you ten dollars that Bill Carri-
gan drove in the winning run for Holy
Cross in the game with Yale in 1906," ex-
claimed a courageous "Twenty" man. "The
same amount says he didn't," retorted a

second. "Where is Ed Dinneen? We'll soon find out from him." It was ever thus,
for Ed was the high tribunal for all such discussions. His knowledge of statistics
and athletic records was almost infallible. Who has ever perused Ed's prodigious
record book without admiring the enormous amount of painstaking labor contained
within its covers?

Do not imagine, however, that "Big Ed" was merely a statistician. On the con-
trary, he was a very active member of "Twenty," as a glimpse at the list of his activ-
ities will readily testify. The athletic department of *The Purple* took on a new lease
of life and became most interesting as soon as Ed's rejuvenating powers came into
play.

There is one sport in which Ed excels, and that is obviously tennis. When the
captaincy of the tennis team was open, there was no doubt as to who deserved the
honor, and Ed naturally received that enviable reward. He showed that the trust
placed in him was not wasted when he twice led his team to victory over Clark
College in the Fall of 1919.

"Big Ed" need have no fear for the future, and we predict for him a road of
success which will lead to fame.

JAMES K. DONAGHY

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

"Discus"

*"Cassio, I love thee;
But nevermore be officer of mine."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Philomathic (1)

Glee Club (1, 2)

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Varsity Track (1, 2, 3, 4)

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3)

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

A. A. Store (2, 3, 4)

Manager A. A. (4)

Mendel Club (3)



Blessed with an exceedingly fertile imagination, and naturally gifted with the art of the true raconteur, "Discus" early endeared himself to his classmates, and his presence was always in great demand wherever a gathering of the erudite had assembled to discuss, probe and polish any subject, from travel, customs, military life and politics, down to the less noble but far more interesting topic of athletics in general and wrestling in particular. While in the army, "Discus" had the opportunity to travel extensively, and his experiences were many and varied. However, Jim deserted the army as a career to return for his coveted degree, the army losing a good officer and Holy Cross gaining a fine athlete.

Jim's accomplishments are many and varied; also, they are by no means restricted to the more active branches of school activity. For four years he participated in the concerts rendered by the college orchestra, playing the bass viol, and for two years he was a member of the Glee Club.

"Discus" was well known as an excellent point-getter for the Varsity track team; a husky lineman and crafty coach in class football; a basketball guard with a well-earned "rep," and the thrifty and successful manager of the A. A. store.

His record needs no eulogy. Take him as a student, athlete or all-around good fellow, and you have a man, in every sense of the word.



JOHN A. DONOHUE

WORCESTER, MASS.

“Dago”

“Truth from his lips prevail’d with double sway.”—GOLDSMITH.

Consultor Day Scholars Sodality (2)

Secretary Day Scholars Sodality (4)

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

Among other things, John is a day scholar. This implies that he is a good runner, for one must hurry if he wishes to arrive with the opening (or closing) class bell. It also implies that he is a dead shot with a snow ball or an apple core, and that his agility in dodging these articles is unusual. It implies, moreover, that he is loyal to his Alma Mater and to his class;

and loyalty is as characteristic of John as roses are of June.

The origin of John’s aliases is uncertain. Some say that he was caught in the act of using a pick and shovel during vacation. Others are of the opinion that having become involved in a “fracas” in the day scholars’ haven, and being out-classed in weight and numbers, he saved the day by the judicious use of an umbrella. Some master mind, evidently appreciating his skill with his improvised dagger, saw the analogy between that means of defense and the use of a stiletto, and christened him “Dago” in memory of that day. Still others insist that he owes his sobriquet to the wondrous skill he possesses in the difficult art of masticating macaroni.

John is an earnest student. His diligence and bubbling good nature are assets that cannot be denied. We are confident of his success. He is the favorite of all, a good fellow, and a good friend. What more could one wish?

JAMES J. DORAN

WATERBURY, CONN.

"Romeo "

*"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou
Romeo?"*—SHAKESPEARE.

Philomathic (1, 2)

Consultor Sodality (3, 4)

Class Baseball (2)

There are two ways of telling when Jim is around, even if he is out of sight. His loud, resonant laugh or the utterance of a sound peculiar to himself would always announce his presence. In his earlier years with us, Jim was a model youth, but when he advanced to the study of philosophy, he felt the need of diversion. It was at such times that he would stay awake late into the night thinking who would serve as the best subject of a nocturnal deluge. The college course seemed to have broadened Jim in more ways than one. His musical talent is a case in point. Jim first learned to play the "uke" in Junior, and hasn't been able to stop yet. Not satisfied with a student audience, we are suspicious, to put it mildly, that he has been in the habit of giving musicales at private houses quite frequently. His favorite sport is tobogganing, and, when weather conditions were favorable, Jim was always at Green Hill Park.

However, prescinding, as the philosophers say, from the trivial, let us consider Jim more seriously. He surpassed us all in powers of memory, and could recite page after page of Latin or Greek with little effort, so it is easy to see why life at Holy Cross gave him small cause for worry. As a student, he is of no mean ability and ideal in his habits. What does the future hold for him? We are neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, yet we might venture to say that his most probable position would be proprietor of a musical shop or an author of books on how to train the memory.





WILLIAM F. DOYLE

PASCOAG, R. I.

“ Bill ”

“ Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk! ”—LEE.

Freshman Baseball

Senfresojun (1, 2)

Philomathic (4)

Promoter Day Scholars' Sodality (1, 2)

“ Impossible. To Bury Dead At Pascoag. ”—Headline in Boston Newspaper.

The ordinary news seeker would give it but a casual glance, or might pass it off with a “ hate to live in that burg. ” But not so with one who has become intimately acquainted with this hamlet's famous son, the one and only Bill Doyle.

Happy, energetic Bill first came into our midst as a “ day dodger, ” but after a two years' sojourn with those who trod the weary way, he fortunately decided to make his home on the Hill. It was not, however, until his Senior year, when he teamed up with the “ Spark ” of the light boat that he made a name for himself as a first-class entertainer. He soon became general manager of the “ Riding Academy ” of Second Beaven. In this capacity he furnished us with an unprecedented series of lectures by “ The Boston Store Ensign ” on “ Society Life in New York. ”

In the Spring of our first year, Bill responded to the call for baseball candidates, and showed that he possessed no mean ability. Always a good, steady student, at no time did his name adorn the list of those philanthropic students who fill the coffers of old Holy Cross.

Fortunate, indeed, are those who will be thrown in the path of happy Bill Doyle. And when, on some dreary winter's night, your thoughts drift back to that little old homestead on the Hill, and you feel that dreaded homesickness creeping upon you, seek, if you can, the company of Bill Doyle, king of gloom dispellers.

THOMAS F. DUFFY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"The Great Duff"

*"I'd like to say, in a general way,
There's nothing like Nickyteen."*

—SERVICE.

Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)

Freshman Baseball

Indoor Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4)

Philomathic (3, 4)

Class Football (1, 2)

Banquet Speaker (1)



Tom is one of the "ex-men" who returned to his Alma Mater, after doing his bit, and endeared himself to his adopted class. At first acquaintance, "Duff" appears to possess the silence of the Sphinx,

but when the ice is broken we find underneath the waters of truest friendship and loyalty. He is blessed with a marked aptitude for application to his studies, and no exam catches "Duff" unawares.

Tommy gained a reputation in track from his first appearance on the boards. In Sophomore, he finished first in the quarter over an exceptionally fast field in the B. A. A. games. And who will ever forget the day Tom scored the deciding tally against Boston College, and at the same time restored a normal beat to our hearts.

At studies, athletics, and the gentle game of "hearts," "Duff" is a quiet, earnest and conscientious worker.

The "Great Duff" made his debut in society under the tutelage of the debonair "Mickey" Connors, and we suspect that the briefness of his sojourn as a society bud is due to the influence of his ever-watchful and faithful room-mate and guardian, Tom Teehan.

And so "Duff" marches forth into the battle of life, well armed with an alert and steady mind, a pleasing personality, and a great capacity for work. But he has another asset—the unanimous good wishes of "Twenty." So we say "Adieu," to "Duff"—a student, athlete and friend.



CHRISTOPHER E. DWYER

WATERBURY, CONN.

"Raw Deal"

"Go, make you ready."

—HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS.

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1, 2)

Class Football (1, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Behold the orator! What argument ever held sway without Chris taking part in it if for no other reasons than to expound parliamentary law? You could pick him out in a multitude by merely looking for a man who "talks with his hands." But his abilities are by no means confined to oratory. He is reported to have acted the part

of soloist at social functions in Worcester with more than passing interest, and we have heard that he is an advocate of strong games.

Worry is a word that has never had place in Chris' vocabulary; in fact, it has no significance to him whatever, even in the case of the Gas Company conspiracy and others of a similar nature. History is a pet study of his, as many of us will remember from Junior year. But, in spite of his close application to his studies, Chris has always found time to be in the midst of his classmates, and has always had a host of friends.

His good nature and ability to exchange jests at all times are sure to aid him in winning friends. His natural ability, and keenness of no small degree in all subjects, are assets which are certain to prove of great advantage to him. It is with our best wishes for success that we utter to Chris as he leaves Holy Cross for other pursuits, a hearty and sincere "Vale."

JOHN E. FENTON

LAWRENCE, MASS.

“Tad”

“I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top.”—SWIFT.

Varsity Track Squad (1)
Freshman Baseball Squad (1)
College Dramatics (1)
Assistant Manager Track (3)
Manager of Track (4)
Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)
St. John Berchmans Society (1, 2, 3, 4)
Assistant Lector (4)
PATCHER Board (4)
A. A. Advisory Board (4)



When the usual Lawrence contingent sauntered up Linden Lane in Freshman year, it numbered among its fold a likely looking lad, who, with hat on the back of his head, arms flying wildly, and a grin from ear to ear, was convincingly demonstrating to a fellow townsman the stupendous task he had upon his shoulders. For alas! the erratic “Jigger” had been placed under his paternal care. This was energetic, versatile “Tad”—an athlete, social lion, business man, scholar, and, above all, a prince of good fellows.

“Tad” was primarily a student, and from all appearances he must have been born on Labor Day. For nowhere could you find a finer, harder-working plugger than the product of this hotbed of strikes. However, on the eve of every exam, the popular “Tad” was the chief mourner, and inevitably would bellow forth his famous cry of war, “So help me, I don’t know a stitch.”

As was stated, “Tad” is versatile. Dame Rumor has it that “Tad” is very appreciative of anyone and anything connected with the nursing profession. This may to some extent explain his numerous phone calls at the office.

When “Twenty” as a unit goes down Linden Lane for the last time, you may be well assured, “Tad,” that your agreeable disposition and ready smile have won for you a warm spot in the hearts of each of us.



VINCENT E. FINN

WATERBURY, CONN.

"Vinnie"

"But I have that within me which passeth show."—SHAKESPEARE.

Varsity Football Squad (1)

Consultor Sodality (1, 2)

Prefect Sodality (3)

Smoker Committee (3)

Treasurer Nexus Club (4)

Senior Minstrels

Lector (4)

Behold the Lector! Days and nights have we sat in chapel listening to "Vinnie's" stentorian voice as he read, or rather declaimed, the prayers. Although the book was stolen many times, its loss

didn't affect him in the least. With greater solemnity he'd read new ones.

"Vinnie" started out in Freshman with football, and won for himself a place on the second team. Other duties called him after that, and they have been many.

His room has been the market, the rendezvous, the forum, the arena, throughout all Senior. There books are deposited, hurried smokes are taken, debates are started but never finished, contests are staged, with "Vinnie" as master of ceremonies, and Joe, as one-who-views-from-afar, reposing on the window sill. That room at the head of the stairs was a Mecca between classes for weary students.

In Senior year "Vinnie" has been the ring leader of a fraternity called the League. Due to his untiring efforts, many homeless wanderers have been given shelter. One thing he always insisted on was his night's rest, and had a firm belief that for every waking hour there must be another of sweet, dreamless sleep.

"Vinnie" has a tendency for the big, solid things of life, and as for giving advice and engineering a plan, many will testify to his absolute competence. Above all, he is a friend worth having.

When you step out fearlessly and confidently into the world, "Vinnie," you have our heartiest wishes for what Holy Cross means by success!

GEORGE M. FITZPATRICK

WORCESTER, MASS.

“Fitzie”

*“Forward and frolic glee was there;
The will to do, the soul to dare.”*

—WALTER SCOTT.

Varsity Football (1, 2, 4)

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

Varsity Track (2)

Philomathic (3)

Fitzie needs no words of recommendation of “Twenty” men; but to those not included in our numbers, it is a pleasure to portray in few words the activities and characteristics of one of the class’s favored few. George became known to us almost instantly upon our arrival at Holy Cross, and has retained his popularity throughout the course. On the gridiron, he has been a prominent figure in our big games, and it is as a football man that we consider him our first thought.

His vocal talents have not only aided the college Glee Club, but have aided us in our class smokers and banquets. Due to the fact that he had led the dual life of boarder and day student, we believe George to be one of the most popular men of the class in Worcester. Always congenial and carefree, yet serious in matters important to the class and the college, he has been one of our most active members.

In parting, we have little doubt of his future success in whatever line he chooses to follow, but we wish him the best Dame Fortune can offer.





DERMOD C. FLINN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Diarmuid"

"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."—MURPHY.

Consultor Sodality (1, 2)

Senior Aid Committee

Mendel Society (4)

Assistant Treasurer Nexus Club (4)

"An earnest and sincere young man," said someone while nominating "Flinnie" for a high office in one of our societies, and no one will deny the truth of the speaker's words. Rather, we would add to them, for "Diarmuid" is not only an earnest and sincere young man, but is also industrious, clever and generous-hearted. At the begin-

ning of every year, "Flinnie's" room seemed to be tacitly agreed on as a rendezvous and common clubroom of the rest of the corridor. Without doubt, our young hero's good nature and "gift of the gab" was the ultimate cause of this, but the proximate cause was often the *quasi* grocery store that "Flinnie" kept. Everything from crackers and cocoa to cascara and quinine could be found somewhere in the recesses of Dermot's desk, and usually for the first week after a vacation there was more food consumed in Room 12 First Beaven than in both dining rooms.

"Flinnie" came to Holy Cross with the advantage, or perhaps impediment, of having a distinguished alumnus as brother. In most respects we think Dermot has equalled his brother's record, and in one field, at least, has surpassed him, for no mail ever arrived that did not include at least one letter for Dermot Christopher Edward Flinn. Dermot Christopher, etc., aims to attach an M. D. to his B. A., and whether he specializes in killing, carving or curing the sick, or simply tries to keep the well on their feet, we know that people will just naturally turn his way.

JOHN J. FOLEY

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Johnny"

*"Some men grow mad by studying much
to know,
But who grows mad by studying good to
know?"* —FRANKLIN.

Prefect Day Scholars Sodality (4)

Treasurer Day Scholars Sodality (2)

Senfresojun (2, 3, 4)

John is one of the diminutive members of our class, but nevertheless an active part thereof. While his voice was seldom heard in the classroom, had you but entered the Day Boys' Sanctum you might have heard "Johnny," accompanied by "Terry," in the popular selection, "Sahara." Frequent renditions of "O'Hara," much to "Doc's" distaste might also be in evidence. However, these were but sequels to "Johnny's" initial appearance in his Senior year as a soloist before the Senfresojunites on the night of their annual banquet.

His previous wilful abstention from the calculus of prominence has led us to conclude that we have not fully reaped the harvest of this lad's powers. When we say that he has avoided being conspicuous, we feel justified in our conclusions, in view of the fact that "Johnny" came to us heralded as a debater.

However, we must confess that when John came into our ranks, he forsook things forensic for the life of an observing student. And as such we concede that his actions have been chiefly concentrated in an intercourse with books.

We must not fail to remark on "Johnny's" personality, so individualized by that hearty laugh, all his own. Cheerfulness abounded in such measure that we have little fear of his future position with others. Unhesitatingly, we believe that his powers of perseverance have so manifested his ability to us that they are indicative of much to be his. We are expectant of much in such an abundance of personal attributes.





PAUL T. FOLEY

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Honest labour bears a smiling face."

THOMAS DEKKER.

Banquet Committee (1)

Smoker Committee (2)

Prom Committee (3)

Class Football (4)

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

The river of life must have been seething and tossing violently when Paul took his plunge; for action, motion, pep, or whatever you wish to call it, is always in evidence when he makes his entrance any place. The fact that he moves quickly when he enters the day scholars' room, however, cannot be attributed to his own

volition, for the man does not live who can boast of entering that room and remaining intact without displaying an abnormal amount of agility.

Paul is held up to the outside world as the ideal example of day student at Holy Cross. His leadership amongst that exclusive order is as undisputed as it possibly can be in such a pure democracy. "The Survival of the Fittest" and other theories advanced by modern psychologists are taken directly from his books, "The Rise of the Day Student" and "How the Other Half Lives." No plot or conspiracy leveled at the vital life of the day scholar was left unchallenged by him. He often carried his fight even to the Court of the Star Chamber.

His loyalty to any cause which he undertook, or any friendship formed, is a quality which has earned him many friends. His company for ten minutes is an excellent prescription for the blues. Bright, happy, and, in a word, a gloom chaser, he sails through life leaving in his calm, unruffled wake a host of friends.

MARTIN J. FORHAN

WORCESTER, MASS.

“Marty”

“A falling world might crush, but it could not intimidate me.”—PETRARCH.

Senfresojun (2, 3, 4)

To be silent would be more in consonance with the presence of “Marty” in our midst. For be it known that he was of that retiring type, quite content to leave the hurly-burly of each day’s battle in the hands of others. And so it is difficult for us to point out any mannerisms peculiar to him in the course which he pursued in his days with us upon Mount St. James.

In class, if there were any issues of much import to be weighed in the balance, we would have been much surprised to have heard the voice of this youth adding to the din of discussion. But beyond the classroom, more surprised would we have been to see “Marty” unexpressed in his opinion concerning some mischievous or social project of the “boys.” Indeed, his leadership was often sought, and on such occasions he was not found wanting.

As a philosopher, he sought his fun “where the philosopher finds his fun.” But this may be revealing some of “Marty’s” “cuts,” to which we all have been subject, and which we do not care to capitalize now. To adapt himself to the practical was “Marty’s” perspective of life. He cherished more this method of doing things, and in this regard we agree with him, that practicality, provided it suitably attains the end, has a more attractive nature. In this connection, it would be appropriate to remark that this has probably produced the affable disposition so marked in “Marty.” Always so willing to aid others, and a believer of justice and good-fellowship, he has welded within his person a winning combination. We wish to see his future resplendent with prosperity.





FRANCIS A. GALLIGAN

TAUNTON, MASS.

“Gal”

*“My heart
Is true as steel.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Purple Contributor (4)

Class Baseball (2, 3)

Class Football (4)

Freshman Relay Team

Varsity Track Squad (1, 2, 3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Glee Club (2, 3)

The Class of “Twenty” numbers in its fold many celebrities, some in name, others in deed. “Gal” is of the latter type. Soon after his entry into college, “Gal,” by hard

work and careful nursing of his talent, won a place on the most successful Freshman relay team in years. On the diamond and gridiron, he never failed to meet what was expected of him, and more than once justified the confidence we placed in him.

“Gal” was a success because he had the “stuff.” Untiring in his efforts, eager and ready to learn, and clean living, he could not be kept down.

However, do not think our mutual friend is one who never looked upon life’s joys. His personality enabled him to enjoy what are the real pleasures of a college career. More than one Worcester feminist has been the happier since Frank entered Holy Cross.

His future we cannot tell, but we know that he must succeed, for he has always lived according to the ideals that spell success. Honesty, courage, industry, these are qualities he has always possessed in the fullest degree, and which will bring him the best that life holds, and we know that the same old happy, hard-working “Gal,” who won a host of friends at Holy Cross, will win even a larger host of friends in the world.

GEORGE A. GARVEY

MATTITUCK, L. I.

“George”

“A finished gentleman from top to toe.”

—BYRON.

Class Football (2)

Purple Contributor (1)

St. John Berchmans Society (1, 2, 3, 4)

Senior Aid Committee (4)

B. J. F. (4)

Mendel Club (4)

In our younger and more callow days we always had a hankering for the life of the gentleman-farmer, and while we now see the vanity of human wishes, we retain an undeniable envy of George Garvey. George, be it known, is our only representative of the gentleman-farmer class, and down on Long Island his estates are rich with the fruits of the earth, his neighbors are the Vanderbilts, the Forces and the Astors. Living cheek by jowl with these children of our soi-disant aristocracy, George has not yet been touched by snobbishness. No, indeed, George came to us a simple son of the soil, and, while he is no longer simple, he still retains his kind and generous heart.

To drop all persiflage, George is a gentleman to the manor born. Few in our class have not been indebted to him some time or another; few indeed would refuse him their vote as one of the kindest and best-hearted, hard-working and wittiest, men in the Class of “Twenty.”

There is, however, one contradiction in George's otherwise well-balanced character. It is that propensity to take a chance, which he sums up in the axiom, “If you don't speculate, you can't accumulate.” It is this ability to take a chance, plus his very pronounced business acumen, that will place George high in the commercial world.





JOHN F. GEANEY

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"Sinn Feiner"

*"Young man,
Why do you talk, and talk, and talk?"*

—ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Secretary Philomathic (2)

Publicity Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Banquet Speaker (3)

Class Tennis (4)

Germany had its Bismark, France its Napoleon, Ireland its Emmett, and Bridgeport has its John! During his first year in our midst, John confined his activities and energy to taking a thorough inventory of his surroundings and perfecting his al-

ready extensive acquaintance with his mother tongue. But, since "where there is smoke there is a fire," we awaited John's bursting forth into flames, and we were not disappointed; the great event occurred during Sophomore year.

A necessary part of our course is a series of debates, that the class must endure with patience, and herein lies the story:

"Should Ireland receive home rule or independence?" John was a speaker for the proposition that it should be independent, and in a fiery, impassioned appeal that stirred the emotions of us all (and which we are sorry to say could not have been heard in Parliament), he left no doubts in our minds that there could be no further question of home rule.

Athletics, to John, were a necessary factor in the upkeep of good health, and here again he shone. Sad to relate, however, his efforts in this line were not those of a patriot, as his favorite pastime became famous in Mexico.

What favors Dame Fortune will shower down on the Bridgeport boy in the future remains a question, but if she continues with her past generosity, we are confident that John's future success is assured, and that is our parting wish. Success!

J. CELERIN GENEREUX

WEBSTER, MASS.

"Doc"

"*'What are you hurt, lieutenant?'*"

'Ay, past all surgery.'"

—SHAKESPEARE.

Glee Club (2, 3, 4)

Chairman Constitution Committee Nexus Club

Assistant Treasurer Nexus Club (4)

Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Philomathic (4)



"Doc" followed several of his brothers to Holy Cross, and has been following himself home again about three times a week for four years, but, although not disinclined to conversation upon other topics, he has been persistent in his refusal to tell the boys who she is. We remember him first as but a wandering voice, a thing of laughs, of songs, and noises. But somehow in his wandering he had become a scholar and an author. It was in Sophomore year that he wrote "The Mystery of the Purloined Automobile." In Sophomore also we found "Doc" reading romantic verse and organizing wild adventures that often ended with "eats" for the bunch at his home in Webster.

Ah! but in Junior the scene changes. Enter Lieutenant Genereux, U. S. A. Head up, shoulders back, resplendent in his brand-new uniform, "Doc" was the only Holy Cross undergraduate to act as a commissioned officer on the Hill, and "Doc's" navy was the best ship in Worcester. While in the army he was the ideal officer—square, gentlemanly, diplomatic—winning the respect and regard of everyone.

With the war over, we had the same old kid, skipping class and throwing chairs out the window. We like "Doc," and now we give him, with his pleasant ways and fine spirit, to the world, knowing that he will there be found to be as big and true as we have found him in our world upon the Hill.



JAMES GILHOOLEY

HOLYOKE, MASS.

"Mike"

"Beyond the Alps lies—Holyoke!"

Librarian (3, 4)

Class Football (4)

Smoker Committee (4)

Varsity Football Squad (1)

Since Holy Cross received Jim, Holyoke has never had a more gifted singer of her praises. Not unpleasantly, but loyally, he supports his home town, and in the corridor debates "Gil" always had the last word, whether the local election was discussed or a convention was met in his home town to fight once more their traditional combats—"Churchills against the Flats."

It shall never be settled whether the number of stars is odd or even, but "Gil" has opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Holyoke is the best little city in the States, and if "Gil" says so ——!

"Gil" could talk to the boys on the Hill, to other persons in Quinsigamond, or to an oral board with equal nonchalance. He has an enthusiasm that cannot be belittled, and we feel that it will come to be one of his most valuable assets.

When "Mike" issues forth to take firm foothold on that long ladder of success, the fellows ahead of him will have to hustle.

JAMES P. GILLIGAN

DUNMORE, PA.

“ Jim ”

*“He cast off his friends, as a hunstman his
pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could
whistle them back.”*

—GOLDSMITH.

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Vice President Nexus Society (4)

Fitton Debating Society (1, 2)

Class Football (1, 4)

“ I saw that lady on the car again! ” No, “ Gill ” didn’t refer to a woman of refinement, polish or wealth, but, with true loyalty to his Pennsylvanian speech, this was the way he always termed those of the fairer sex who are known to us by a variety of slang names. Jim usually kept within his own abode in 25 Lower, as he and his room-mate, “ Del,” were forced to play the hosts to the crowd. This didn’t always elate Jim, especially when he was figuring out where the *pulmarus longus* had its origin and insertion. Still, he always managed to keep his temper in these playful scenes.

There is one remarkable thing about Jim: he had the most eloquent powers of oratory on matters pertaining to Ethics, Darwinism, and the like. Few were privileged to hear these discourses, as the hour was inconvenient to many, but a favored few were entertained unknown to “ Gill ” between the hours of 11 and 12 P. M., when he was in deep slumber. These speeches were always accompanied by emphatic gestures, and the result is many dents in the wall. In his waking hours, “ Gill ” marveled at the inimitable beauty of the far, distant Lackawanna. Seldom talkative, he is of a quiet nature, but always ready to do a favor for a friend. A natural gift of his is an abundance of common sense, and he is also favored with steady and studious habits. Some day, probably at our silver jubilee reunion, we will visit Gilligan Hall, the gift of Pennsylvania’s premier surgeon.





HAROLD J. GLEASON

BURLINGTON, VT.

"H. J."

"I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing."—SHAKESPEARE.

B. J. F. (3, 4)

Promoter League Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Scientific Society (4)

Who can deny the truth of the old axiom, "Still waters run deep," after having lived with Harold, as we have, for four years? The possessor of a quiet, unobtrusive personality, he has impressed us all with an enviable earnestness of endeavor. Always eager to boost the class, and ever anxious to do his part in "Twenty's" undertakings, he may well be called one of the reliables.

In spite of Harold's seemingly contented disposition, he is summoned every now and then by the god of pleasure, and on these occasions we have often seen him leave on a hurried business trip to New York; no less. We are still in the dark as to what the business is, but Harold would return, his tranquil old self again. Seemingly, New York is not his only love, for he has the happy faculty of receiving quite frequently mysterious packages.

Apropos of New York in connection with Harold, we must not give the impression that he has entirely rejected the atmosphere of his sires. He has been weathered by the chill blasts of Vermont, and very often, when most of us shiver even at the thought of a trip to Arakel's, he is out braving the storms of Worcester. H. J. is regularity personified, and every afternoon, rain or shine, finds him on his way down to enjoy the hospitality of the Alpha.

As he steps from our midst, with all our hearts we wish for Harold success and prosperity aplenty. May they not be long in overtaking him.

EDWARD S. GOODWIN

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"Nat"

"I must have patience to endure this load!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Varsity Football Squad (1)

Class Football (2, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Mailman (4)

"You can't keep a good man down," so the old adage goes. Lo and behold! it is proved to us in the person of "Nat." That he was not long in proving the truth of this adage is witnessed by his capable work on our football squads of various years. But the gridiron did not absorb all of Burleson's energy, for the class room also came in for its due share, and here it is that we find him a shining light among us, the lesser lights. Ed was one of the chosen few who were permitted to summer at Plattsburg, doing the double quick, with the pack on his back, and here, too, he carried himself with credit.

But in his fourth year! Here it was that "Nat" demonstrated his sterling character and his becoming unselfishness in concrete fashion by accepting the position of Senior mailman. How often, oh how often, have we besieged him with the time-old question "Any mail?", yet Ed's patience always won the battle with our over-eagerness, and his silent smile never waned nor his good nature ever impaired.

Good nature, coupled with ability and determination, should certainly carry with them the making of a successful man, and certainly Ed has in him all these requisites in a transcendent degree.





GERALD T. D. GRADY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Squirrel"

"What imports the nomination of this gentleman?"—SHAKESPEARE.

Varsity Track Squad (3)

Philomathic (3, 4)

Chairman Debate Committee (4)

Class Football (4)

Class Dramatics (4)

Scientific Society (4)

The S. A. T. C. is a dead issue. It has been discussed pro and con in senate chambers, in pool rooms, on street corners, and any place where men with sharpened spurs brilliantly display their equestrian ability. Despite the prevalent opinion in

regard to this "fighting unit," "Twenty's" debt to it cannot be ignored. For, soon after the tread of heavy boots had grown faint, Jerry Grady graced our midst for the "foist" time.

Jerry has that happy faculty of being able to hang his hat on any hook and make himself at home. In fact, the ink on the register was scarcely dry when he was hailing us by our nicknames, and we were greeting him like a long lost brother. He also possessed that manly quality of having the courage of his own convictions, and this he displayed to good advantage in the many heated debates which were of daily occurrence in our corridor life. Time and time again his persistent "whys" in reference to the Irish question sent "Joe-the-Dip" perusing the innermost corners of his portfolio for convincing statistics. At another time, his soul-stirring defense of the poor, struggling working girl would bring tears to the eyes of the most stoical.

As a scholar, athlete and all-around good fellow, Jerry has won a warm spot in the heart of every member of "Twenty."

JOSEPH A. GROARK

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Joe"

"Though vanquished, he would argue still."—GOLDSMITH.

Mendel Club (3)

Secretary Mendel Club (4)

"Any mail for me, Ed?" Thus you could hear Joe each morning, and inevitably Burleson would have two or three multi-colored missives for our dark-haired youth from New Haven. We must admit that the other party, whoever it is, thinks an awful lot of our Joe! You can easily tell that by the address, so well printed, and every letter so well formed, "'n' everythin'!"



Joe is a true friend to all of us ever since those blissful Freshman days in Top Beaven, where we first met him. A steady worker in class, and a good fellow all around—that is what we all think of him.

Joe's sterling qualities were recognized by all. When the Mendel Club came to look for a good man to take care of its correspondence, Joe was in the limelight, and they sure did pick the man. Ask Keefe! It is safe to say that as a doctor, Joe will be a success and an honor to Holy Cross. His sunny disposition and kind heart will make him a valuable asset wherever he settles down, even if it is in New Haven. True to his word, square and honest, we know that life will have no snares for him. Good luck, Joe, and whether it be Harvard or Yale next year, we know that you'll remember us all in old Holy Cross.



DANIEL J. HAGERTY

LEWISTON, ME.

"Joe," "Dan"

*"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumber light."*

—SCOTT.

Consultor Sodality (1, 2, 3, 4)

Civil Service (1, 2)

He of the interchangeable names! "Hey, Dan," or "Hey, Joe," and Joe would answer "Well?"

Joe is the junior partner, his room-mate maintains, of the firm of "Finn-Hagerty Co.: Books Shuffled and Exchanged, Discussions Settled, Etc.," which holds forth in Lower Beaven. Back in Junior days he held to the same partnership, and made a success of it.

Joe is one of the few men in the Class who does not have to go around with a razor in his hand, and for three years he never felt the touch of steel on his smooth countenance. However, in March he decided to shave, and made quite an event of it. Now the stubble on his face is clearly discernible, if you put the microscope on it.

Possessed with the practical spirit of Christian charity, Joe took it upon himself to rouse us in time for breakfast on late sleep mornings, for which we are supremely grateful.

Joe listens with smiling unconcern to the wild blatings of the League enthusiasts, and keeps his own counsel on that point. In fact, that is one characteristic of Joe. After one member has built up an elaborate hypothesis, and then expects the audience to believe it, Joe blandly interposes an objection, and the story falls flat. He is also rather "there" on matters psychological and ethical, and has been in the front ranks of scholarship all through the four years.

Taking the word in its etymological sense, we say to you, Joe, "Good-bye."

ELBERT HAWTHORNE

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

"Red"

"No Lybian lion I . . ."—HORACE.

Debating Team (1)
Censor Philomathic (1)
Class Track (3)
Class Tennis (1, 2, 3, 4)
Publicity Committee (4)
Masque and Bauble (1, 2, 4)
Senior Minstrels



'Mid drab surroundings a touch of color will make the world seem a brighter place. So has "Red's" Titian locks helped us to "stay up." Nor does his enlivening influence stop here. Being something of a miniature dynamo, he likes to sing, play his "uke" and dance, at all of which indoor sports he excels. "Red" is an ideal parlor hero.

When the sun smiles on the tennis courts, there you'll find "Red" with his McLaughlin, beaming and ready for action. He has even been known to take on "Big Ed" for a set or two with the greatest nonchalance.

He bunks in the den of "The Wolf," and also knows "Moose" familiarly. His banquet boxes of "soup to nuts," we hear, were fabulous.

We have not always had "Red" within "Twenty's" fold. He came to us in Senior from "Nineteen," and we regret that he was not one of our intimates sooner. In saying "good-bye," we feel assured that his corner will always be at least a happy one.



JOHN J. HAYES

LEE, MASS.

"Crab"

"I am nothing if not critical."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Fitton Debating Society

PATCHER Board (4)

Senior Minstrels

Philomathic (4)

Down in the southwest corner of Beaven Hall the headquarters of a powerful corporation endured for a year. The dissolution, in June of 1920, was not due to the fact that the firm had been outrun in competition, for few dared to compete. Despite all discussions of contrary opinion, there is little doubt as to who held the reins in the

organization. It was John J. Hayes, of Lee, Mass., president by right and by might.

"Crab" is capable and crafty, shrewd and business-like. He knew just how to manage his junior partners, and safeguarded their interests. He was steady and reliable, able to bear and fulfill responsibility. As pacemaker in the diligence of the firm's perusal of books, and wise counselor in its inter-room diplomacies, "Crab" merited the respect of his most ardent competitors.

What a terrific memory! One glance, and "Crab" had the matter verbatim in his head. If one complete issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* were suddenly obliterated, after John J. had read it, in all probability he could republish it.

The best of luck, "Crab," and especially the preservation of the manifold capabilities we have recognized as yours, is "Twenty's" sincerest wish.

EDWARD HOGAN

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

“Ed”

“He shuns the Forum false and loud.”

—HORACE.

Varsity Track Squad (1, 2, 3)

After spending three years with the “Class of Nineteen,” the war came, and, quietly, with the others, Ed went. He returned to complete his course with “Twenty” in the Fall of 1919 with thirteen months service credited to his account. It was not his lot to see actual fighting, but he spent his time well with his Marine company in France and Germany after the signing of the armistice.



When Spring came, and the outdoor track became dry and fast, he was always on hand to go through the daily practice with the track squad. Somehow, he has never won his coveted points, but we respect him for his earnest and persistent efforts.

In our philosophy circles, Ed has shown us that he can comfortably and understandingly handle the mysteries of psychology.

Always quiet and unassuming, he has demonstrated the fact that gold may often be hidden in paths where the sunlight of prominence does not touch it with fire.

He is the only “Devil Dog” of which the Class may boast. We trust that the fighting spirit which characterized his branch of the service will always remain with him to win him success.



EDWARD J. HOPKINS

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

“Hop”

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Senior Minstrels

PATCHER Board (4)

Varsity Hockey (2)

Class Football (2)

Civil Service (1, 2, 3, 4)

From the gateway of the Berkshires came Edward J. Hopkins; in Freshman, with his bow tie tucked cutely under his collar; in Sophomore with a studied, dignified sedateness of manner; in Junior with the gold bars of a lieutenancy on his erect shoulders, and in Senior with a smoothly trim-

med moustache. How “Hop” has passed through the four stages of academic evolution is a study. He has done it well, and he wears becomingly the honors heaped upon him by the kindly affection of his classmates: “We like Mr. Hotchkiss pretty well!”

“Hop” is a man who does things with a wholeheartedness that insures success. Persevering and conscientious as a student, alert and brainy in athletics, active in class undertakings, Ed has an enviable record to retrospect.

During the grim days of war, “Edward F. Hopkins,” bore the appositive “Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U. S. A.” He was stationed below the Mason-Dixon line, and from all appearances he left a portion of his cardiac muscle down there. But he also left the impression of an efficient, capable officer, because the seriousness with which he attends to duty warrants our conclusion.

“Hop” has many friends in many places. The truest are to be found among his classmates, who hail his departure with a sincere “Prosit.” We would not prophesy, but we have the utmost confidence that the efforts exerted à la Hopkins will not remain uncrowned.

GEORGE J. JACOB, JR.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Jake"

"And little Alan shall hold the gate."

—SELECTED.

Class Cheer Leader (1)

Glee Club (1)

Banquet Speaker (1)

Condolence Committee (2)

Orchestra (2, 3)

Song Leader (4)

Philomathic (3, 4)

Masque and Bauble Club (1, 4)

PATCHER Board (4)



"Nineteen Twenty" finds it hard to say all it wants to say in appreciation of "Jakey," for the snappy young man from New Haven has so won our hearts that every "Twenty" man has more affection for him than any of us can express. To say that George's friends were legion, that to know him was to love him, is but condemning with faint praise. Where George came, the crowd gathered; he was our favored son, and all of us were favored in having him for company. A pleasing tenor voice, a knowledge of the latest in song and story, a lively liking for conversation, and a rarest spirit of good humor, made his room a place of pleasure that was always crowded. But Jake's talents were not limited to the art of friendship and the arts of entertainment. A scholar of exceptional ability, he has always taken a peculiar delight in delving into certain mysterious sciences, and has often been found surrounded by a coterie of disciples pouring forth the chemical contents of weird looking bottles. He has been accused of trying to solve the secrets of near-beer, the advent of which, as an ardent prohibitionist, he has hailed with great delight. George goes from Holy Cross to the study of law, and carries with him the wish of everyone who has lived with him upon the Hill that he may win the great success for which his talents fit him.



EUGENE J. KEEFE

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

“Briley”

*“ . . . give loose to mirth!
With joyous footstep beat the earth!”*

—HORACE.

Class Secretary (3)

Class Dramatics (2, 4)

Secretary Aquinas Club (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Civil Service (2, 3, 4)

Philomathic (3, 4)

Gene's little tin god, or we should say goddess, is Terpsichore, Ted Lewis' partner in crime.

When he is in the near proximity of the wailing saxophone and jazzy banjos that invite syncopated madness, Gene feels most at home, and, believe us, he can massage the waxed, parqueted floor with his number nines *some!*

He is the only living proof that the army eye tests can be “licked.” “Briley” did it coming and going. More power to him!

When you hear snapping fingers, you may know whom to expect. He has only one regret, and that his vocal prowess cannot compete with the agility of his pedal extremities.

This boy from the “Blue City” has a never-failing power of witty repartee; a knack of memorizing, and applying to himself, and offering to others the contents of the latest Kuppenheimer catalogue; an ever-ready smile, and a failing for touring. It is our earnest wish that he will always be prosperous enough to enjoy it.

RAYMOND S. KEEFE

HARTFORD, CONN.

“ Kiff ”

*“The time has been my senses would have
quailed
To hear a night shriek.”*

Philomathic (1)

Smoker Committee (2, 3)

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Class Baseball (1, 2)

Mendel Club (3)

President Mendel Club (4)

Senior Minstrels

PATCHER Board (4)



“ A compound fracture of the left tibia ”
—that’s Ray talking, and you may be sure
that the discussion is good for a long time.
These medical students are as long-winded

as the debaters, and seem to live in their adopted profession. Ray was handed the reins of government of the Mendel Club in Senior year, and protected it against the insidious attacks of its enemies. When another society declared its existence pernicious to the College, Ray, by word and action, convinced us that the Mendel was a wonder. However, on cross examination, he refused to divulge certain procedures of that organization. We know this, that the sign of the beetle means “ Ssh! ”

In trying to find a felicitous word that will touch off a fellow’s whole personality, we think that “ solidity ” is Ray’s keynote. Essentially sound in his arguments, sane in his views, he is always a welcome balance in discussions where imagination, wild theory and flowing oratory take the place of sanity.

In his first two years, with Monahan as his partner, he furnished many an entertainment. In Sophomore days, Ray’s room on those long Sunday afternoons was the center of all disturbances. We still talk of the days when his room was always locked, but his window was open.

Ray has always followed the plan of hard and steady work, and when he gets to medical school next year he will be just as sane and as steady as he was with us.



GEORGE J. KEVILLE

HAVERHILL, MASS.

"Ketchell"

*"He hath a wisdom that doth guide his
valor
To act in safety."*

MACBETH: ACT I, SCENE I.

Varsity Baseball Squad (1, 2, 4)

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Captain (4)

Banquet Committee (3)

Civil Service (4)

Censor B. J. F. (4)

Chairman Cap and Gown Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Master of Ceremonies (4)

When St. James High of Haverhill began to look about for a place of higher education for her favorite son, some good fairy suggested Holy Cross. So, after much deliberation, the suggestion was finally followed.

So, he came, he saw, and we were conquered, but he, being a merciful victor, won us all. He brought with him a reputation as an athlete, and this surely has not been tarnished by his performances. Football, class and varsity baseball and basketball, bear eloquent testimony of his ability.

In studies he was ranked among the best, and justly so.

During Sophomore, "Kev" decided to leave us, and journeyed to Boston College. But old associations and friendships were not to be denied, and he was soon back in our midst, contented and happy to be "home" again. So the "Happy Family" was reunited, and has drifted the remainder of the course with no storm to disturb it.

When he leaves these walls, we know that success will greet him with open arms. For those same qualities that made him a clean sportsman and a game player, will serve as invaluable assets in the future years. We have no fears for you, "Kev"; we know that you will always be ready when you are needed. So, all we can do, is wish you all the prosperity that is possible, and "Good Luck."

JOSEPH L. KINNEY

WATERBURY, CONN.

"Joe"

*"His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation."*

—HENRY COREY.

Condolence Committee (3)

Consultor Sodality (3)

Prefect Sodality (4)

Vice President B. J. F. (3)

President B. J. F. (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Glee Club (4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)



Waterbury, prolific mother of Holy Cross men, never sent a more consistent singer of the home town's praises than little Joe. Each close of day found us with something accomplished, something done; for had not Joe taught us some new and thrilling fact about the mighty Queen City of the Naugatuck? Next to Waterbury, in Joe's favor, came philosophy—scholastic philosophy, at that—and in almost every class he propounded some metaphysical conundrum that seemingly defied solution. However, Father Pyne knew his matter fairly well, so he got along all right.

Philosophy, Waterbury, the B. J. F.—of which he successively held the positions of vice-president and president—these were Joe's passions; at least they consumed most of his waking hours..

In short, our exceedingly untragic protagonist is just as well balanced, enthusiastic and highly gifted as the rest of us would like to be. Joe always batted for about 1,000 in ethics, but we know of one rather unethical deal in which he took part. True, he had the scruples, but his evil genius prevailed, and meticulous Joe trod the way of the wicked to prosperity and the B. C. game in stake. Up to the end, Joe remained one of the few who refused to join the Carnegie Club, that democratic organization which so regularly donates large sums to the aid of the indigent. If Joe only exhibits in after life as much will power as he showed at Holy Cross, we need not fear for his comfort or prosperity.



JOSEPH J. KITTREDGE

WORCESTER, MASS.

“ Rocco ”

“Do what you consider right, whatever the people think of it; despise its censure and its praise.”—PYTHAGORAS.

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Banquet Committee (3)

Senfresojun (2, 3, 4)

We remember that “ Joe’s ” debut, which marked the beginning of his prominence in our Class, was when he donned the togs of the gridiron and became a member of our Freshman class team. Coupled with a cheerful personality, his athletic ability soon found for him enduring friendships.

His natural repugnance to the boisterous, and his firm belief in the old adage, “ Silence is golden,” often kept “ Joe ” from proffering any remarks in class. Yet a little intimacy with him soon revealed that he possessed a wealth of knowledge, and especially were you impressed with his ability to prove that your conclusions “ logically led to universal skepticism.”

Apart from the serious business of everyday life, “ Rocco ” could assume the role of the jolly good fellow as easily as the best. Forsaking his psychology cues—you know those written “ helps ”—“ Joe ” often cherished to himself Arakel’s cues, and with much success. But that is beside the question, as “ Joe ” would say. However, we point to his unbroken relations with Bob as testimony of his good fellowship, and more than once was Somerville nearer to Worcester than to Boston when Bob “ went home.”

In fine, we feel satisfied that when the burdensome presents itself, “ Joe’s ” habit of determination, embodied in his pleasing individuality, will have little task in conquering. To one so well equipped, we hope for an early and easy conquest in the battle of life. Our well wishes go forth with him.

JAMES J. LADEN

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

“Jim”

“A gentleman to his fingertips.”

—HORACE.

Varsity Baseball Squad (1)

Freshman Baseball

Philomathic (1, 2)

Picture Committee (4)

With a smile that rivaled the sun in its brightness, and an ever-present willingness to do a favor, Jim early won for himself a warm spot in our hearts. Naturally quiet, he calls to mind the familiar saying, “Little boys should be seen but not heard!” He never acts or speaks hastily, but when he has decided definitely on a question, his directness of purpose is exceptional.

“Jim’s” ability on the diamond was made manifest in his every move when once we succeeded in getting him out for Class baseball. Frequent summer reports have stolen away from the wilds of Connecticut that substantiate the opinion that Holy Cross lost the services of a first-rate infielder when this sturdy lad decided that he could not devote his time to baseball.

With philosophy, we found a term by which to designate Jim’s theory as to the advantages to be derived from a classical education—Skepticism. However, be it said to his credit, mere theory never deterred him in his quest of knowledge, as the steps to the stage in Fenwick will graphically testify. “Testies” were as common to Jim as the “Reds” literature in Russia!

While we are unaware of Jim’s choice of lifework, we feel confident in prophesying for him a bright, happy and successful future, and that his title of “Prince of Good Fellows” will be superseded by the more mature title of “King!”

“I don’t know; did I?”





JAMES C. MAGNER

NORWALK, CONN.

"Clete"

"And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."—JOHNSON.

Masque and Bauble Club (1, 2)

Class Entertainment (2)

Class Football (1, 2)

Manager Class Basketball (3)

Chairman Publicity Committee (4)

Business Manager PATCHER

Rector's Day Play (2)

Smoker Speaker (3)

"Clete" was two years on the Hill before he was aptly appellated. The occasion of his christening was the Sophomore Smoker, when he played in a sketch the

role of himself, "A Pocket Edition of a Riot." He is a riot on either side of the footlights. It seems he is dramatically inclined or he is fond of formality, because whenever he approached the "crew" he unusually announced himself "Jim Magner, fellows." Whether a heart-to-heart talk or an ethical discussion or the regular exercise of pupils of the riding school was interrupted, "Clete" invariably regulated the trend of humor from then until his triumphant departure.

James C. was always astir. The elaborate plans and their remarkable execution for the students' demonstration at the B. C. game (not to mention what he accomplished at University Heights in June, 1919), and the financial organization and success of the PURPLE PATCHER, testify to his power of purpose and thoroughness of its prosecution.

Everyone found a friend in Jim Magner. He specialized in activities for the public weal, and rendered many an individual favor. "Clete" was a good fellow, except for one thing, and that was the adornment of his upper lip.

Even without this humble testimonial, these pages will bear memories of "Clete," and most pleasant ones, too. May your enterprises in the future be attended with as much success and satisfaction as "Twenty's" PURPLE PATCHER.

JAMES T. MAHONEY

WESTFIELD, MASS.

“ Jim ”

*“Sit, worthy friends, my lord is after thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray you,
keep seat.”*

—MACBETH: ACT III, SCENE IV.

Purple Contributor (2, 3, 4)

Entertainment Committee (4)

Jazz Band (3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1, 2)

Class Football (2, 4)

K. K. Society (4)

Art Editor PATCHER (4)

Glee Club (1, 2, 4)

Senior Minstrels



When Jim draws a deep sigh, lays aside his Ethics and reaches for his banjo, his ukelele, his guitar, or his mandolin, the corridor likewise bids farewell to the books for the night. Bell drifts in, then Sylvia, then Daley and the music festival is on.

Jim has an uncanny—is that the proper word?—ear for music. He has tried with success every known instrument. Occasionally he was a howling success with the French horn until Father Fox had to put in at least a few words. Then he decided that French horns had not the proper timbre.

After his ears have become surfeited with music, Jim turns to art, and the quality of his etchings in this book of ours will attest that he is as good an artist as he is a musician. He was so proud of his drawings in Junior year that he insisted on disregarding the dime-a-tack rule and put them all up on the wall. To go back to his musical abilities, he holds also an honored place in any spontaneously generated quartet on the corridor.

Jim is also an accomplished ski-jumper. Possessor of a wonderful pair, he always brought a crowd with him to the snowy hills of Cullum.

When we shall hear no more the “ plunk, plunk ” of Jim’s banjo and try to listen to the “ clink, clink ” of dollars, we shall look back to the days when Jim refreshed our souls, and ask ourselves, “ When is the next reunion? ”



WILLIAM J. MALONEY

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

“Mal ”

“A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.”—LAMB.

Class Basketball (2, 3, 4)

Glee Club (2, 3, 4)

Philomathic (3)

Soloist Senior Minstrels

“ Fellows, meet Bill Maloney,” said Jim Lucey soon after our Sophomore mid-year, and, under the tutelage of the suave James, Bill immediately became the friend of everyone in the class. “Mal ” had gone to Amherst for a year and a half before he saw the error of his ways, and transferred to a bigger and a better college, but after a

week had passed it seemed as if he had always been with us. Anon, we beheld his portly and capacious form cavorting upon the basketball floor; soon we heard the deep, rich notes of that perfect bass of his, booming over the footlights of Fenwick. Since then no corridor quartet, no chorus has been complete or even tolerable unless Bill has taken a very active part in it.

The ardor that “Mal ” puts into everything, whether it be harmony or the slashing game of whist, does not languish under the study lamp. The result has been that he was always rated as one of the most consistent hitters in our little league. The same persistence and consistence that individualized Bill so distinctly at college will follow him through life and will give him success in whatever work he makes his own particular province. Wherever he sets up his tent we know that it will be the gathering place of his friends just as his rooms at Holy Cross have been. Our only regret is that we cannot all be there.

CYRIL C. MARRION

BARRE, VT.

“Cy”

*“These humble words are all too few..
To say how much we think of you.”*

—ANON.

Promoter L. S. H. (1, 2)

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Fitton (1)

PATCHER Board (4)

Glee Club (2, 3, 4)

Runner up, Tennis Tournament (3, 4)

Tennis Team (4)

Scientific Society (4)

Ways and Means Committee (4)



“The smiling man is the happy man.”

If this axiom is convertible, Cy's future is a happy one and assured.

Cy was given to us by Barre, Vt., as its premier gift to Holy Cross, and his four years among us has proved that he indisputably belongs to the fourteen karat variety. Cy's forte was the classroom, where he bedecked himself with the honors of the coveted “tickets” and the privileges of the smart set.

Albeit, studies ranked high in Cy's affection, they did not engage his whole attention. When the call for class football material was sounded he was among the first to present himself on the field for the hard drubbing that goes with the training. Here he also signalized himself by his willing work and untiring efforts.

A man of many and varied abilities, we next find him defending the laurels of “Twenty” on the tennis courts, which he did with credit, and justly earned for himself a secure place on the varsity tennis team during his senior year, being a member of the team which twice defeated Clark in the fall of 1919.

What call Cy will answer when the final curtain is rung on the drama “Nineteen-Twenty” we have not heard with certainty. Whatever be his choice, we have no fear in saying that the class and himself will be heavily laurelled by his work.



CLEMENT C. MAXWELL

TAUNTON, MASS.

"Tiny"

*"Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Vice President Glee Club (3, 4)

Class Song Committee (3)

PATCHER Board (4)

Chairman Picture Committee (4)

Secretary B. J. F. (4)

Secretary League of Sacred Heart (4)

Secretary Nexus Club (4)

Class Ode (4)

Purple Contributor (4)

Latin Greeting to De Valera (4)

"Have you seen 'who's this'? " You're
right that was Clem, for he had the un-

happy—or happy—faculty of never calling anyone by his right name.

But this has been no drawback to his success. Scholastic records show him well up among the leaders and who could wish for more? And all this in spite of the fact that he handled four secretarial positions at one time.

Whenever class finances were in dire straits it was Clem who was called in as efficiency man to relieve the situation. Somehow or other we never could resist him, and though we did it sorrowfully we readily transferred the "root of evil" to his waiting hand. In Senior, Clem again manifested his business ability as chairman of the picture committee and we have no less an authority than the photographer himself in stating that never was the financial end of it so capably handled.

With such a record behind him are we not perfectly safe in prophesying unlimited success for him? For that same keen business ability and analytic power which has been so prominent during his course here at school, must receive due credit in the outside world, whatever be his field of endeavor.

LEO F. McANDREWS

COALDALE, PA.

"P. P. Quimby"

*"Shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice."*

—SHELLEY.

Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Class Football (2)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Assistant Manager, A. A. Store (4)



The young untutored babes of "Twenty" first learned to love the charms of music when the learned gentleman from Pennsylvania came among us, dispensing the sweet and soul enticing strains of his trombone. This most excellent accomplishment was not "Mac's" only recommendation, for he soon made his worth as a scholar known to us. However, it was not until Sophomore that we came to appreciate Leo as the superior student that he is. To the delight of his friends and the despair of his rivals when the call was sounded for volunteers to read the difficult decrees in the De Corona, our astute representative of the Keystone State outmatched the others in the eagerness of his response and the ease and fluency of his translations. But even music and scholarship do not express the sum total of the especial talents with which this fortunate youth has shown himself equipped. A bright and charming manner, a lively conversational style, a remarkable sense of humor reinforced by a happy fund of anecdotes and "wise cracks" made "Mac" welcome everywhere. Wit so flows from this man's soul that association with him is a never ceasing round of joyous entertainment. Leo has not confided to us the secret of his life's ambition, and predictions about so well rounded a character are difficult. Some of his intimates say that "Mac" inclines toward the medical profession. At any rate, we know that his will be an especial success, and we are glad because he has shown himself deserving.



G. CLIFTON McCORMICK

WATERBURY, VT.

“Clif”

“A mighty hunter, and his prey was science.”—ANON.

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Jazz Band (3, 4)

Secretary Orchestra (2)

Orchestra (2, 3, 4)

President Scientific Society (4)

When Waterbury, Vt., selected Clif as its representative at Holy Cross we doubt if it knew how wise was its choice. For it may be truthfully said that Mac has not wasted a moment of his time during his four years' stay on the hill. He has constantly striven to take advantage of all the opportunities

offered him. In fact the schedule had to suffer a change in order that additional subjects might be added to the course for Clif's erudition.

Clif's abilities were not confined to test tube investigations as witness his ready answer to the “Twenty” call for football recruits in our freshman year and in the years that followed. Here, too, his work stood out resplendent and he held down end on the class team during its eventful games.

Mac's interest in things scientific has not passed unrewarded and at the reorganization of the H. C. Scientific Society he was chosen to guide its destinies through its first year of new life. That their confidence was not misplaced is readily attested to, by the success and popularity of the lecture courses inaugurated under his regime.

That success will crown the efforts of this son of the Green Mountains we have no doubt. For he has in him all the requisites of the successful enterpriser, it matters not where he may cast his lot. So Mac, it is with the best wishes of all of “Nineteen Twenty” that you take your departure, setting out new worlds to conquer.

JAMES J. McCULLOCH

ALTOONA, PA.

“Axel”

“Such were the men of old, a hardy brood.”

—HORACE.

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3)

Captain Class Basketball (1, 2)

Varsity Football (1, 2, 4)

Orchestra (1, 2, 4)

Lecturer, Pasteur Society (2)

Philomathic (3, 4)

Sergeant-at-Arms (4)



When the huge mass of struggling arms, legs and feet would divide up into twenty-two individual pigskin chasers after each play on Fitton Field, it would be noticed that the last man to rise, or he who was the foundation of this pyramid of humanity, was Axel. Bounding to his feet, he would quietly take his position in line, only to repeat his act. So constantly recurring was this phenomenon that we expected it and oftentimes neglected to show any appreciation, but nevertheless it illustrates the character of this ex-member of “Nineteen.” The picture shows us Axel as he is at all times,—steady, dependable, unassuming and above all perseveringly gritty.

Not only is Axel a football player, however, but he is also a student, a gob, a cheery companion, a true friend and,—oh, yes, a sleuth. For three months one summer, Axel followed, with gum shoes, the profession of Sherlock Holmes, as an able aid to Pinkerton,—no, it was Burns. As some one penned, “He put the burr in Burns and stuck to the unlucky victim.” His vivid accounts of adventures in this line were the Arabian Nights of Holy Cross until they were finally cut short by a “Sh!”

Although possessed of the head of a man he has the heart of a child, and it is in developing the former and retaining the latter that will keep him the same steady, big-hearted coal-miner,—“Axel.”

“Coom in de ’ouse.”



JOHN J. McDONOUGH

FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Nero"

"I hate all fasting as the grave."

Freshman Baseball

Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)

Promoter, L. S. H. (1, 2, 3, 4)

Chairman Smoker Committee (3, 4)

Assistant Librarian (3)

Librarian-in-Chief (4)

Class Football (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Civil Service (1, 2)

Vice President Aquinas Club (4)

In our mind's crazy quilt of days genial and contented, the picture of Jack will always be bright. He glided up the old

board walk in our palmy Freshman days like a handsome leading man and played that role in many of our happy activities. You should have heard Jack tell of those fine days down at the "Light" and listened to his recital of reportorial experiences; we liked fiction and thought his stories were fine. Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" had nothing on that suite on Middle Beaven.

"Nero" was a performer non pareil of the champions of basketball. He was the high score man of the league and many were his shots of the thrilling kind that broke our rivals' hearts and purses. A sure eye for the basket and fast floor work won him a place as forward on the "All Purple" team.

Although he chatted and jollied with "Discus" and was often reported as being on the bank steps with his colored waistcoat, Jawn was well acquainted with the books. Why, with his "Lieutenant Mike" he put the school library on its feet.

We're sure "Jack" will smile his way to fame, his friends will be legion and let us hope his stories multiply likewise for

By poetic lanes we've wandered all through ancient Rome,
Till we seem to know the via Sacra like Main street at home;
So, too, we've seen the "Light-house" with good food bending down,
For Jack told us fine stories about Fall River town.

JOSEPH F. McDONOUGH

FALL RIVER, MASS.

*"And what need we concern ourselves
about questions of philosophy?"*

—IMITATIO CHRISTI

Class Basketball (1, 2)

Class Football (2, 3)

Freshman Baseball Team

Varsity Baseball Squad (2, 4)

Senior Librarian

De Valera Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)



Shakespeare, (no less a poet is suitable for our subject), said that all the world's a stage. Proceeding on this postulate we might suppose a great director choosing his cast. He finds that he needs a "gob," a student, a ball player, and one of sufficiently diversified talent to be able to write editorials in a "paper for people who think." From the throng of "supers" waiting for parts might be heard a voice piping up, "I'll play these."

The voice is that of one capable of filling all the aforementioned positions with marked ability and everyone is right in guessing that it is Joe McDonough. After a sojourn of almost two years in the "Dungaree Navy," Joe, originally of the class of '18, returned to receive his sheepskin with the men of "Twenty," who received him gladly for many reasons, not the least of which was the conviction that the brother of "Hex" could not be other than a good fellow.

His also is the role of "Pa" for he takes a paternal interest in his fellow students, urging them to be saving and thrifty but at the same time to remember not to be pound foolish and penny wise. Altogether, he adds an air of dignity and reserve to the group picture of "Twenty."

Joe goes forth to play the part which is his on the world-stage. His philosophy is expressed in many and diverse ways but is summed up in the words, "Make or Break,"—may he attain the former.



CLEMENT V. McGOVERN

ALBANY, N. Y.

"Mecca"

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

Treas. Fitton Debating Society (1)

Philomathic (2, 3)

Purple Contributor (2, 3, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Purple Staff (4)

A member of a room where the merits of his room-mates' respective towns are loudly vaunted, Clem has demonstrated that Albany need make no apologies to Waterbury, and can hold an equal place of honor with St. Paul. In the nocturnal discussions

on Lower Beaven, Clem has often defended his views against the attacks of the others until the occupants of the next room had to call for quiet.

Clem was a member of the Third O'Kane crew in Freshman year and took part in the attack against the Annex, and that in the days of the retreat. He liked that excitable atmosphere so well that he decided to remain there during Sophomore.

Clem is of a rather quiet temperament except for his humorous moods when he argues with L'il Joe. He has a special aptitude for literature, and possesses a keen sense of literary values. His story "Sold" was a clever bit of propaganda for "Pan on Packachoag." His promotion to the *Purple* staff in Senior came as the formal recognition of his ability as a writer.

In Junior year he teamed up with Muldowney, and it was truly a touching thing to hear them lilting roundelays by the hour.

Why do they call him Mecca? That cannot be answered because Clem disdains everything but Fatimas.

Clem has many qualities which have endeared him to "Twenty." His clear-sightedness, his genial ability to make friends and keep them will be a great aid when he matriculates in the University of Life.

HERMAN G. McGRATH

SHARON, MASS.

“Macca”

“*Some good I mean to do.*”—SHAKESPEARE.

Track Squad (1, 2)

Promoter, League Sacred Heart (2, 3, 4)

Ways and Means Committee (4)

PATCHER Board(4)

Writing an adequate sketch of Herman McGrath's career at college is one of those next to impossible tasks that sometimes confront us lit'ry men. For Herm has crowded so much into his four years on the hill; has been so all 'round a good fellow and good friend; has gained so secure a place in our local “Who's who” that the writer cannot do him justice. As scholar, as booster, and above all as corking good scout, Herman has just about set the pace for his fellow classmen.

No worth-while endeavor of either class or college has ever called in vain for “Macca's” support, and that his support is more than efficacious is proved by the success that has always attended his efforts.

Not of the pushing, elbowing type, Herman has always been able to make his presence felt by the quiet, unobtrusive force of his personality. Whether the current discussion concerned the sublime or the ridiculous,—and often the step between the two was exceedingly small,—“Mac” was sure to be a leading figure. Many is the argument that has been won by his logic, many the arguer who has been routed by his wit.

There is no necessity of our pointing out the obvious with regard to Herm's future career. His talent and personality will win him a secure place on whatever field he choses to wage life's war.





EDWARD J. McNAMARA

WEBSTER, MASS.

"Eejay"

Philomathic (3, 4)

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)

Senior Minstrels

With due regard for the competency of the military in choosing the men best fitted for service at the front, it is beyond all reasonable doubt that Company B, S. A. T. C., included in its noble ranks a man who would have made a remarkably successful observer. It is regrettable that Eddie Mac never got to the front. Only the craftiest of Huns could have put anything over on E. J. Anyone who tried to "crib" the W. D., can testify that Mac per-

ceives everything with his aquiline gaze, even the most obscure of some luscious lines.

Mac's appetite, rather the distinctive delicacy of his taste, was for four years a source of extreme mental perturbation to the cuisonnieres of the refectory. It would hardly be justice to this deserving chap not to record the day he actually remonstrated against a proposal to visit Thompson's Emporium, but, 'tis truly sad, we must be unjust, for we fail to recall any such day.

For a while, E. J. was registered in that exclusive honorary set entitled A. A. He wielded a mean stick from the south end of his humerus. During the balmy months of summer many a Webster fan saw a pretty performance of this lefty "blossom picker."

We are confident that the world can produce Mac's ideal—a sufficient and varied kitchen, abundance of reading matter "Fats" and an automobile (so he can drive by College Square and yell, "Sure, jump in!"). Best of fortune to you, Eddie. We'll always be with you, as you've been with us.

WILLIAM C. McNAMEE

CLINTON, MASS.

"Bill "

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."—SHAKESPEARE.

Chief Promoter League of Sacred Heart

(1, 2, 3, 4)

Sodality, B. V. M. (1, 2, 3, 4)

Scientific Society (4)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Business Board of the PATCHER



"The pride of Clinton!" Bill came to us fresh from fields of high school success. No sooner had we become tolerably well acquainted than we noticed the flood of mail addressed in a decidedly feminine hand. Naturally our curiosity was aroused and our friendship stimulated for one who so evidently possessed such an extensive coterie of "fair friends." Thereafter Bill rested securely on his laurels. Fortunate indeed is the youth who can compel the admiration and respect of the fickle sex!

Bill's great redeeming feature was the paternal interest that he exhibited towards the Freshmen! He took upon himself the duty of introducing the "innocent" to the wiles and intricacies of college life, and as the years rolled on, his proficiency in this work forced all would-be competitors from the field, and in this, his Senior year, he reigns supreme.

Doubtless Bill will continue with his work in the field of medicine, and we have no anxiety whatever in regard to his success in this walk of life. For who, tell me, possessing a keen intellect, a gentle touch, a sympathetic nature, and above all, an unparalleled amount of persistence could be anything but a "howling success!" Therefore to Bill do we entrust the mission of reaching high up in his chosen profession, and the bringing of consequent honor to his Alma Mater.



C. RAYMOND McQUILLAN

GREENVILLE, PA.

"Tuck"

"Well, honor is the subject of my story."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Philomathic (3)

B. J. F. (4)

The middle of our Freshman year was uproariously disrupted by one of those casual additions that enriched the "Class of Twenty" so much, for it was in the dead of winter that Ray and Bill Church, his partner in crime chose to make their début at Santacruciano. Bill was guilty of a slight lapse in Junior year, but Ray has stuck close to the best of classes right along.

As one of the famous, or should we say infamous, Casuals of the Annex and as George Fitz's roommate Ray has been kept pretty well in the center of the stage. Not knowing the intricacies of the "strong game" he was at somewhat of a disadvantage for a while but we soon found that he had been studying the art in his quiet, unobtrusive way and before long could play as crafty a game as any of the boys.

However, play has not been his chief concern at Holy Cross and the right amount of careful study coupled with a good deal of clear thinking always kept him high in the honor rolls of the class. "*Cum grano salis*" is the usual unspoken admonition when eulogies and prophecies are indulged in, but we can dispense with the warning in "McQuillyun's" case. For one who has already achieved so admirable and consistent a record as soldier, scholar and gentleman, we have no qualms in forecasting a future that will shed honor on himself and his Alma Mater.

JAMES P. MELICAN

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Demosthenes"

*"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll
deserve it."* —ADDISON.

Senfresojun (2, 3, 4)

The entrance of this benign disciple of good-fellowship into our Freshman lists marked our ready submission to the belief that Jim was a fellow of infinite jest. In this respect our assertions have proved true. Of an unassuming nature, yet never hesitant to brighten the corner in which he was, he found favor in the eyes of all his pals.

Our early considerations of the works of "Jim" had in some measure forecasted the presence of a great poet in our midst. But alas! Alas! How our hopes were shattered when "The ship sailed into the bay with the turkey on the mast." We quote these few words of "Jimmy's" first and last Thanksgiving poem—words that brought tears of mirth and sadness to both class and "Prof."

Being a lover of things æsthetic "Demosthenes" had such a natural fondness for Greek that his Junior year still found him solving the perplexities of the busy life in the Peloponnesus. His ready wit more than proved once a sociable trait in his person. Endowed with an intellect not easily bewildered the feigned inability of the Professor to understand was sure to be followed by the laugh-provoking query of this youthful philosopher, "You don't see that?"

In one in whom is found the ability to so successfully apply himself to the accomplishment of things we think the fruition of success lies latent. Our desire is that it manifest itself for the benefit of others. Our recollections of Jim will be pleasant and frequent.





ANTHONY MITCHELL

CLINTON, MASS.

"Tony"

.. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."—OLD TESTAMENT.

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Philomathic (1, 2)

Glee Club (3)

"All aboard for Worcester, Worcester!"
The conductor, standing upon the platform of the Clinton station, shouted these words vociferously. The usual rumble and general confusion accompanied his cries. As the train was slowly drawing out of the depot, our gaze from the car-window was attracted by a running youth, with traveling bags in either hand, hastening to catch

the morning coach. In so many bounds he gained the platform of the last car, throwing one of his bags to a helping passenger who chanced to be standing there, and nimbly pulled himself up the steps. The youth, as we learned later, was no other than our own Tony bound for Holy Cross.

Tony made his presence felt as early as our Freshman year. We knew him best as a student then, for his keen intellect easily solved many of the classroom difficulties. In Junior, Tony forsook the commuters' club and joined the boarders. This gave us a splendid opportunity to realize Tony's manifold qualities. Always a good fellow and easy mixer, Tony's presence was cherished by many. Often would we stay up till the "wee" hours o' morn, listening to his numerous anecdotes while the air of the room etched the ceiling with wavy lines of tobacco smoke.

Space being limited, we cannot go into the details of Tony's activities, but we are certain that our popular classmate will be successful in whatever field he endeavors to conquer.

HARRY J. MITCHELL

ATHOL, MASS.

"Mitch"

"Sentimentally, I'm disposed to harmony,"

—LAMB.

Masque and Bauble Club (2)

Freshman Baseball Team

Class Baseball (2)

Varsity Baseball Squad (1)

It is a truism that the hardest workers always have the most leisure, and no one in the "Class of Twenty" testifies to this fact better than Harry J. Mitchell. Harry is not of the church mouse type by any means, but he has always steered clear of entangling alliances and pursued the even tenor of his way alone and unafraid. The wisdom of his course is manifest by the success that has attended it. No examination finds him unprepared, no sudden and startling turn of affairs catches him off his guard. For four years Harry has been counted among the small band of Saturday afternoon workers and always maintained a high scholastic standing in addition. Facts such as these need no comment. "H. J." is no ladies' man but it seems that he is one of the chosen few who never lack a "date," and more than that he is never unwilling to fix it up for someone else.

The little parties that relieve the monotony of existence were never "Mitch's" only interest. In addition to giving hearty support to every college activity Harry has found time to get out and work on the pitcher's mound and his success in Freshman still remains in memory.

Industry, perseverance, a magnetic personality and a keen, quick mind have already done much for this native son of Athol, and the same qualities will carry him far in life.





JOHN F. MITCHELL

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"Bullet"

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Varsity Football (1, 2, 3, 4)

Captain (4)

B. J. F. (3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1, 2)

Class Basketball (1)

Lecture Team (3)

Varsity Track (2, 4)

A. A. Board (4)

"Bullet" is one of those rare individuals for whom everyone has nothing but the highest praise. We might take upon ourselves the task of extolling his merits, but

space would not allow us to do him justice. Although coming to Holy Cross from a small town that really exists (Discus testifies that he went through there once in an awful hurry), Jack did not find it necessary to shake any hayseed from his clothes onto the polished "hard wood" floors of O'Kane, but like his predecessors here from South Hadley he was already a big man ready for a big job.

On the gridiron his prowess soon became a by-word and his speed quickly earned him the title "Bullet." As captain of the '19 eleven he had the honor of leading the strongest aggregation to represent the college in over six years. But his athletic ability did not stop here as his speed was also utilized to good advantage on the cinder path.

Quiet, unassuming, but always dependable and efficient, "Bullet" is a man we are proud to put forth as conforming to the true H. C. standard.

JOHN J. MULDOWNEY

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

“Plato”

“A little philosophy inclineth a man to be atheistical.”—BACON.

B. J. F. (1, 2)

Sodality B. V. M. (1, 2, 3, 4)

Purple Contributor (1)

Aquinas Club (4)

Senior Minstrels



When the booking agent of the “Class of Twenty” was making his tour through the Empire State, he dropped off at the “Racing Mecca of the East.” No doubt it was more the unconquerable spirit of playing the ponies than the possibilities of adding to the rapidly filling roll of “Twenty” that prompted him to such an action. No matter what his purpose it was an important one for us. For he soon came upon a youthful follower of the horses who with hat in hand and a wild look in his eye, was taking a short end of a “100 to 1 shot.” Realizing that a man of this type would make a valuable addition to any class, he quickly enrolled the name of John J. Muldowney a good student, a true friend and a real sport.

Unlike the usual Freshman who must gradually win recognition for himself, “Mul” suddenly and vigorously broke into the “Hall of Notables.” It all came as the unexpected out-growth of the famous mystery of the “Vanishing Bathrobe” in which “Mul” played the leading part and on account of which he earned the reputation of being one of the best sprinters in the school. However, he confined his ability in this line to corridor races.

When the ranks of “Twenty” split and its members scatter to the four corners, “Mul” intends to seek out the fields of journalism. Suffice it to say that fortunate indeed is the paper that numbers him among its cubs.



EDWARD S. MURPHY

LOWELL, MASS.

"Valeska"

"But to hear his symphonies was to taste of heaven."—ANON.

Class Smoker Committee (2, 3)

Chairman Class Song Committee (3)

Class Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4)

Philomathic (4)

Civil Service (2, 3)

Mendel Club (4)

Class Treasurer (4)

Composer Marching Song (4)

Composer Class Song (2)

The city of spindles never performed a nobler deed than that of despatching to Holy Cross and to the "Class of Twenty"

"Valeska" Murphy. Ed was but a short time accustoming himself to his new environment and was not long in becoming a *bona fide* Holy Cross undergraduate.

His worth as a member of the "Twenty" class has been attested to times innumerable both in the social and the business activities of our class. Without a peer at the piano, he did his utmost, and succeeded remarkably well in keeping us on the map of music. Often has his Mozartic touch called forth from the piano its most dulcet tones as we sat in rhapsody intent only on assimilating appreciatively "Murph's" symphonies.

The field of music was not in itself sufficient to engage his unqualified attention as his capable work in bringing our Junior Smoker to a happy culmination amply proved.

Appreciation among his fellow-classmates was not lacking and to demonstrate this in a tangible way the class on the eve of its entrance into the realms of Seniority, placed him at the head of its treasury department, where he has since remained, trusted and true.

Your choice of a future we have not heard, "Murph," but we all feel confident that whatever path you may choose you will light it with glory, redounding to your own name and that of Holy Cross.

FRANCIS A. MURPHY

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"Murph"

"He was essentially a taciturn man."

—JOSEPH CONRAD.

League of Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Sodality B. V. M. (1, 2, 3, 4)

Philomathic (1, 2)

Ah! he of the fair complexion! "Murph" early in his course became famous for his "baby-face" and complexion that many a fair one admired—from a distance, because "Murph" was wary of the weaker sex! Indeed, there was some doubt that "Murph" would receive his degree with the rest on the score that he was lacking even a passing amount of dexterity in the liberal art of shaving! Perhaps the exercise that he failed to receive from the performance of this duty can account for his apparent distaste to use his arms to any extent as "Murph" was never known to pass anything at table! *O Tempora!*



Not so with all "soft" things. "Murph" soon discovered that there was one "soft" thing at Holy Cross that was ever-ready to befriend him, and to that he continually bent his course—the bed; in fact, his chief exercise consisted in dragging himself from bed to bed!

"Murph," however, was assisted in a very material way to indulge in his "hobby" because of a naturally acquisitive bend of mind. Throughout his course he mastered his subjects with an ease that was remarkable and in order to be caught studying when the Prefect made his rounds, "Murph" had to seek further fields, and he found one,—the exposition of fallacies in the Scholastic philosophy!

"Murph" and his pal Jim were always secretive in regard to their future activities, but the "Class of Twenty" sends both out into the battle of life confident of their success!



JAMES A. MURPHY

FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Jim"

"Hence sordid care! Hence idle sorrow!"

—HORACE.

Varsity Track (3, 4)

St. John Berchmans Society (3, 4)

Philomathic (4)

Mendel Club (3)

Class Basketball (1)

Here is "Sunny Jim" indeed!

With his big, happy smile he came to us from the class of 1919 in Junior. Yes, he smiled, in spite of eighteen months of association with the fair yeomen (F.) at New London! Who said it was a tough war?

Jim suddenly discovered that he could broad jump and for two years his name has stood among our point winners within the track.

Everywhere and always, Jim is "High Chief-in-chief" of the army of little joys. With these fair cohorts blues of the darkest tints are his victims.

Sometimes he tortures a guitar, sometimes he indulges in sweet harmony, and sometimes he expounds glibly his knowledge of the French language!

We have searched everywhere for someone who could swear to the fact that Jim was ever really serious. Finally his roommate admitted that he had seen the reflection of Murph's face in the windshield of his car during a little trip they had from Springfield to Worcester and that Jim really had a pale and set expression. Bob only spoke to him once on that trip, when he asked him to remove his arms from around his neck. Jim asserts that they covered the complete distance in "nothin'."

We leave Murph as we would leave an oasis in a desert. A smile is almost always good philosophy. May Jim's happy disposition help him over the rough places.

JOSEPH C. NUGENT

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

“Joe”

“He had a face like a benediction.”

—CERVANTES.

Regulator Sodality (1, 2)

Promoter, League of Sacred Heart (1, 2, 3, 4)

Out of the West came the whistler! By nature and habit rather quiet, Joe's one failing was whistling. Early in the morning, late at night, at any time that you might come upon him, you would catch him red-handed—whistling; not that such a pastime was criminal in itself, but Joe's style of murdering past and present popular airs was sufficient to recommend him to our present notice. Some even voiced the opinion that this characteristic implied that Pittsfield went “dry” long before July 1, 1919! Maybe—but we won't commit ourselves!

However let it not be said that Joe's whistling was the predominant note in his make-up! As far back as nursery days we have heard of the smile that made somebody famous; first it was “Sunny Jim,” then “Teddy” Roosevelt, and so on down the list of celebrities do we go until we reach Joe's name! Surely none of those smiles did any more than remind us of the never-failing sunny smile that wreathed Joe's face!

Rumor does not always lie, so perhaps Pittsfield will add to its list of Bankers and Tradesmen the name of “Our Joe!” Whatever he does we know will redound to the glory of his Alma Mater and be, in some measure a recompense for the numberless favors showered on him! And may the happy disposition that has marked him among us be as characteristic in the days to come!

“Whew—ew——”





MAURICE F. O'BRIEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Obie"

"Knowledge he only sought."—COWLEY.

Consultor Sodality (3, 4)

Treasurer Mendel Club (3, 4)

B. J. F. (4)

Scientific Society (4)

Maurice has the floor! And the rest, with secret satisfaction hand over to him the responsibility of the lesson. No need to fear that you will be called on for the rest of the hour when Maurice is asked to speak. And when he does speak, his precise diction and his habit of weighing every statement makes you feel that you are hearing something worth listening to.

Go to his room and ask him about any matter under the sun and you will never come away unanswered. His opinion in class meetings has to be given much respect because "he knows."

When we came back in Junior year we had Maurice to greet us and in the long days in Father Crowley's class we gave him many a silent testimonial of thanks. Not only does he excel in Philosophy but he has given his enthusiastic attention to Biology and Physics. Maurice is also a member of the Mendel Club, and in that society's hunt for a man tried and true he was elected to guard its several moneys. This office he held in Junior and part of Senior.

Maurice is rather inclined to be quiet but many a time when disturbance was raised, you could see him standing there with an appreciative twinkle in his eye. He took upon himself the task of distributing *America* these last two years and has quietly given much of his time to many laudable activities at Holy Cross.

A few years hence, Holy Cross and "Twenty" will have every reason to be proud of this very distinguished son and classmate.

RAYMOND J. O'CALLAGHAN

HARTFORD, CONN.

"Oka"

"I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian book in the original."—EMERSON.

Inter-class Debate Committee (1)
Toastmaster, Sophomore Smoker (2)
Glee Club (1, 2, 3)
Class Tennis (1, 2, 3, 4)
Varsity Tennis (3, 4)
Promoter, League of Sacred Heart (2, 3, 4)
Purple Staff (3, 4)
Prom. Committee (3)
PATCHER Board (4)
K. K. Society (3, 4)



As we look through the annals of Holy Cross, we find page after page replete with the noteworthy deeds of the sons of Connecticut. Indeed, there is no branch of college activities that does not number among its foremost members some of the contingent from the "Nutmeg State!" And that State's contribution to the personnel of the "Class of Twenty" was such as to uphold the honorable reputation that has been established through long years of memorable achievements.

Prominent among the Connecticut delegation to our class was Ray. His ready smile and cheerful word soon won a way for him into our hearts, and as the years rolled on we respected and loved him the more. A more versatile youth would be hard to find; whether it be with pen, with racquet, with books, or even (if we can believe rumor) in the parlor, Ray was always one to be feared, if an opponent, or relied upon implicitly if an ally.

— However, in exposing this loyal son of Connecticut to the unsparing inspection of the world we can not pass over in silence his degree of A. M. in the "Have y' gotta" league. Here his "taking" ways were patient efficiency personified!

In closing we can but hope that his entrance into the world will be as auspicious as his coming into our midst and his successes be correspondingly great. We look for great things from you, Ray; live up to our expectations!

"Three along!"



WILLIAM T. O'CONNELL

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Terry"

*"It is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Boxing Team (4)

'Varsity Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3)

'Varsity Football Squad (1, 2, 4)

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

"Terry" was one of the clan of the "North Lights." Love of football probably accounted for his most favorite pastime of "Tacklinglow" in high school and college days. Whether or not it was his disbelief in the theory of numbers that led him to forsake the game in Junior year we

do not know. We do know that "Okee" had a special liking to the changing of numbers when he was in the line—a privilege of the quarterback alone. In confirmation of our statement witness his attempt in Senior year to change 26 into 62. In spite of all that may be said we can say with certainty that 429 was "Terry's" winning combination. We refer to his "sweeping" abilities in his respect for the "Goddess of Liberty" and the "Home of the Brave."

To confine his abilities to one line would be doing him an injustice for he has given himself to football, baseball, wrestling and singing. One of his favorite pastimes was the throwing of the Toreador, and we know of one instance in which a Worcesterite had been to the land of "Dixie" and back again in one night. But only an "Only" man could do this. O mores! What a pollution of Truth's Temple!

But in a serious mood we must confess that seldom have we seen such combination of personal attributes. Full of the spirit of good-fellowship yet withal a keen observer of human nature, ever ready to lend a helping hand, we predict the peak of success as "Terry's" abode.

THOMAS J. O'CONNOR

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Tomaso"

"Tireless at work and play was he."—ANON.

Sec. Day Scholars Sodality (2)

Sec. Scientific Society (4)

Dramatics (4)

Purple Contributor (1, 2)

Picture Committee (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

Tom has been endowed with certain remarkable faculties. Perhaps one of the most unusual of these is his ability to get from one place to another in just a "little less than nothing." It is especially noticeable that he is never late for class and he accomplishes this desirable feat without undue haste in ascending Mt. St. James.

His ability along business lines and his success in "putting it across" were recognized when he was chosen for business manager of the "Nineteen Twenty" college play.

He is a tireless and energetic worker in anything he undertakes and contrary to the expression, "there ain't no such animal," he is a "plugger." His success in college has been due to, and his success in life is assured by, the enthusiasm and energy with which he follows a task to the end.

Tom has not divulged to us the secrets of his life, and we do not know where he spends Sunday evening. It is our opinion however, that a fellow with such a winning personality and such a facile tongue could not be "all dolled up, with no place to go."

"Tomaso" is one of those fellows who make college life worth while and who cause sorrow on commencement day, for it is indeed with regret that we say good bye to Tom; but it is with confidence that we wish him the success he deserves.





THOMAS E. O'DONNELL

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Tom"

*"A student meet, yet all the while,
As meet with repartee or smile."*

—J. BAILIE.

Banquet Speaker (1)

Scissors (2)

Secretary Philomathic (1)

Purple Contributor (1, 2, 3)

Editor-in-Chief PURPLE PATCHER (4)

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

Masque and Bauble (2, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Varsity Football Squad (1)

Varsity Track Squad (3)

All the signs of the zodiac must have been beaming propitiously on Tom's first birthday. His talents are many and varied. Although somewhat of a Jack of all trades he excels in many more than one of his activities.

He is very much at home among the thespians, either in the debating forums, or on the end of the black-faced semicircle. His tenor is an undeniable feature of the glees and when he dips his pen into the india ink or his brush into a pot of colors you are due for a treat.

To take upon one's shoulders the responsibility for the successful publication of a book like the PATCHER is no mean task. These pages are monuments to his artistic, patient toil.

As a student, Tom bows to few. We have a hunch to the effect that he will be one of the worthy few who hold forth verbally upon Commencement porch in June.

Tom is democratic and open hearted to all. His pleasant conversation and flashes of old country wit make him an enjoyable companion.

Good luck, Tom, and don't let your first million turn your head!

B. JOSEPH O'GRADY

FLORENCE, MASS.

"Bennie"

"A mighty man was he."

—LONGFELLOW.

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Banquet Committee (3)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

B. J. F. (4)

Senior Aid Committee



The "Class of Twenty" had scarcely started on its career when this youth from Florence heard its call for football men. Since that time he has ably filled any position in the backfield and has been largely responsible for our many victories on the gridiron.

Nor was Joe slow to establish himself one of the prize men in the class room. Quick to solve difficulties and possessing a marked ability in all branches of study, he has been a valuable aid to many of his less fortunate brethren.

We might recall here the lengthy chain of social conquests attained by this enviable youth, but that would entail stories of sadness which would not be appropriate. Especially in Freshman year did B. Joseph star in the role of Don Juan, but the three succeeding years have not found him lacking. Joe is a steady hitter; whatever he does, he does thoroughly and well.

The future looks bright for Joe. A man of his ability and character will not be long in making a record in the medical profession. As he wends his way to medical we are moved to sadness but utter a hearty "Bon Succès."



RUSSELL J. O'HARA

GRAFTON, MASS.

"Russ"

"Thou dost faithfully whatever thou dost."

—TESTAMENT.

Senfresojun Club (2, 3, 4)

Although Russ was born in Worcester and spent his earliest years in the "city of prosperity," he is now one of Grafton's leading citizens. He is modest. This is especially noticeable during the heated discussions which take place concerning the merits (and demerits) of the various "old home towns." While Grafton cannot claim recognition because of size, her many gifted sons have brought her fame, and we are convinced that "R. J.'s" future activities will

have no small influence in making "Grafton" a by-word among the coming generations.

Russ is a gifted dancer. Perhaps his success in the art of Terpsichore has been due to the agility he has acquired dodging the missiles of a collar soiling nature which prevail in the holy of holies—the day scholars' sanctum.

Russ' favorite indoor sport is defending his title as champion of the "Class of Twenty" in the art of Willie Hoppe. He has a steady hand and an eagle eye, and many "young hopefuls" have had their dreams shattered when Russ chalks his cue.

He is also a baseball fan, and frequently discusses the merits of various teams and players to give the "dope" to those who are less diligent in the search for knowledge.

Russ was a favorite and friend to all and it is indeed with the deepest regret that we part. However, true friendship never dies and if good wishes can give "health, wealth and happiness" they are surely his.

ARTHUR J. O'LEARY

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"Dudley"

"Well, Bimbo, there's a fine crowd here tonight."—SELECTED.

Varsity Football Squad (1)

Class Debating Team (1, 3)

Junior Prom Committee

Smoker Committee (2)

Associate Editor Purple (3, 4)

President K. K. (4)

President Dramatic Society (4)

Assistant Editor-in-Chief PATCHER (4)

Address to Bishop Hickey (4)

"Twenty's" Minstrels (4)



Art is a confirmed disciple of the well-loved Sam Johnson. Could we place him at the head of some hospitable board, like that at The Cock Tavern, surrounded by a group of jovial friends, his convivial nature would be in a perfect setting.

With a copy of "Pendennis" or "Oliver Twist," Art is extremely at home, while his timely "wise saws" have brightened many a miniature Round Table of his friends. "Joseph Knowles" Keefe has been known "to open the meeting with a prayer for a pipefull" on such occasions and the table was usually a trunk, but Art's personality beamed and good-fellowship always ruled the scene.

To the pages of the *Purple* he has contributed lacy lyrics that have called forth much praise, and many parts of our PATCHER have known his completing touch.

As "Dudley, the Tramp Ventriloquist," with his incomparable "Bimbo," Art was the hit of "Twenty's Minstrels."

We wish to say in parting that our associations with him have been of the most pleasant and unforgettable nature. We know that the weary road leading up into the sunlight of success will be trudged optimistically by him and that on the way he will not lack friends.



THOMAS J. O'LEARY

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Tom"

*"The surest guard of a king is not armies
or treasures, but friends."*—PETRARCH.

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

Aid Committee (4)

Tom is that type of fellow sure to make ready and pleasing friendships wherever he goes. Possessed of those sterling qualities which so deservedly find favor among men this product of Worcester was from the beginning of his college days a favorite in all circles—social as well as philosophical. His ability to so admirably mingle books with men gained for him many acquaintances whose intimate associations soon ripened into friendship.

Notwithstanding his natural tendency to learn, Tom was a propounder of questionnaires and oftentimes this unconscious form of loyalty to the class took on an aspect in harmony with the Fabian policy. This was especially manifested during his sophomore year when he tried to confound the theories of a certain mechanics professor regarding capillary attraction by exclaiming, "Doesn't water seek its own level?" In his Senior year this lad's ethical views designated him as an Idealist, his conversion from which, however, we know has taken place.

His connection with the Scientific Society and the Senfresojuns was an evidence of his application to both the serious and social. In fact, the practical ability to do things has always been Tom's ideal, and for this reason he has seen to it that he has not become a mere automaton. The result has been, to say the least, a pleasing admixture of study, pleasure, and business. To one so worthy of the highest encomiums we must say reward is bound to come.

HOWARD T. OWENS

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

“Howie”

*“When musing of companions gone
We doubly feel ourselves alone.”*

Chairman, Board of Governors, Aquinas
Club (4)

Reception Committee, Junior-Senior Debate (3)

Masque and Bauble Club (4)

Banquet Speaker (3)



Among the numerous delights afforded us during our career at Holy Cross was the acquaintance of a highly esteemed gentleman hailing from the industrial city of Connecticut. Under the smooth surface and calm exterior of Howard Owens, we find a swiftly moving undercurrent of a cheerful and kindly disposition. As a conversationalist he is at his best, for his personal contact with many different classes of men has supplied him with a bounty of information.

It was in the class room that “Howie” revealed his ability as a student. The perspicacity of his mind easily grasped the answer to the many complex problems which a student must confront.

Howie’s greatest avocation is to see the world, no matter whether it be through the highly polished window of a limousine or the airy portals of a “side door Pullman.” Many a time have we seen him accompanied by some of his chums, attired in walking togs, meander down Linden Lane in search of new towns to conquer. One time it was to Springfield that he paid a visit, from which city many of us received mysterious cards signed X. Y. Z. When the smoke of mystery had faded, our own Howie turned out to be the culprit. Again, Webster greeted his arrival as did Clinton and various other neighboring towns, so that they must have learned to know him as the beloved traveller.

With his many qualities to buoy him up during the first stormy years we predict for our popular classmate success unqualified in his chosen channel.



JAMES D. POWER, JR.

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Lightning"

"Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance."—JOHNSON.

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

To identify Jim with those whose painstaking methods have singled them out as "the slow but sure" would be doing justice to his love of learning. Such at least were Jimmy's methods, and to hear him recite would at once convince you that what he offered was the result of thorough, meditative study. If we remember rightly, his careful, reflective recitations in Freshman year gained for him the appendage, "Lightning," from the others of his section.

Jim was of that class so ready to listen but seldom to participate in the battles of wit which frequently occurred in the classroom. We think we should distinguish the word participate, because while he may not have externally participated it is quite certain that within his calculating and logical mind he was taking a share.

He is a ready partner to good-fellowship and we know that in his associations with the "D. B's." of Alumni "Jim" proved himself a real lover of sport and more than once assumed with the "high contracting parties" the results that would logically follow many of their pranks.

To associate with books and men was "Jim's" happy faculty and although he has not yet assured us of his future plans we feel safe in asserting that one in whom are found such admirable attributes as those he possesses must needs attain the pinnacle of rewards due to successful effort. To one who strives must come the tokens of victory.

GUSTAVE S. PURIFICATO

COHOES, N. Y.

“Gus”

*“Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne’er could injure you.”*

—SHERIDAN.

Glee Club (1, 2)

B. J. F. (3, 4)

Consultor, Sodality (3, 4)

Secretary Sodality (2)

Senior Minstrels



A class as large and various as is ours necessarily contains all sorts and conditions of men, and so it is not surprising to find, even at Holy Cross, the quiet, unassuming type of man that is intent upon no one's business but his own. Such a man is Gus, and Gus would still be pursuing the even tenor of his way were it not for a little incident in Freshman year. We were all gathered around Bill Beattie waiting for him to give out our mail when Bill called out stentoriously, “Gustave S. Purificato.” “Here,” says Gus, and he catches a letter. Ten seconds pass and Bill again calls out, “Gustave S. Purificato.” Gus has scored again. Four times in that one mail did Gus come through and soon we luckless ones were cheering him. Thus Gus was placed, through no fault of his own, right in the glare of the spotlight, and there he has stayed ever since. Those who had only known him by name soon learned to know him well and to appreciate his qualities and abilities.

Gus intimates that the next four years will find him in Rome. Well, as Father Pyne says, there are advantages in getting abroad. Four years of European study will necessarily add to and complete Gus's natural qualities, but he will return to our first reunion essentially the same old Gus.



ROBERT L. QUIGLEY

TAUNTON, MASS.

“Quig”

*“A woman is only a woman.
But a good cigar is a smoke.”*

—KIPLING.

Masque and Bauble Club (1)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Philomathic (2, 3)

Class Secretary (4)

Purple Contributor (4)

We are confident that Quig can be happy as long as the cigars hold out, but if they ever prohibit them, too,—well, we fear the consequences. A cigar has a peculiar attraction for Quig. Perhaps he can see, in the twirling products of its disruption,

a faint image of the one who, he says, will one day by her “compelling beauty” complete the happiness of a quiet smoke. “Till then,” he says, “there is nothing better than a good cigar, unless it be two good ones.” That’s Quig!

That same trend of humor, supplementing his pleasing smile and willing hand, and his sympathetic heart, are the characteristics which have won for him the lasting friendship of his classmates. How strong and enduring he has welded this bond, was amply proven when he was unanimously elected class secretary in Senior.

In Freshman, Quig’s efforts in the college play lent silent evidence to his ability as an actor. Throughout his whole course he has continued earnest in his work as a student the termination of such honest endeavor finding him among the literary lights of “Twenty;” the short story being his strong hold.

“Twenty” never says “Good bye” to a fellow like Quig for we know he will always remember those trying years when, together we sought the links of that mystic chain called knowledge. They just say “So long” and “the best of luck.”

F. RUSSELL ROSE

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Russ"

*"A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

First Prize in Declamation Contest (1)

Dramatics (2, 3)

B. F. J. (4)

President of Nexus Club (4)

Chairman of "Prom" Committee (4)



"Russ," although a stranger to "Twenty" during the first month of Senior, soon came to the fore and in a very short time became widely known as one of the most versatile and brilliant members of the class. Due to his modesty and his reticence in forcing his many excellent qualifications upon his fellow-students, "Russ" almost succeeded in withholding many valuable points from this chronicle. It was only at the last minute that the writer discovered that Lieutenant Rose not only graced an officer's uniform very becomingly, but also served in some of the severest campaigns of the World War. This is not a service record—so suffice it to say that his heroism under fire was conspicuous, his devotion to duty notable. He received a "Croix de Guerre" in recognition of his gallantry, and just by way of showing he was always in the thick of it, he was gassed once, and another time wounded.

But "Russ" is something besides a soldier extraordinary. Student, actor, debater or declaimer—he filled all roles with equal brilliancy. Testimonials galore were his, oratorical prizes were won by his eloquence, and as president of the Nexus Club he displayed a parliamentary finesse that would do credit to a diplomat. Withal he is human and tempered with the frailties and faults of the "regular fellow" but nevertheless he can be judged an outstanding figure, a valuable addition to any class.



ROBERT J. RUANE

DUNMORE, PA.

“Bob”

“Well, honour is the subject of my story.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Class Basketball (2, 3, 4)

B. F. J. Debating Society (2, 3, 4)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Secretary Penn. Undergraduates Club (4)

From out of the wilds of Pennsylvania Bob was catapulted into our midst! Quiet, unassuming but withal a staunch and loyal friend we soon learned to await his visits with expectant pleasure. However, the time-worn adage, “Familiarity breeds contempt” became evident in our daily meetings with the young coal-miner, and

then it was with a feeling of uneasiness somewhat akin to fear that we awaited his coming! He certainly did enjoy a rough house and the muscles hardened by his youthful indulgence in the playful sport of mining, won for him many a loyal ally (for who wants to be used as a hand-ball!)

Basketball claimed Bob for its own in Sophomore! His steady, consistent playing stamped him as one of the stars of the champion Junior team and his hard-working driving yet thoroughly sportsmanlike style of play, is one of the athletic memories that we shall fondly review in the future.

There is no doubt in our minds of Bob’s success in whatever he undertakes, and while he did very little socializing during his stay on the hill, we have no hesitation in saying that success will attend his efforts in this line also. If we can believe rumor, Bob is already contemplating a partnership that will exist until “Death do us part” and in this, as in all of his efforts, we wish him the best of success!

“Well, sir, as Billy Houston said to me———”

FLORIAN G. RUEST

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

"Bob"

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."—STERNE.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)

President (4)

Dramatics (1, 2, 3)

Philomathic (1, 2)

Secretary (1)

Class Entertainments (1, 2, 3, 4)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

Sodality (1, 2, 3, 4)

PATCHER Board



Behold! we have Caruso and McCormack in our midst. The ears of "Nineteen Twenty" are 'customed to the golden melodies of celebrities and we are not overcome when we hear great songs well sung. Florian G. Ruest is an accomplished vocalist, and many times and oft his soothing baritones were heard in solo, and oft again in quartet; and the college Glee Club was teamed around him. "Madelon" was his favorite. Why? Three guesses.

Always the ideal student, Bob is destined for the medical profession. Rather than sing, perform qualitative and quantitative and several other kinds of analyses, search for mammalian muscles that don't exist and juggle pendulums in the physics "lab," there is little that Bob ever chose to do. Aside from delving into the maelstrom of science he interested himself to considerable extent in debating, orating and inventing syllogisms, in which arts he was an adept.

No class activity lacked the support of Bob Ruest. He did more than his bit when he was called upon. And Alma Mater, as well as "Nineteen Twenty," is indebted to him. He bears his knowledge, and exerts his talents with the sincere humility that characterizes genuine ability. There are none but pleasant memories to retain of "Bob." Our toast is: a student par excellence, and de luxe; therefore blessed with a fortune and disposition ordained for the best of things.



GEORGE L. RYAN

HOLYOKE, MASS.

"Punk"

"Wisdom pins faith and trust to what he does."—SELECTED.

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Class Basketball (3)

Smoker Committee (4)

Sodality (1, 2, 3, 4)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Philomathic Debating Society (2, 3, 4)

Dramatics (2, 3)

"A gem of purest ray serene" was our inimitable Pumpkin, and this with all sincerity, for he was always first in the hearts of his fellows in class and "gym" and on the gridiron of virulent class battles. Ver-

satility is predicated of many here, but to none with such fragrant memory as to the dapper Brummel whose likeness is above.

"Punk" was one of those who have reached the "eu fugaces" stage in regard to his curly locks; he is a light haired youngster and his hair is getting lighter every day. He was always as a coincidence in intimate propinquity with "Micky" Connors and "Dunler" Conley, our other distinguished "baldies." The three usually collaborated in an acrimonious application of crude oil at the witching hour of nine-sixty.

It is a very easy effort to recall "Punk's" happy innings during our course. On the gridiron he held the reins and brought the gonfalon home to "Twenty;" for four years we knew not defeat for our eleven had a crafty boy in the pilot box. As to mention a few other features, an entertainer, Fenwick has rung loud and lusty with applause for him; a student, the Gold Medal was his in Freshman.

It is with an honest hope to meet again that we leave him. We know his business acumen will keep the wolf from his door and "Punk's" eumoriety will crowd his hearth with friends.

JOHN K. RYAN

ST. PAUL, MINN.

“ General ”

*“Who but I will make clear each question
The mind of man still goes astray with.”*

—SONG OF AMORGREN.

President Aquinas Society (4)

Purple Contributor (2, 3)

K. K. Society (3)

Librarian K. K. Society (4)

Assistant Editor-in-Chief PATCHER (4)

One of the “*cogniscenti*.” That’s the fellow! In the whole four years he has been with us, John K. has given the lie to the old belief that the West is very, very untutored. He is more Bostonian than Boston. Yet with due respect to Boston, he valiantly maintains the superiority of the West.

“Why just count up the ads in the *Post* and see where the most come from,” is one of his arguments. Art, the stage, literature—and Walt Whitman, he revels in them. In Freshman he began his famous career. In Sophomore he won his class professor to him and many times Father Moran would say, “Well, now, Mr. Ryan, what do you say to that?” In Junior, his precise logic caused Father Pyne to stop dictating more than once in a while. In Senior he stood on his laurels, and did not rest.

With an exasperating display of facts he knocks down the arguments with which his two aggressive room-mates attack him about once a day and has emerged the master of all controversies in that room.

John will disregard all our persuasions to stay East and will return to the prairies. Still it may be for the best, as Holy Cross, in that land where she should be better known, can find no better exemplar and demonstrator of her worth than John K.





THOMAS W. RYAN

NORWALK, CONN.

"Tony"

*"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother, Sleep."*

—SHELLEY.

Orchestra (1)

Purple Contributor (2, 3, 4)

Class Football (4)

PATCHER Board (4)

College Song (4)

Senior Dramatics

Ta-da-a-a, Boom! Ladies and gentlemen, it is with the greatest pleasure we introduce to you our own dear Tom; one of the most beloved of "Nineteen Twenty."

You, who are of the fairer sex have a care, —do not try your wiles on this modest and reserved appearing young man, for you will no doubt like many others, lose your heart to him in the attempt. It is a very mysterious power he has. Whether it is his genial smile or his warm and sympathetic heart or the way his hair is waved, we do not know; all we do know is, that he is much in demand in society and his calling list is lengthy and select.

Perhaps this is why Tom is so much given to beauty naps. Any afternoon one can find him resting or building his dream castles while nestled safe in the arms of Morpheus.

However, not all of Tom's time is spent in the social sphere or sporting about in the land of dreams. More often he is quenching his deep thirst for knowledge at the Pierian spring, for he also believes a little learning is a dangerous thing; or dashing off a marching song, or a smooth-flowing verse for the *Purple*.

We cannot say "Farewell," to you, old fellow, for you will always be with us in our hearts. We can and do wish you God-speed through life, and may you always win over your trials as you have won the hearts of your friends.

B. WALKER SENNETT

ERIE, PA.

"Senator Walker"

"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."—BYRON.

Board of Governors, Aquinas Club (4)

Class Baseball (1, 2)

B. J. F. (4)

Senior Minstrels

North East! North East! Next station Erie! That particular train has one member of the "Class of Twenty" on board, a quiet, smiling chap. It isn't very hard to guess his name. Under that unassuming exterior he hides a heart, not of gold, for any metal might seem cold and hard, but the heart of a man, a Holy Cross man, pulsing with good fellowship. There was a gap left in our ranks when "Walk" was studying in Buffalo but he couldn't fail us on the home stretch, and that gap was filled again last fall.

But lest you might think that our classmate is a social lion to the detriment of his other qualities, we must haste to correct you. He is a student without being a grind, and his name is never posted on a well-known bulletin board, whose slogan is, "Read 'em and weep."

Our friend from Erie also wields a mean racket and is a baseball player of no small ability, and made a big "rep" for himself in Freshman and Sophomore years on our class team. So in Walker we have a real college man, an athlete as well as a student, and above all a friend. We know his smile will be as contagious in the world as it was on the "Hill," and in whatever he may undertake, rest assured he will come "smilin' through."





ROBERT H. SHARKEY

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

"Bob"

*"Is there no hope?" the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head."*—GAY.

Class President (1)
Assistant Marshal Holy Cross Night (1)
Masque and Bauble Club (1)
Rector's Day Committee (1)
Reception Committee, Fenwick Lectures (1)
Prom Committee (4)
Chairman Arrangement Com. '19-'20 Debate
Chairman Banquet Committee
Ways and Means Committee (4)
Civil Service (1, 2, 3, 4)

Bob started on a trip one fair September day and much to his amazement his journey's end was Holy Cross, and for some reason unknown to himself, he said, "I guess I'll stay and look the place over," which he did, to the advantage of "Nineteen Twenty" and reflecting the powers of a leader clearly, they elected him president in Freshman year. So Bob came, and saw, and conquered.

In Sophomore "Shark," who was somewhat of a sceptic, thought that a certain rule was merely a myth, and as a result he spent three weeks with his folks. However, the undaunted Bob turned up smiling, much to our pleasure. During Junior Bob's activities were directed towards our Junior Banquet.

Any time one dropped into Shark's room he was cordially received, and here Bob and Matt on the rostrum undertook to explain all difficulties regardless of their knowledge anent the subject under discussion.

If we can judge by the quantity of mail which Pontius receives we can easily say that Bob is just the same well-met and popular boy among the fairer sex as with his classmates. But contrary to the custom in these parts, the Worcester postmark was conspicuously absent.

When Somerville's pride and joy sets sail on the ocean of enterprise we can be sure that his course will be a successful one. Every man in "Twenty" is proud of you, Bob, and all unite in wishing you prosperity in whatever may be your undertaking.

JOHN F. SHEA

DERBY, CONN.

“Shaggers”

“And he sealed the pact with a lover’s kiss.”

—ANON.

Assistant Prefect Sodality (3)

Fitton Debating Society (1)

Senior Minstrels

Chairman, Senior Aid Committee

Purple Contributor (3, 4)

B. J. F. (3, 4)

Masque and Bauble Club (4)

PATCHER Board (4)



This gentleman from “the good state” is well known for his regularity of habits, and has been blessed with roommates of opposite nature to make the combination complete. Jeff has always been a prominent figure on the eve of an exam in spite of the fact that he has always come out of the battle unscathed, an unusual record at Holy Cross. He is also a camera fanatic, and could be seen almost any pleasant afternoon in the company of his trusty camera, although there was a time when he was forlorn because of its mysterious disappearance. Mention must also be made of his literary ability, which seems to have reached perfection in Senior year when the *Purple* printed his masterpiece of romance, entitled “In Days of Old.” Now Jeff was usually of a quiet nature and we hesitate to mention anything positive about his social activities beyond the walls of Beaven, but we fancy that he received the inspiration for his story by his regular fortnightly visits to some “family friends” in the city.

Jack has already been said to possess the virtue of regularity; has many friends and no enemies. As a student he has kept abreast of the best of us. We know the fates will be kind to him and fulfill our wishes for his success. *Proficiat.*



MICHAEL J. SHEA

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Mike"

*"True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought but ne'er as well
expressed."*—POPE.

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

We have been told that Mike did not care to "trot" while at High School but of this we are certain that his trotting into our presence on the Hill of Pleasant Springs has long since convinced us of his desire to keep apace of the times. In fact, Mike was a sign of the times, and if you saw him before you on your way to school you at once concluded the necessity of a late slip. We recall the day that the absence of

his presence in Junior class was so generally felt when Mike opened the door at the pronouncement of his name on the roll-call and answered "Here." However, we heartily agree with his motto, "'Tis better late than never."

He is one of those whose hours of faithful study—when he does study—have proved him invulnerable to the questions of his professors, much to the amusement of all. For Mike has a keen mind that requires but the whetting of a little study. Yet we believe Mike's intellect was somewhat fatigued on the morning when he was caught reading between the lines in Sophomore Greek class. Or perchance it was a little hazy after he had failed in his efforts to enlighten the "Prof" about how the man was shingling the roof in the London fog.

And so it is that we feel the good results his good disposition must obtain for him. Possessed of a capable mind and of determined ambition of doing he receives our heartiest expressions for good fortune.

THOMAS J. SMITH

BLACKSTONE, MASS.

“Skipper”

“I mind my compass and my way.”

—GREENE.

Fitton Debating Society (1, 2)

Philomathic (3, 4)

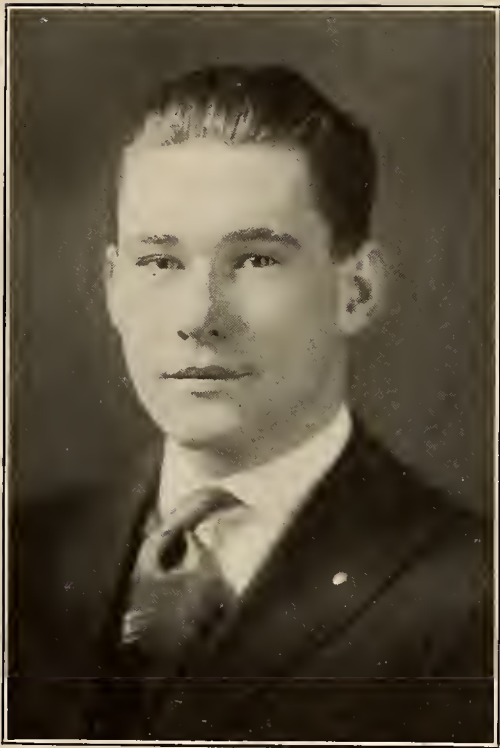
Promoter, League of Sacred Heart

“Tom” is known pre-eminently as a hustler who is ever accomplishing something while the other fellow is just thinking about it. It is said that he has held down more jobs during his four years (and made a success of them) than any other man preceding him at Holy Cross. “Gather around close, gentlemen, something new, and something different,” and Tom, with the true poise of the born salesman and the suave charm of a silver-tongued orator, has sold a car load of rings to the freshmen.



The “Skipper” is rated among the old reliables in class, but despite this diligence he has never confined his talents to the narrow field of books. The “Skipper’s” interests and activities are manifold and healthy. Whatever he sets his mind to, he carries through with a vigour and ease that distinguishes him among his somewhat lethargic classmates. The ability to mix business with pleasure, with no disadvantage to the former, is a little accomplishment that Tom has made extremely personal.

Tom left the class of “Nineteen” for an ensignship in the navy and his regret at leaving “Nineteen” is more than compensated by the fact that “Twenty” is now his class. He will long be remembered by us not only for his attainments but for the generosity and friendliness that so strongly entrenched him in our affections.



JOHN W. SPELLMAN

WHITMAN, MASS.

"Jawn"

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."—WORDSWORTH.

Vice President Mendel Club (3, 4)

Promoter, League Sacred Heart (2)

Chairman Executive Com. Philomathic (4)

Cap and Gown Committee (4)

In the fall of 1916, Whitman, a peaceful village in Massachusetts, awoke from its dreams to witness the departure of one of her sons. John was going to college. The trip to Worcester must have been a pleasant one for we all recall a smiling, happy youth making his way up Linden Lane. Little did we expect that

behind that noble countenance lurked the wisdom of a great philosopher. And yet it so happened. His scholarly characteristics did not attract us until we entered the realm of Philosophy. Ah! it was here that John was to make his presence known and appreciated. He took the keenest delight in skirmishing on the boundaries of philosophy and psychology. His clear cut distinctions, a word here or there and all our doubts were immediately dissipated.

Perhaps you may think that his attention was constantly devoted to his studies. But this was not the case. John often shook the dust of College Hall from his feet and betook himself to Rockland. Some say he went there to visit his relatives, but others,—well, that would be telling.

John is going to choose the medical profession. If he continues to manifest the same enthusiasm and scholarship we know that Whitman is going to enroll his name among her illustrious sons.

But before we bid him good bye, we wish him luck and every joy. Our only regret is that his stay was too short among us.

Farewell, John. We shall always remember your companionship with pleasure.

JAMES E. SULLIVAN, JR.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Jim"

*"'Twas for the good of my country that
I should be abroad."*—FARQUHAR.

Class Football (1)

Basketball (2, 3)

B. J. F. (3)

Philomathic (1, 2)



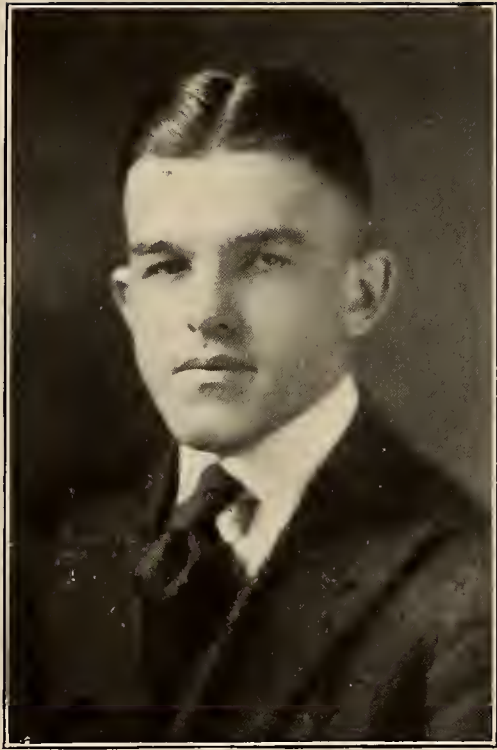
If you wish to become initiated into the exclusive coterie of the wise you can best attain your goal by emulating the strategic tactics of Jimmy as he unobtrusively pursues his course in ever gaining access to the inner circle. Whether it be in diagnosing the possibilities of the next exam or planning his manœuvres for a social conquest, his progress was always sure, unostentatious and effective.

But aside from this characteristic of diplomatic finesse, "Sully" has other claims to renown among his classmates, not the least of which is his ability on the basketball floor. As a member of the championship "Eighteen" five he played a good, steady game, fitting admirably into the team-work of a powerful combination.

Active in all that pertained to school and class life he became well known on all corridors and was always as regular in his "rounds" for tobacco as the corridor prefect in his discipline. As a student, Jim maintained a high standard throughout his course, but at the same time was never known to miss a night permission.

Judging from his four years at Holy Cross, we can say that it will not be long before Jim is holding positions of trust and importance in life.

Like many other members of "Eighteen," Jim spent a couple of years in service overseas, but two years may not be considered a handicap for a fast man on the inside track.



STANLEY L. SULLIVAN

PLAINFIELD, CONN.

"Stan"

"The drummer boy of 1920."

Orchestra (3, 4)

Jazz Band (3, 4)

Senior Minstrels

Track Squad (3)

Mendel Club (3, 4)

The war was instrumental in bringing this young man in our midst, and in our midst he remained. His many and varied activities during the two years he has been with us have more than made up for his absence the first two years. The college orchestra was not long in recognizing his ability with the drum-sticks and he has been a steady and competent performer at all college festivities. He also plied the cinders on Fitton Field during Junior year, and it was not for want of determination that he did not become a rival for inter-collegiate honors on the track.

Many a time and oft have the vibrations from Stan's drums resounded, thereby disturbing more than one tired member of "Nineteen Twenty" who would fain woo the celebrated Morpheus. His popularity in Worcester is "Ad Finitum" and it is rumored that the stock-holders of the S. N. E. T. Co. are soon to declare an extra dividend.

Always jovial and accommodating, Stan has won himself an enviable reputation with "Nineteen Twenty," who always tolerate resignedly his latest jokes. He has been apt in his studies at Holy Cross and the hardships of the medical world can offer but little resistance to a man of his determination. His hearty laugh and sunny disposition will be greatly missed at Holy Cross.

WILLIAM T. SULLIVAN

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

“Kewpie”

“He was stout but he was not grotesque.”

—JOSEPH CONRAD.

Class Football (1, 2, 4)

Captain Class Football Team (2)

Sodality (2)

Civil Service



Four years ago there came into our midst a stalwart son of Boston, who vouchsafed the information that he hailed from “Prison Point.” But even with this sinister admission before us, we could not keep away. For the ready smile and hearty laugh that have made him famous overcame all qualms, and before the year was fairly begun he had won us all. Freshman football call found “Sull” ready and waiting and at once he proceeded to show us that he was capable of filling a place in the line. Sophomore football found him at the helm and few have forgotten those games in which he won the inter-class championship. Throughout it all, “Sull’s” clean play and sportsmanship stood forth. And so it has been with all his dealings.

In Junior “Sull” was among the missing, but September, 1919, found him with us again. Truly, never did a newly-commissioned shave-tail’s arm receive more exercise than Bill’s, on the day of his return. We know that in the days to come he will win his way into the hearts of those around him, as he has into ours, and we have no fears for him in the great game of life. The same clean, sportsmanlike tactics that make the gentleman, and the red-blooded, fighting instincts that make the man, will stand by him. The best we can wish you, Bill, is “Good luck and God-speed”—all the rest you have.

“Sufferin’ cats.”



FRANCIS J. SYLVIA

STONINGTON, CONN.

“Frank”

“If music be the food of love, play on.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

Leader of Jazz Band (3, 4)

College Orchestra (1, 2, 3)

President (4)

Treasurer Orchestra (3)

Banquet Committee (3)

Consultor Sodality (2)

Promoter, League Sacred Heart (3)

Soloist, Rector's Day (2)

Soloist, Bishop Beaven Reception (2)

Soloist, War Chest Concert (2)

You know the “Magic Melody?” Well, our Frank must have supplied the composers with the idea for a title, because, oh, boy! when he tucks that violin under his chin “you start to sway and then you shut your eyes.” Every man in this class, it seems, is a music lover, and a real musician stands on a pedestal by himself in our affections.

They say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; well we'll let that pass, but it is unquestionable that a modern girl is yours if you can give her ragtime. And when the musician is easy to look at, we see where Frank gets his power.

He made his debut way back in Freshman year, and since then has been a star performer on every occasion. Not only as a classical performer is he good, but as a leader of the Senior Jazz Band he is a wonder.

However, Frank is a modest sort of chap and is not at all puffed up over his laurels although he says that the faculty is selfish about keeping the orchestra at home. Why, one time they went down to Southbridge—well, we all know the story. But all's well that ends well, and we'll draw the gentle veil of forgetfulness over that scene.

So as Frank goes down Linden Lane for the last time, with his fiddle under his arm, we'll all wish him good luck on the road to fame.

THOMAS J. TEEHAN

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

“Tommie”

“I’ve wandered east, I’ve wandered west.”

Class Football (1)

Purple Distributor (1, 2)

Varsity Football (2nd Team) (2)

Class Baseball (1, 2, 3)

Captain R. O. T. C. (3)

A worthy cause is espoused! The class hesitates! Finally, pecuniary aid is resolved upon and it is necessary to secure a man to raise the “ante”—no, no, we mean the charitable emoluments—and here is where Tommie shines. A collection is right in his line, and when it comes to raising funds this dapper little gentleman is the original financial genius of the college. He always responds—he is sure to call—in fact he is known to the Checker Club as “Squad A, who answers every call.”



Another of the “ex-men,” he wants it understood that he was a regular—a regular gob on a regular ship in a regular navy.

Tommie has travelled extensively, even before the war afforded an unusual opportunity in this line. Although he never contributed to the *Purple*, he possesses a poetic instinct as all those, who have gathered to listen to his tales of wonder about distant lands, can testify.

He is also widely known to his “mates” as an entertainer *de luxe*—being especially strong for the latest song hits and the earliest dance steps. As an imitator of Harry Lauder he is a perfect second edition, especially as to stature.

Tommie is an independent thinker, as he has shown on several occasions in Ethics, and we know that he can always be depended on to stand by his guns however great the test may be.



EUGENE F. TRAINOR, JR.

WORCESTER, MASS.

"Gene"

*"In two rules he summed the ends of man:
Keep all you have and try for all you can."*

—BULWER.

Senfresojun Club (2, 3)

Vice President (3, 4)

Chief Marshal (4)

When "Gene" joined us after a high school career of much social activity, he pledged himself to forego the filthy weed, the late hours, the "light fantastic," and settle down to the old grindstone once again, and altogether he possessed the wan and weary look of an overdriven student.

However, we were not surprised to learn that he had thought different of his resolutions after several months, and his viewpoint of the practical once more asserted itself.

His selection as chief marshal of the Senfresojunite functions on Holy Cross Night in his Senior year attested to his popularity amongst the day boys. Indeed, "Gene" could be found sponsor to many of the social and "socialistic" movements that so frequently occurred in Alumni. There comes to our mind his project of floating this Junior abode upon the Blackstone and we fear that Holy Cross would have been minus this building had not a member of the faculty detected him and others in the act of starting the flood with the fire hose.

We cannot fail to mention "Gene's" duties as a "cabby," for on several occasions he has proved himself a "Johnny-on-the-spot." It can be safely said that 311 had a good side-line when he forsook the "trots" and ponies for the chugging "animiles." In such an individuality, teeming with cheerfulness, lie the seeds of a fruitful harvest. We know that "Gene's" ability will warrant our foregone conclusion.

ROBERT A. VEZZANI

GARDNER, MASS.

“ Angelo ”

“Things may be fitting to be done which are not fitting to be boasted of.”—FIELDING.

Senfresojuns (2, 3, 4)

Track Squad (2, 3, 4)

Class Football (2)

Basketball (3, 4)

Introducing Robert A. Vezzani, M. P. Although Bob's earnest pursuits in the study of Italian might easily fit him to some day become a member of the Italian parliament, we feel that at the present writing we must limit the significance of this appendage to his military activities over there. Bob, in running his course through college, saw what a wonderful gathering was back of him, and answering the “call from across” departed, only to return to the class of his fondest hopes and desires. Briefly we mean that he preferred “Twenty” to “Eighteen,” and for his choice we are in no small measure indebted to him. For Robert's associations with the Senfresojuns in his senior year endeared him to their hearts as a fellow of unusual intimacy and generosity—and especially so on the night of their banquet.

While we have been told that “Bob” was unsuccessful in managing “Terry” for a performance on “Amachure Nite” we fail to see how this can serve as the ultimate criterion of his managerial ability. In fact, we need only to point to Robert's connections with the business of moving and stationary—we might have said Standard—pictures to refute any statement of the latter regarding Bob's success.

Our parting cannot weaken the bonds of our friendship with Bob, while the memory of those happy days on the hill must often serve us to consider his success as the natural result of hard work.





WILLIAM J. WALSH, JR.

SPENCER, MASS.

“ Bill ”

“How charming is divine philosophy.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

Assistant Promoter, L. S. H. (1)

Civil Service (1, 2)

Class Baseball (2)

Spencer was determined that at least one of her citizens should be “city-bred” and “college-bred.” So she took a census and found two equally eligible youths. One was “Bill” and the other was—please consult directory.

In our Freshman year Bill surprised us all by the clever manner in which he held down a position on the class team. Need-

less to say he has been a fixture ever since.

In scholastic standing, Bill holds forth without a peer. He has captured about all the honors in sight and the only thing that stopped him was a lack of subjects in the curriculum.

So with such a record on which to depend, is it to be wondered at that we confidently predict success for him. For the same energetic qualities that have made him a successful student—and “social lion”—will stand him in good stead when he sets out seeking new worlds to conquer.

Spencer, Holy Cross has accomplished what you desired for your candidate. When he returns, greet him with open arms and salute him as a hero.

As for your classmates, Bill—words are superfluous. You know that in the heart of each and every one of us there are the best of wishes, and hopes of prosperity and happiness for you. And with this on our lips—*Au Revoir*.

WILLIAM A. WHITE

HARTFORD, CONN.

“ Bill ”

“Methinks I smell a mice, says I to myself, so nobody could hear me.”—ANON.

Manager Freshman Basketball (1)

Masque and Bauble (2)

Class Debating Team (3)

Speaker Smoker (3)

Philomathic (1, 2, 3)

President (4)

Cross Country (1, 2, 3)

Captain (4)

Track (1, 2, 3, 4)

Captain (4)



Versatile! If any one word can describe Bill, that is it, and it might cause us gray hairs were we to try to consider and follow out any logical order in enumerating his qualities and abilities. The college and those outside know him in many capacities. Throughout his entire course he has been an ardent worker on the boards and cinders, and won for himself a position of eminence in his sport due in a great measure to his cardinal virtue, stick-to-it-iveness. And when it comes to appearing in full dress and debating before the whole college, (well, you can't appreciate the task unless you've tried it), Bill never let the grass grow under his feet any more than when on the track. In wielding the gavel at the meetings of the Philomathic and settling the many disputes that arose he also acquitted himself with honor. College dramatics were aided by his talent and our class minstrels could always rely on him. At class meetings and amongst the fellows his wit and humor have never found an equal.

Reliable, steady, unassuming and congenial, Bill has always held a position of popularity and respect and we have no doubt as to his future, whatever may be in store for him. With a note of sadness we bid him farewell as he leaves Holy Cross.



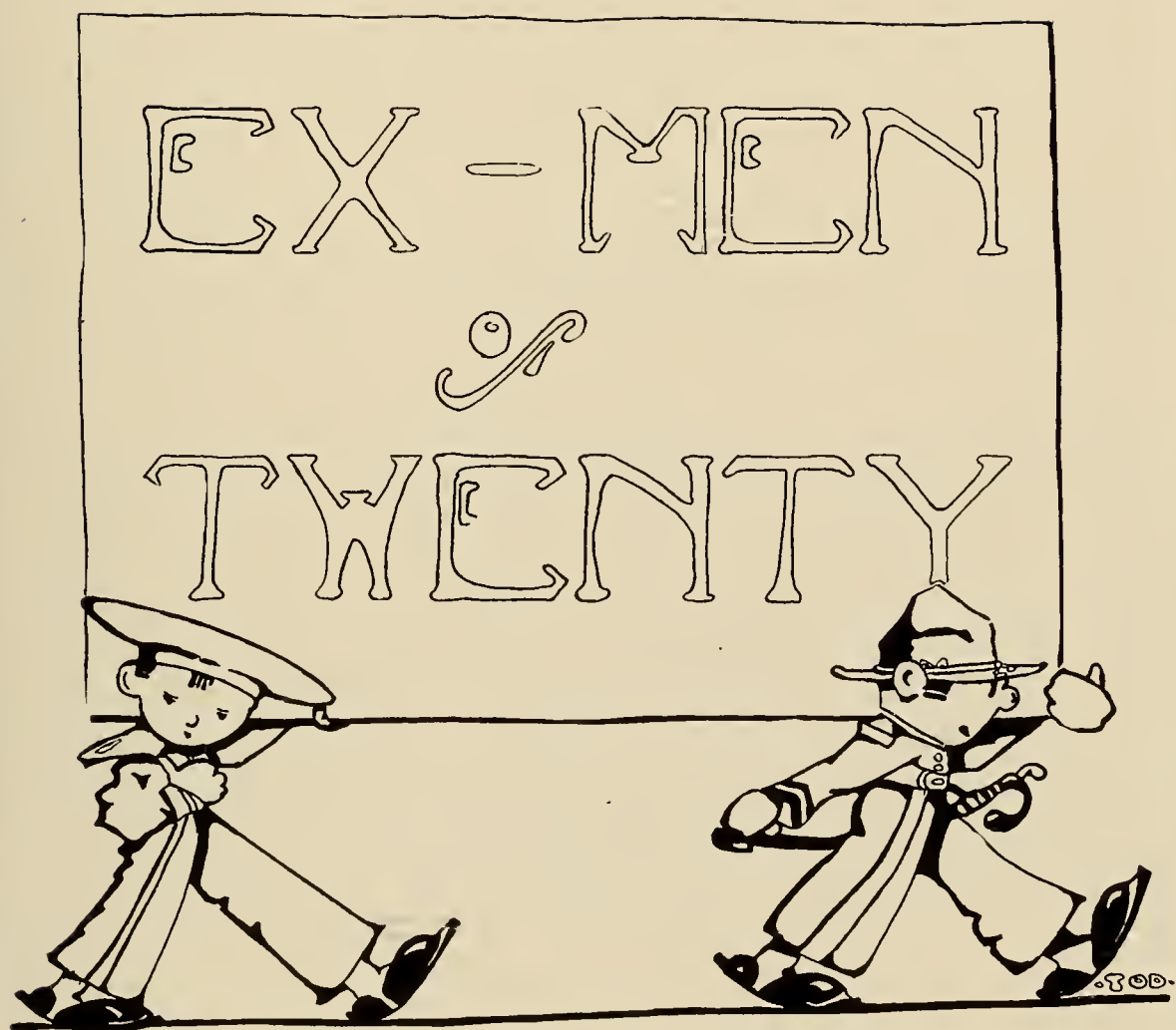
Token to Former Classmen

In the Latin countries, greetings and farewells are usually expressed by many kisses and “*beaucoup*” excitement, even among the men. In America, however, it is different; for it is customary to suppress our emotions, so that many times a handshake, which to the European seems so cold, extends the warmest and truest greetings, or clothes the saddest heart.

When many erstwhile members of Twenty saw fit to leave our numbers, they were ushered out often with naught but a grip of the hand or again with a “Hoiah” —but under this simple ceremony a voice seemed to cry out, “Come back to the Hill.” This voice haunted the men wherever they went, so that many have returned; some, however, no longer under the banner of Twenty. Others, more or less fortunate, whose new tasks made return impossible, have left vacancies in our number which have continually caused a pang of the heart.

May these Men of Twenty always remember their pleasant associations with their classmen, and may the bonds tied on the Hill always hold the Twenty men united in friendship and good-fellowship.





Ex-Men of Twenty

Michael J. Ahearn	John J. Connors	Thomas J. Egan
John J. Asselta	Joseph B. Connors	John W. Fay, Jr.
Edward W. Banigan	Cornelius J. Conway	Francis Fitzgerald
William A. Beattie	John R. Crotty	Nicholas J. Fitzgerald
John L. Begley	Eugene F. Cummings	Thomas F. Fitzgerald
Howard A. Blanchet	Lawrence H. Daley	Charles F. Fitzpatrick
John J. Brazell	James W. Delaney	Michael J. Flanagan
Stephen A. Breen	Thomas G. Desmond	Edward J. Foley
Thomas F. Brennan	Francis W. Dillon	Raphael E. Ford
Jeremiah J. Bresnahan	John A. Donahue	T. Lawrence Forhan
Walter J. Buckley	James F. Donahue	Norman H. Fortier
Lawrence J. Burns	William F. Donovan	William Garvey
Thomas H. Cash	Michael J. Doody	Charles J. Gleason
Albert F. Caulfield	Herbert S. Duffy	Robert F. Gloster
J. Harold Colgan	J. Francis Duffy	Everett J. Grady
Daniel J. Collins	Joseph A. Dugan	Frederick J. Harrington
James F. Collins	John M. Dwyer	Francis J. Hayes
Francis J. Collonan	James F. Egan	James J. Hennessey
Walter H. Connolly	Robert G. Egan	William R. Higgins

Ex-Men of Twenty

George A. Hogan	Joseph H. McCarthy	Edward F. Quigley
John H. Howe	Joseph J. McCawley	Richard V. Ratigan
Denis M. Hurley	William E. McDonald	Edward J. Riley
John H. Hutchinson	Joseph C. McGrath	Joseph J. Riordan
John J. Jacobs	Francis B. McGuinness	Ernest H. Roberts
Edward J. Jennings	Martin R. McGuire	Joseph L. Rogers
Gerald T. Joyce	Howard F. McIntyre	Thomas E. Ronan
Edward T. Kaveney	Francis J. McIsaac	Wilfred P. D. Ryan
John F. Keane, Jr.	George J. McKeon	James S. Sage
John T. Kelly	J. Gerard Mears	Francis H. Santoro
John W. Kennedy	Walter T. Monahan	Philip E. Shaw
Edward F. Keresey	Thomas H. Murphy	George E. Shepherd
Nicholas C. Lafford	William W. O'Brien	John A. Sullivan
Edward Lilly	James S. O'Connell	Francis J. Toolin
James J. Lucey	Adelbert W. O'Keefe	Edward J. Walsh
Joseph M. Lynch	Harry J. O'Toole	Charles J. Welch
William A. Lynch	Mitchell L. Potvin	Jerome A. Whitney
Paul A. Lyons	Francis X. Powers	Frank J. Williams
Eugene A. McCabe	Walter R. Powers	Frederick A. York, Jr.



ROSEY RYAN



JOE DUGAN



RED CUMMINGS



JACK KELLY

WILFRED P. D. RYAN

Worcester, Mass.

"Rosey"

Dear Friends,

This is to introduce Wilfred P. D. Ryan, alias "Buddy," better known as "Rosey," now of the New York Giants' pitching staff, formerly Holy Cross and "Twenty." Rosey was a pitcher, pure and unadulterated. This he demonstrated to the satisfaction of all, one fine Spring day when he defeated Dartmouth 4-0, allowing no hits. In Freshman, he was conspicuous by his absence when the "tickets" were awarded, and when "Doozy" Carey failed to reform him in Sophomore, he departed for larger fields to conquer. May the "college chum" be successful in his conquest.

Very truly yours,
"Twenty."

JOSEPH A. DUGAN,

New Haven, Conn.

"Joe"

Had Connie Mack been a little more kind hearted, there would still be among our number one-half of that great duet, "Norton and Dugan," in their little skit entitled "y' can't get by us." But the keen scout of Mack's "Athletix" early recognized Joe's abilities and enticed him to the city of Philly. Joe was typical of Holy Cross athletes—steady, dependable, being at the one time both modest friend and athlete *nónpareil*. As with the "Athletix," Joe is still "batting high" in our esteem.

EUGENE J. CUMMINGS,

Torrington, Conn.

"Red"

If "Twenty" could have one wish gratified, that desire would be to see "Red" go down under the punts for Holy Cross in one more B. C. game. He was the fastest that ever wore cleats on Fitton Field. He departed in Sophomore to serve in the Navy. As a true friend of "Twenty," we send him our heartiest wishes for success, knowing that he will tackle the problems of life with the same spirit that marked him "chief" on the gridiron.

JOHN T. V. KELLY,

Cambridge, Mass.

"Lowones"

We have not decided whether "Kelly, what the high" was better at center or guard, but his multilocatious ability was noticeable in more than one instance when Holy Cross was in sore need of a defender on the "grid." His ability as a student proved itself when he was commissioned Ensign. We are all together in sending him a "Hoiah" for success at Harvard College, where he is now completing his course of studies.



SQUIRE



JOHN FAY



JERRY - HUTCH



BUCK

JAMES B. DELANEY,

Ticonderoga, N. Y.

"Squire"

"Ticonderoga" Jim Delaney came to the turning point of his career at the end of Sophomore; and Junior found one more cheery smile absent from our midst. Known as the "Squire" on the "Hill," we have sent him forward with sincere and hopeful wishes for success in his efforts toward knighthood in the ranks of holy priesthood.

JOHN W. FAY,

Meriden, Conn.

"Jack"

Jack entered Holy Cross after graduating "*summa cum laude*" from Meriden High. We notice the following in one of his books: "John W. Fay, 1920 or later." Evidently Jack decided to make it as late as possible, for he departed for the seminary at the end of Sophomore. Twenty unites in sending him a sincere wish for success in his present undertaking.

J. GERARD MEARS,

Boston, Mass.

"Jerry"

Jerry came to us, firm in the belief that "whatever is right to do should be done with our best care, strength, and faithfulness of purpose". It was this that endeared him to "prof" and student alike. In choosing to leave Holy Cross for the ranks of the Jesuits, he left a vacancy which can only be filled by the knowledge of the high ideals which prompted his action.

JOHN H. HUTCHINSON,

Waterbury, Conn.

"Hutch"

"Hutch's" departure at the end of Freshman was the result of a firm determination to do thoroughly his assigned work. He was one of the foremost members of the class, and an ardent follower of the rules and regulations as laid down by the authorities on the Annex. He is now at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, preparing to be the best Jesuit that ever upheld the Principle of Contradiction.

WALTER J. BUCKLEY,

Taunton, Mass.

"Buck"

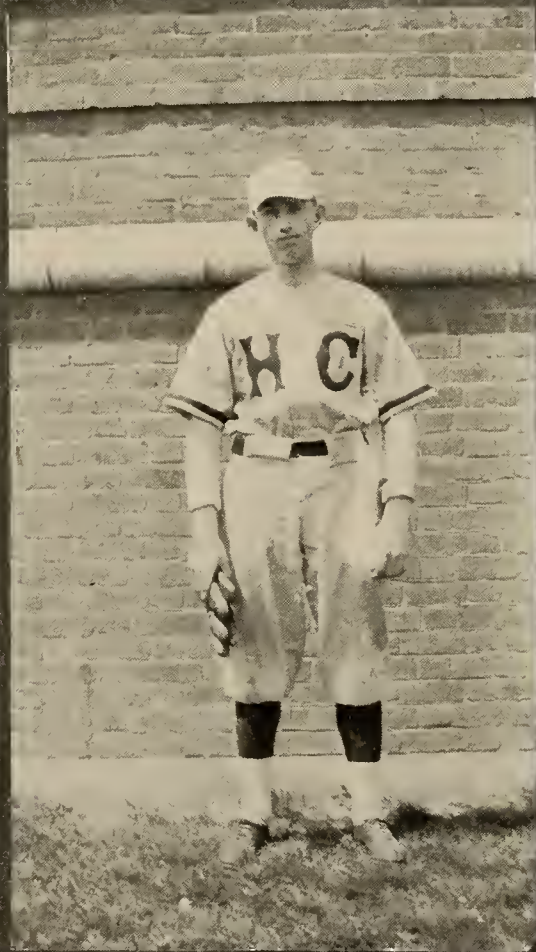
Back in Freshman, four pals climbed Linden Lane to enter upon their college career at Holy Cross. Among them was "Buck," possessing those qualities which predict success along educational lines. He soon won the respect of his "profs," which was only partly due to his high class standing. Of the four above mentioned, "Buck" was destined to be chosen for the higher ideals of life, and consequently he now continues his studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.



TOM CASH



"NICK FITZ"



STEVE BREEN



CHICK WELCH

THOMAS H. CASH,

Dover, N. H.

"Pep"

"Tommy" Cash arrived a little late in Freshman, but we were all soon aware of his presence, for when he spoke, empires were changed; when he sang, birds paused to listen, and when he slept, all were aroused by the deep silence which prevailed. He earned his monicker "Pep" on the varsity football team, where his caprices were well directed. After leaving us, at the close of Freshman, Dover High secured him as football coach. "Tommy" is now studying law at Fordham University, N. Y.

NICHOLAS J. FITZGERALD,

Albany, N. Y.

"Nick"

Among the contingent from the "Golden West" came one rangy, good-natured fellow, whom we rate as one of the best tennis players who ever volleyed for Holy Cross. "Nick" enlisted at Plattsburg during August, 1918, and we were not surprised to hear of his earning a commission within a few months. "Nick" now endeavors to "serve and loft" them for a big business house in Akron, O.

STEPHEN A. BREEN,

Lowell, Mass.

"Steve"

"Steve" was one of the nicest infielders to enter with our class. His varsity chances, however, were dimmed on account of a broken hand, which he suffered on the Southern trip. When "Steve" again rounded into shape, he displayed rare ability on several occasions when "Joe" Dugan was laid up. "Steve" left us to become a naval aviator, and since the Armistice has entered Columbia, where we expect to hear of his athletic prowess and popularity.

CHARLES J. WELSH,

Natick, Mass.

"Chick"

We are inclined to think that "Chick" perpetrated a premeditated exit from our midst, as he has the honor of being the first Benedict. He was one of Natick's all-around athletes, and showed well at Holy Cross in football and as a pole-vaulter. We might say, as an added bit of interest, that "Jakey" was always bested in his ring engagements with "Chick".



GERALD G. JOYCE



ROBERT G. EGAN



PHILIP E. SHAW



HERBERT S. DUFFY



LAWRENCE A. BURNS



JOHN R. CROTTY

PHILIP E. SHAW,

Dorchester, Mass.

"Brooms"

The game was over, the march of triumph had begun, but in vain the victors assailed the portals of Alumni, for there they met the unconquerable spirit of Twenty, in the person of "Broomsie". We have hailed him as captain of class football; we have praised him as a "gob," we have admired him as a poet, and now we unite in respecting him as a true representative and loyal friend of Twenty.

JOHN R. CROTTY,

Worcester, Mass.

"John"

Not feeling at home amidst the abstract and theoretical, John left the class of Twenty to put his hands to the concrete and the practical. He first gained a position as inspector of arms in Worcester, and later in Bridgeport. Hearing America's call to arms, he enlisted in the Navy. His are the best wishes of Twenty.

LAWRENCE A. BURNS,

Geneva, N. Y.

"Boody"

"Boody's" departure marked a milestone in his career, as well as it left a deep regret in the hearts of those from whom he parted. A naturally pleasant disposition and a cheery smile, coupled with a keen enjoyment of a friendly smoke, gave Larry entrance to the Sanctum of Twenty's best wishes.

HERBERT S. DUFFY,

Columbus, Ohio

"Hub"

"Hub's" one-year stay with us has not been forgotten, for many were his efforts in furthering the interests of Twenty—as Chairman of the Freshman Banquet Committee and as Captain of the Class Basketball Team. We do not know whether "Hub" still wears his Western boots, but we are safe in saying that his pleasant smile and friendly greeting could not have been discarded.

GERALD T. JOYCE,

Pittsfield, Mass.

"Jerry"

"Jerry" was gone as suddenly as he appeared, but he left with us the friendship of a true companion. He immediately entered Catholic University, and from there he sends this toast:

"With a health for the Future, a sigh for the Past,
Let us love and remember the "Cross" to the last,
And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart, we can never grow old."

ROBERT G. EGAN,

Gloucester, Mass.

"Regan"

Regan's noble and attractive everyday bearing soon won a place in the hearts of his classmates and those thereabouts—and it was with no slight regret that we learned of his enlistment in the Coast Artillery. He now continues his successful efforts at Tufts Dental College, and Twenty is unanimous in sending him her good wishes.



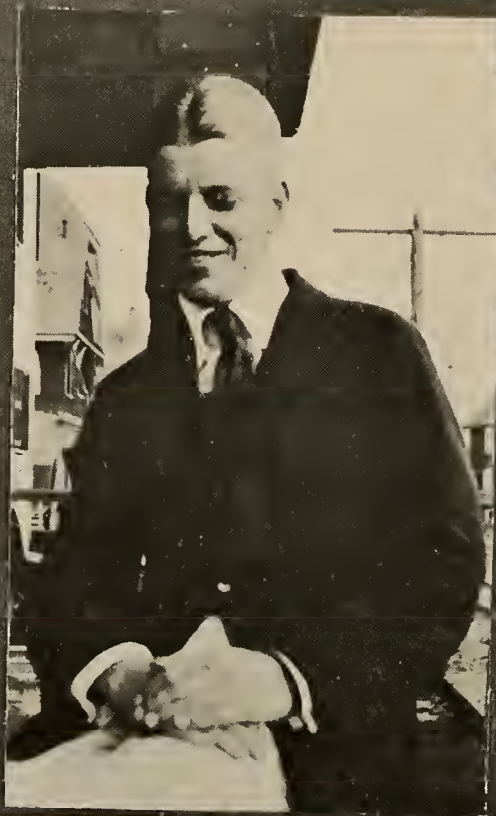
BILL



SHOP



J. HAROLD



JIM

WILLIAM GARVEY,

Fall River, Mass.

"Bill"

"Corp" Bill Garvey, our erstwhile member of the "Welfare Society," was among those sadly missed when we came home to re-enlist at Holy Cross—business stole one of our boon companions. We always relished "Bill's" calm demeanor and placid nature; in fact, popularity grew on him like ivy on a wall. He is now applying his college training to further the peace and prosperity of his native hamlet.

GEORGE E. SHEPHERD,

Hopedale, Mass.

"Shep"

"Shep" came to us under the tutelage of "Obie" O'Brien, the great unshaven, and the pair were irresistible. As a long-distance runner, "Shep" had few superiors, and many were his victories—Boston now claims him as one of her best.

J. HAROLD COLGAN,

Franklin, Mass.

"J. Harold"

Realizing that the hypnotic music of his incomparable voice was the one great asset that would burst asunder the doors of success, "J. Harold" early displayed such talents as he boasted, and Freshman found him a prime mover in 3rd O'Kane's most exclusive clubs. His departure has left "an empty chair" at many a friendly argument, but after three years of successful effort in the service of Uncle Sam, "J. Harold" has still to meet his equal in that particular endurance test for which we so well knew him.

JAMES F. COLLINS,

Boston, Mass.

"Peacoat"

"Peacoat" was one of the "steppers," and we hated to see him go: failing health forced "Jim's" departure and left his playmate, "Axel", with one less lieutenant. Jim had that dapper appearance, honey of nature and sweet placidity of character that made him dear to all. "Peacoat", we think, has on him the stamp of success, a yard wide i' the shoulders.



JIGGER



JIM DONOHUE



MONNIE



JIM SAGE

WILLIAM R. HIGGINS

Lawrence, Mass.

"Tramp"

The "Tramp" merited his name, not in the way it is generally understood, but rather on account of his ability to withstand the "gaff" of the gridiron. We've seen him carry the ball in the B. C. game when it seemed to the spectators that he should have been out of the play because of nothing less than a broken neck and two broken ankles. He left us at the end of Freshman, and has since been successful in many attainments, the two chief being a Mrs. W. R. Higgins and a good business position.

JAMES A. DONAHUE,

Worcester, Mass.

"Jim"

Among our Worcester classmates, we found one who possessed no slight ability as a speaker, which he clearly manifested at the Sophomore Smoker. Jim was a quiet fellow, possessing a certain force of character which readily endeared him to those with whom he associated. He engaged in business at the end of Sophomore and his success along economic lines soon manifested itself. We regret that circumstances prevented a man of such personality from completing his educational endeavors with his classmates of "Twenty."

WALTER T. MONAHAN,

North Chelmsford, Mass.

"Goop"

Loyalty is the key to friendship, and Walter had the key. It was this prominent characteristic that won for "the goop" the friendship of those who now regret his absence from the Hill. Just as the crack of the ball bat is the surest sign of Spring, so the hum of the guitar or the jazzy tones of a Steinway ushered in contentment to the heart of Walter. We know that he has found a welcome at Norwich University, where he now continues his efforts after learning.

JAMES A. SAGE,

Troy, N. Y.

"Jim"

A certain sign, over Jim's desk in Alumni, told us the character of one of our most popular former classmates. The contents of the sententious phrase are not so important, but when we say that Jim is now studying for the priesthood at "St. Bernard's" we know that it has accomplished the desired result. We can predict nothing but success for a man whose every thought and action was directed towards the correction of former faults and the deepening of present virtues.



FRED HARRINGTON



BILL BEATTIE



JOE
CONNORS



TOM FITZGERALD



-TOM MURPHY-

FREDERICK J. HARRINGTON,

Fall River, Mass.

"Fred"

Fred easily won recognition as a student at Holy Cross, and his ability on the track merited the coveted "*H. C.*" To "Fred" it represented one more objective successfully attained. Preparation for the priesthood called him from our midst at the end of Sophomore, and we are certain that his new endeavors will be crowned with that success which marked him a true representative of Twenty.

WILLIAM A. BEATTIE,

Watervliet, N. Y.

"Bill"

In Freshman days, Bill was the great gloom destroyer, for many a happy echo from the friends we left behind passed through his hands. An excellent student and a true friend, we always found "Bill" ready to lend a helping hand. He is now preparing for orders at St. Mary's, Baltimore, and "Twenty" is proud to name him among her sons who have chosen to seek commissions in the army of God.

JOSEPH B. CONNORS,

Fall River, Mass.

"Joe"

Joe's stay at Holy Cross was notable for his many trips home, although as a student he was always prepared and willing to assume the responsibilities of upholding the honor of his class. His departure for St. Andrew's-on-the-Hudson, at the close of Sophomore, marked the termination of a successful career at Holy Cross, and the beginning of that long journey towards ordination in the Society of Jesus.

THOMAS F. FITZGERALD,

Fall River, Mass.

"Fitz"

Although Tom was a ball player, the outstanding feature of his success was found in his ability as a scholar. In Freshman, he easily captured the coveted prizes that are the reward of patient and diligent application to study. In choosing to enter the Seminary, "Fitz" has undertaken a work wherein his characteristics will find a field for the greatest development.

THOMAS H. MURPHY,

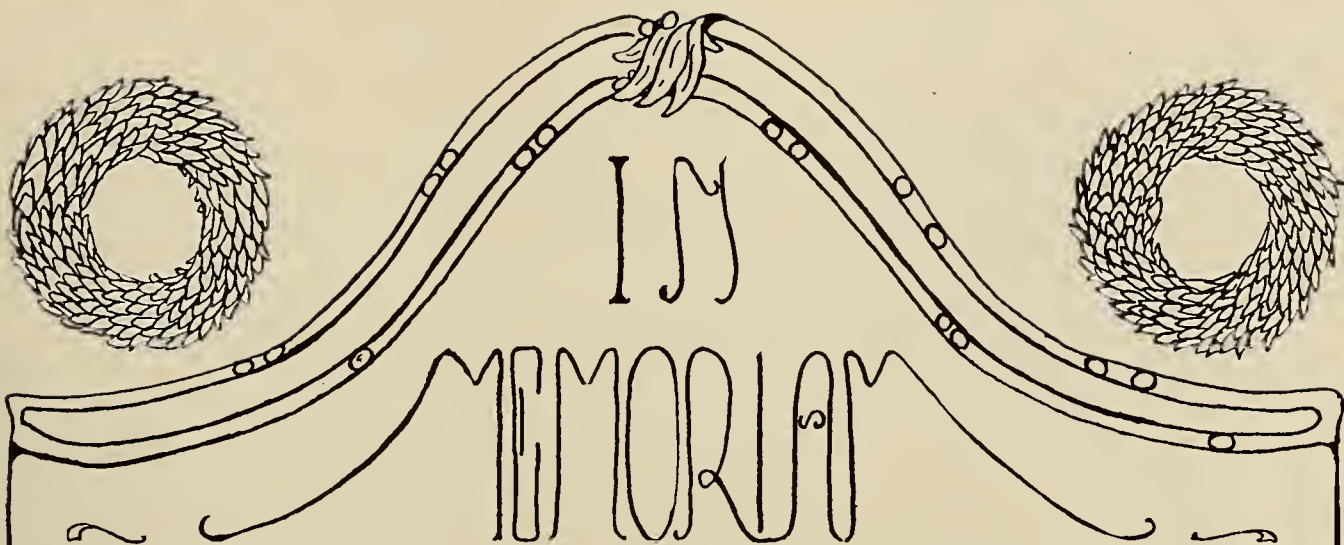
Fall River, Mass.

"Tom"

Tom departed with several other boys from Fall River at the end of Sophomore. While a member of our class, he easily won recognition as a student, and a prominent place in the "good fellow" club. In entering upon his new educational endeavors we are firm in the belief that "Murph" will meet with success, so Twenty looks forward to his ordination in the holy priesthood.



DANIEL J. COLLINS



PHILIP A. COMIFF, S.J.

EDWARD F. HERESKY

JOHN J. CASSETTA

GEORGE A. HOGAN

EDWARD J. FOLEY

JOSEPH C. MCGRATH



Cx Twenty



Cx Eighteen.



Cx Nineteen



Cx Twenty

"CX-

-MEN."



"Coal Miners"

Weber &
Fields



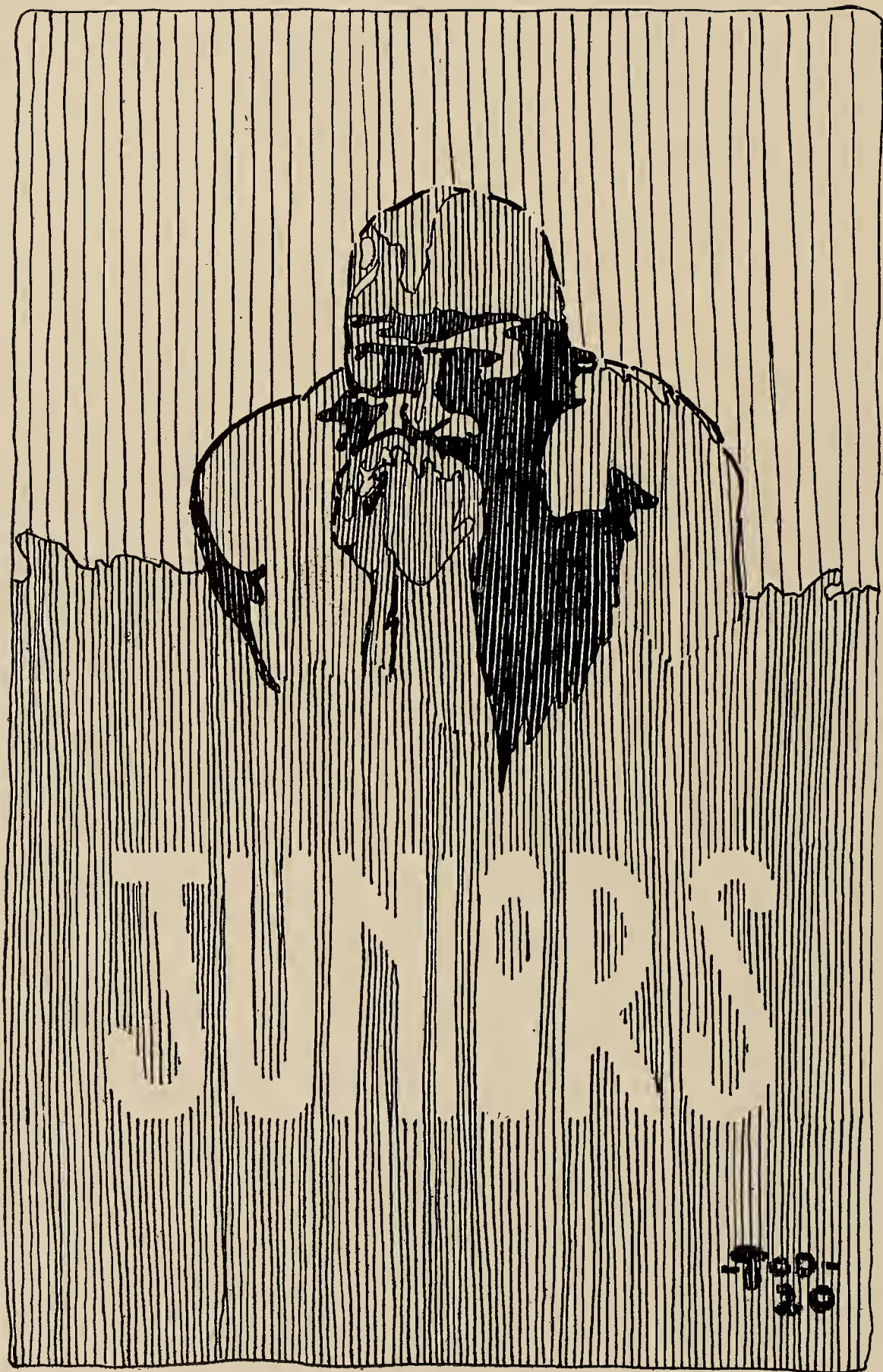
"Jazz Band."



"America, I love You"



"Hurleson"



Class of Twenty-One



STEPHEN S. JACKSON, PRES.

Back in the early fall of 1917, two hundred and twenty-six young aspirants to the higher seats of learning enrolled on the register of Holy Cross. Like all other classes that ever entered Holy Cross, this class was of course the best. This fact was admitted by every member of the class. It was difficult for some time, however, to convince anyone outside of the class that the opposite was not true.

It was not, perhaps, until the Spring of 1918, when these freshmen ran off with first honors in the interclass track meet, and boasted of five letter men on the varsity baseball squad that the idea began to spread that the class of 1921 was something more than a motley crowd large in number but small in achievement.

This respect for the class of 1921 grew accordingly as its members began to appear on the Purple staff, on the debating teams, in the glee club and orchestra, and especially when the varsity relay team sent out four Twenty-One men to represent the college two successive years. Those of the class of Twenty who stop to read these lines when glancing over these pages, seeking a thrill from the memories of days on the hill, will not doubt the sincerity of the good wishes that we extend to them as they are about to cross the threshold of Alma Mater for the last time.



CLASS OF 1921

Juniors

Bacon, Edward M.
 Bolger, Alfred F.
 Clement, Francis L.
 Connell, Joseph H.
 Cummings, John A.
 Dailey, John A.
 Donoghue, James W.
 Fleming, John J.
 Foley, James F.
 Galligan, Harold H.
 Gilroy, John, Jr.
 Hennessy, Maurice A. R.
 Langan, Joseph G.
 Loughrey, James H.
 Lynch, Joseph T.
 Maloney, Joseph F.
 Martin, Daniel A.
 McCarron, James M.
 McGuire, Martin R. P.
 McGuire, Matthew F.
 McHugh, Edward I.
 McSorley, Thomas F.
 Mulcahy, Paul J.
 Mullin, Charles R.
 Mullin, Daniel A.
 Murphy, John A.
 Nash, John E.
 O'Brien, David A.
 O'Leary, James A.
 O'Sullivan, Patrick A.
 Scanlon, John J., Jr.
 Sugrue, Francis J.
 Sullivan, George E.
 Tennyson, James J.
 Thornton, Francis J.
 Walsh, John P.
 York, Frederick A.
 Bowen, William F.
 Brazell, Thomas F.
 Buckhout, James A.
 Burns, Clement A.
 Cannon, William F.
 Carmody, Daniel F., Jr.
 Curran, Francis X.
 Dempsey, Francis R.
 Dugan, Edwin A.
 Egan, Thomas J.
 Gillespie, George J., Jr.
 Gleason, Louis F.
 Handron, Edward J.
 Healy, Alton H.
 Heaphy, Edward T.
 Hoey, Richard T.
 Hogan, Aloysius J.

Howe, John H.
 Jackson, Stephen S.
 King, Thomas J.
 Madden, George L.
 Mahan, Thomas W., Jr.
 Malumphy, Thomas L. H.
 McCarthy, Robert E.
 McGinn, Charles T.
 McGuire, Martin F.
 McKenna, James F., Jr.
 McKenney, Joseph F.
 O'Connor, Timothy J.
 Potvin, Mitchell L.
 Ronan, Thomas E.
 Rosenberger, E. Glen
 Santoro, Francis H.
 Shannon, Francis E.
 Shannon, John R.
 Summa, Charles R.
 Walsh, William J.
 Whitney, Jerome A.
 Baltrush, Joseph S.
 Branon, Philip J.
 Bresnahan, Jeremiah J.
 Condon, David T.
 Donlon, Walter P.
 Flynn, William K.
 Gilmore, Francis W.
 Gough, John J.
 Hallen, Thomas M.
 Huban, Martin L.
 Hurley, Denis M.
 Keefe, William F.
 Keenan, Charles B.
 Keenan, Joseph P.
 Kelley, Edward A.
 Kenney, John L.
 Madden, Edward J.
 Mahoney, John R.
 Marsden, Frederick R.
 McCurdy, George A.
 McDermott, Francis R.
 Morris, Edward J.
 Mullaney, John J.
 Nagle, Arthur C.
 Nally, James A.
 O'Brien, George J.
 O'Brien, John P.
 O'Day, E. Paul
 O'Hearn, Clement F.
 O'Neil, John W.
 O'Toole, William A.
 Pelletier, Arthur J.
 Ponch, Francis J.

Reed, George F.
 Regan, Paul J.
 Santoro, Antonio
 Selzo, Michael H.
 Smith, Edwin J.
 Sullivan, William M.
 Sweeney, Harold E.
 Underwood, Francis M.
 Bennett, John D.
 Brazell, John J.
 Brennan, James F., Jr.
 Burke, Raymond J.
 Carr, Donald R.
 Carr, Harold A.
 Carr, John W., Jr.
 Collins, Daniel J.
 Conlin, Frederick S.
 Conway, Walter J.
 Corley, Roy E.
 Cotter, Francis P.
 Cross, Edward F.
 Daley, Lawrence H.
 Dignan, Thomas G.
 Donnelly, Everett C.
 Doran, Francis J.
 Egan, James F.
 Gilligan, Stephen V.
 Gilmore, Robert O.
 Healy, Francis T.
 Higgins, Terence F.
 Howard, James E., Jr.
 Jamieson, William M., Jr.
 Joyce, Leo S.
 Kelly, T. Leonard
 Lee, William T.
 Maher, John J.
 Maher, John M.
 Mahoney, Charles W.
 Mara, William J.
 McAndrews, John F.
 McMahon, James P.
 McMahon, Stephen A.
 Morin, Dewey S.
 Mulqueen, Joseph E.
 O'Connor, Jeremiah J.
 O'Hearn, John P.
 Perry, J. Francis
 Ryan, W. Gerard
 Shelly, Thomas E.
 Splaine, Francis J.
 Splaine, Maurice J.
 Sullivan, Vincent J.
 Whalen, John E., Jr.



SOPHUS

Class of Twenty-Two

The Class of Nineteen Twenty-Two is regarded as the last of the war classes, owing to the fact that very shortly after they had commenced their studies on the "Hill," the armistice was signed.

On account of the unsettled conditions of the country and the introduction of the Student Army in colleges, during their Freshman year, their course was somewhat curtailed, and hence, like other classes, they were compelled to complete their year in shorter time than normal. Yet this outstanding impediment did not hinder them from becoming acquainted with the upper classmen, and it was not long until a close union and a coöperative spirit existed between them and the upper classmen, which was manifested when the Class of Nineteen Twenty undertook preparations for the Holy Cross-Boston College football game.



JAMES R. NOLAN, PRES.

Athletics is a chief tendency among the Class of Twenty-Two, which is quite evident from the number of men represented on the champion baseball nine of 1919, and also this inclination is apparent from the numbers of this class who comprised the football team of 1919.

As a Freshman baseball nine, they have the honor and distinction of defeating the crack team of Exeter Academy, which had not been defeated in some time previous.

Literary talent of the class is manifest from the numerous selections which have appeared and are still appearing in the *Purple*, and also from the fact that the class is represented in the K. K. literary society.



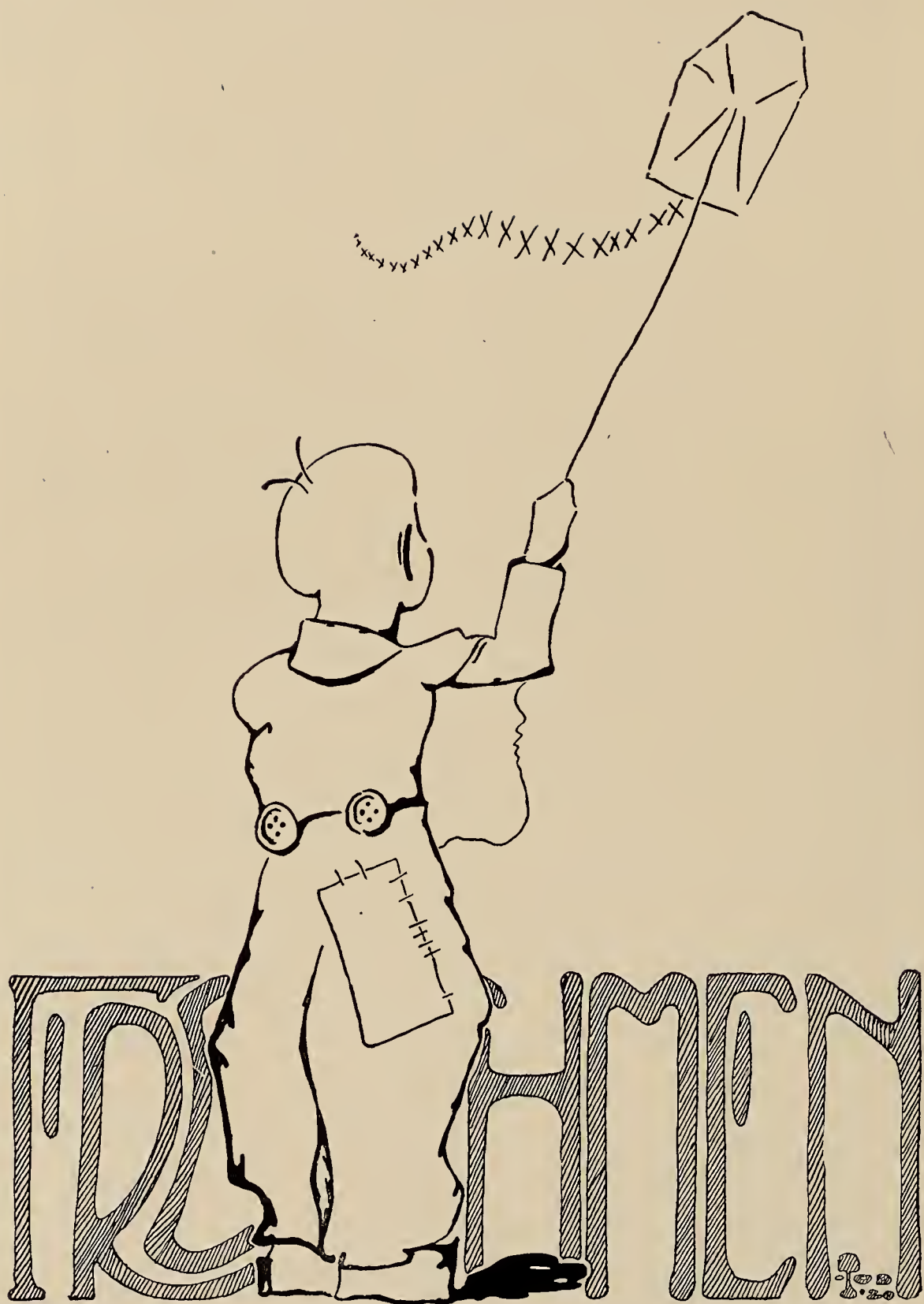
CLASS OF 1922

Sophomores

Brown, Leo D.
 Burke, Harry J.
 Conron, John J., Jr.
 Dolan, Thomas A.
 Fallon, William T.
 Ferris, Austin J.
 Flynn, J. Francis
 Forest, Harold F.
 Frates, Joseph H.
 Goguen, Joseph H.
 Ham, Evans Page
 Hamilton, Robert M.
 Keating, John F.
 Lawlor, Thomas F.
 Lubbe, Charles K.
 Lynch, Joseph F.
 McEvoy, Gerard J.
 McEvoy, Paul J.
 McManus, Charles F.
 Moore, John B.
 Murphy, Francis W.
 O'Brien, Francis X.
 O'Neill, Edward P.
 O'Rourke, Walter A.
 Price, Harry A.
 Pyne, John F.
 Saunders, Edward J.
 Shea, George F.
 Shea, John J.
 Shea, Patrick J.
 Shea, Thomas A.
 Spillane, John J.
 Sullivan, Thomas J.
 Walsh, Michael F.
 Bowler, Leo C.
 Burke, Charles W.
 Dolan, Edward P.
 Donahue, Cornelius O.
 Donovan, Gerald E.
 Durick, Jeremiah K.
 Foley, William H.
 Gearin, John J.
 Gildea, Dennis A.
 Hassett, Austin S.
 Hogan, Walter J.
 Holland, William F.
 Lynch, Robert N.
 Masse, Hubert A.
 McCaffrey, William J.
 McCrohan, Joseph A.

Morgan, Francis P.
 Murphy, Cornelius F.
 Neenan, Edmund J.
 Nolen, James R.
 Prendergast, Edwin S.
 Salmon, John J.
 Shanahan, James F.
 Shea, John F. E.
 Silk, Roger R.
 Taft, James L.
 Twomey, Edmund L.
 Walsh, John J.
 Baker, John L.
 Cannon, Thomas B.
 Charest, George J.
 Connors, George L.
 Coonan, Frederick L.
 Donahue, John J.
 Drumm, Francis A.
 Dugan, John F.
 Fitzsimmons, Philip J.
 Hackett, William P.
 Hayes, Clarence E.
 Maloney, Cornelius F.
 Mason, Richard R.
 Meany, Daniel T.
 McCarthy, Charles S.
 McCartin, Vincent M.
 McGrail, Thomas F.
 O'Connor, Thomas F.
 Plunkett, Vincent C.
 Page, Eugene F.
 Reddy, Bernard A.
 Sheahan, Philip H.
 Sherin, Francis E.
 Summa, Frank J.
 White, James B.
 Williams, Francis J.
 Callahan, Francis M.
 Deveney, Augustine M.
 Donahue, Florence J.
 Donohue, Philip A.
 Dowd, Gordon A.
 Hall, Reginald J.
 Hayes, Frank J., Jr.
 Healy, Gerald J.
 Healy, Joseph M.
 Hennessy, Harold E.
 Keane, Frederick W.
 Maguire, Frederick E.

McGrath, Richard J.
 McInerney, Timothy A.
 McKeon, Harold L.
 McLaughlin, Dennis J.
 McLoughlin, John J.
 Niland, William A.
 O'Connell, Charles
 Preedom, Harold C.
 Roche, Herman J.
 Smith, Philip A.
 Sweeney, William A.
 Toner, William E.
 Wackell, Stanislaus J.
 Wills, Benjamin B.
 Worden, James A.
 Bourgeois, Albert L.
 Case, William A.
 Cass, Cyril F.
 Clarke, Edward J.
 Corbett, Bernard P.
 Davis, John B.
 Devlin, Raymond J.
 Dugan, Leo A.
 Dwyer, John M.
 Flynn, Eugene F.
 Gagnon, Harold D.
 Grogan, Frederick R.
 Havens, Sanford E.
 Higgins, Paul E.
 Johnson, Irving T.
 Kielty, T. Francis
 Leonard, Edmund J.
 Lynch, Frank J.
 McNamara, Edward F.
 Meagher, T. Edmund
 Moynihan, Joseph C.
 Mullins, Joseph J.
 Nelligan, John J.
 Nicholson, Paul E.
 O'Connell, Daniel J.
 O'Reilly, John J.
 Powers, Francis X.
 Powers, Vincent W.
 Regan, John T.
 Scanlan, Jeremiah A.
 Shunney, John H.
 Sweeney, John D.
 Tinnien, Mark A.
 Tierney, Thomas M.
 Twomey, John S.



Class of Twenty-Three

The Class of Twenty-Three has the unique privilege of being the first to enter Holy Cross after the great World War. Most of the members of the class saw service in this great war, some in the navy, others in the army; and consequently bring with them at the outset of their college career a vaster and more varied field of experience than members of any preceding Freshman Class may claim.

We hold the high honor of the largest Freshman Class in the history of the college. It may not be presumptuous, therefore, to hope that the Class of Twenty-Three will realize not only the high standards of the past but even surpass them in some little measure, setting a higher mark for coming years to emulate. Although the year is not far run the class records already show signs of decided advantages over former years. In athletics, Twenty-Three has contributed four letter men to the football team. In track, many promising candidates from Nineteen Twenty-Three have reported, and from them we look for some new track records.



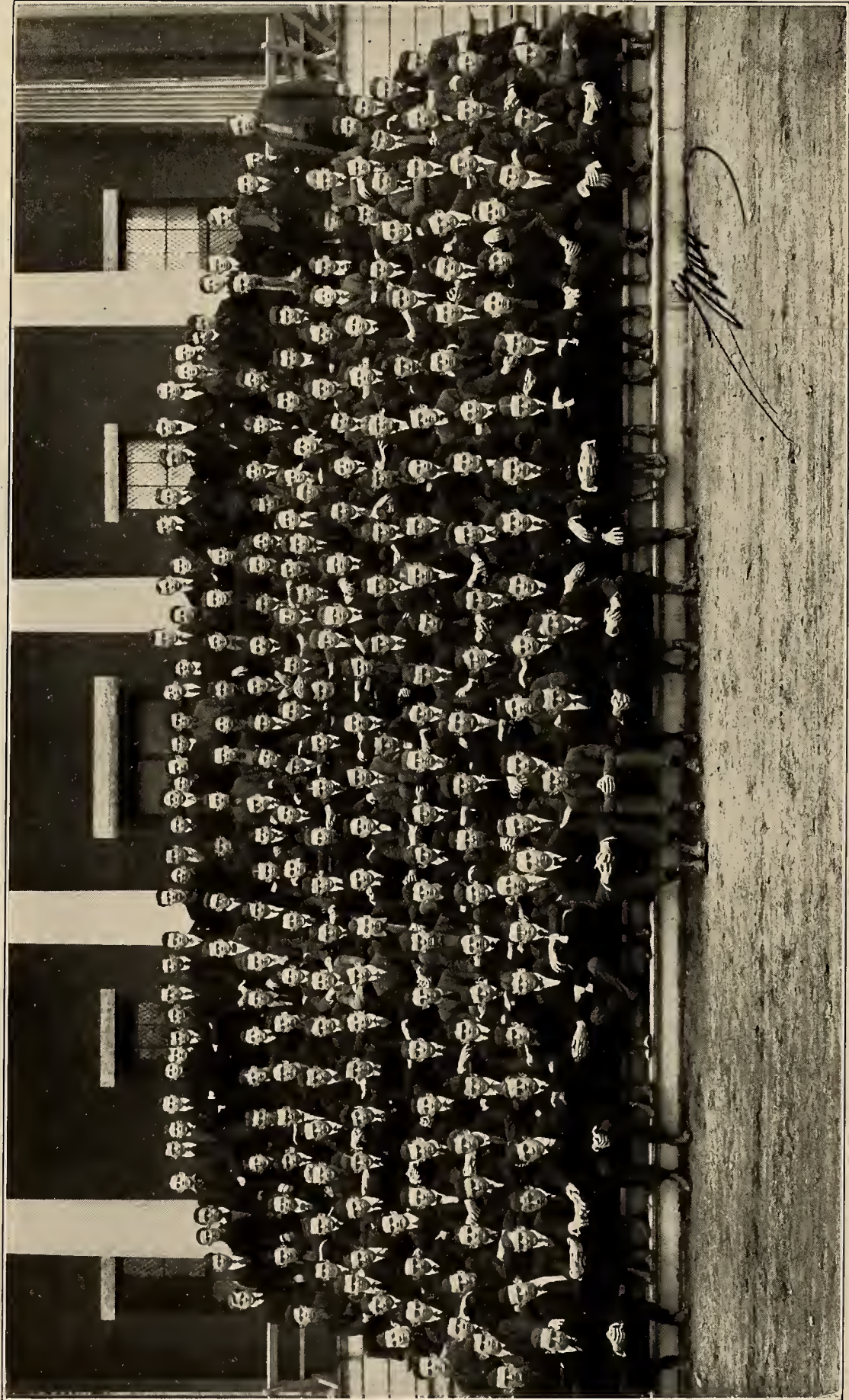
HAROLD E. GILL, PRES.

Freshmen

Barnes, William H., Jr.
Breen, John T.
Casey, Joseph M.
Cooney, John P., Jr.
Corrigan, Sylvester E., Jr.
Donohue, Joseph A.
Fagan, George D.
FitzGerald, William B.
Flynn, Albert L.
Ford, Cornelius F.
Foudy, John J.
Hartig, Richard W.
Kay, Thomas H., Jr.
Kelley, James B., Jr.
Lahey, William F.
Laux, John C.
Lovell, David B., Jr.
Lyne, Arthur T.
Markham, Edwin S.
Massman, P. Martin
McConnell, Maxwell
McMahon, John J.

Mongeau, Leo R.
Moore, William J.
Murphy, Joseph E.
Nangle, John F.
O'Brien, William J.
O'Sullivan, James P.
Owens, James S.
Porter, John P.
Power, Aloysius F.
Smith, Henry L.
Shea, Thomas J.
Trainor, John H.
Walsh, William J.
Watson, William D., Jr.
Carroll, Charles
Coleman, C. V.
Carroll, John E.
Dick, Eugene F.
Donohue, John C.
Dowd, Thomas B.
English, Joseph T.
Farrell, Richard E.

Fleming, Edward J., Jr.
Flynn, John M.
Fountain, Joseph A.
Hafey, Francis I.
Hurley, John T., Jr.
Hussey, James L.
Jordan, Walter L.
Judge, James D., Jr.
Kelly, William
Kennedy, Mark J.
Kickham, Charles J.
Knox, George T.
McCormack, John J.
McDonough, William K.
Murphy, A. R.
Lopes, Peter J.
McManus, Charles J.
Monahan, George F., Jr.
Mulrooney, John J.
O'Donoghue, Martin F.
O'Leary, Cornelius J., Jr.
O'Neil, John E.



CLASS OF 1923

Freshmen

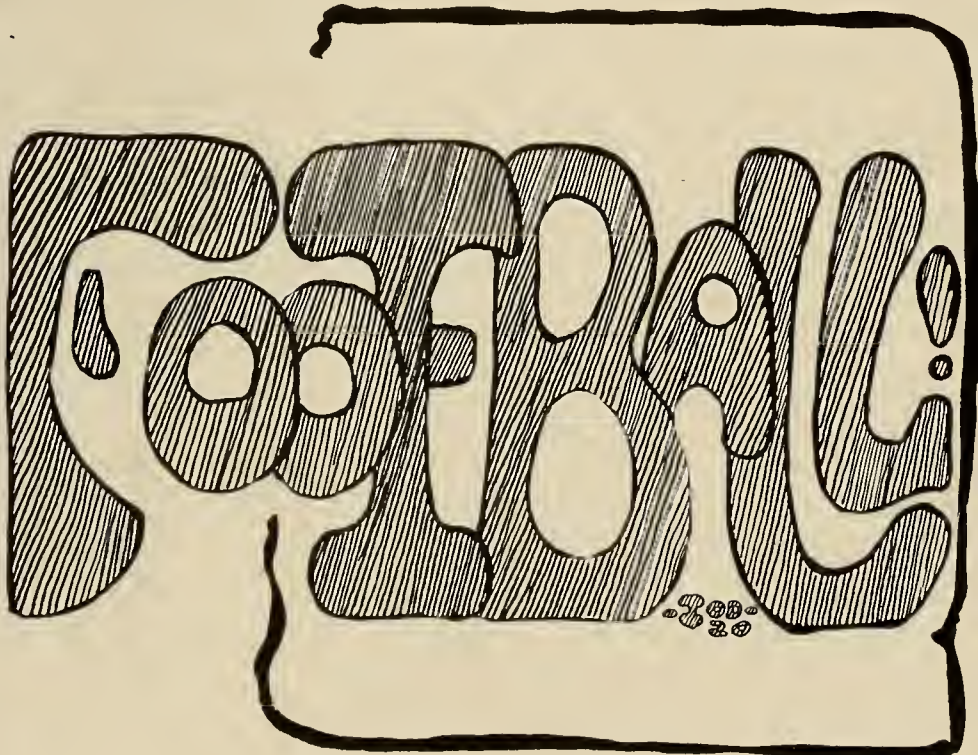
Regan, John P.
 Ryan, J. Walter
 Sharkey, Elmer A.
 Staudt, Richard M.
 Thornton, James C.
 Timon, James F., Jr.
 Toohey, William P. J.
 Walsh, John C.
 Walsh, John H., Jr.
 Wren, Harold M.
 Baldwin, Richard F.
 Barney, John J.
 Bresnahan, John F.
 Cassidy, Walter J.
 Coffey, Emmet P.
 Crotty, Daniel L.
 De Vito, Michael J.
 Driscoll, William H., Jr.
 Fahey, William F.
 Flannery, Joseph P.
 Gaul, Richard T.
 Gill, Harold E.
 Grady, James J.
 Griffin, Gerald J.
 Hiney, Francis J.
 Keefe, Edward T.
 Kelliher, James E.
 Kennedy, James M.
 Kiely, William J.
 Lamere, James M.
 Maguire, Joseph L.
 Maloney, Gerald S.
 Martin, William P.
 McCarthy, William J.
 McGillicuddy, John T.
 Millican, Cornelius
 Molina, Raoul E.
 O'Brien, Raphael N.
 O'Gorman, Sylvester M.
 Pelletier, George E.
 Ryan, James F.
 Scanlan, Charles J.
 Seiter, Aubrey R.
 Shea, John W.
 Smith, Henry L.
 Sullivan, John B.
 Toomey, Richard J.
 Tyne, Jerome P.
 Vogel, James D.
 Aherne, John M.
 Barrett, Thomas W.
 Bobblis, Frank J.
 Brosnahan, Thomas F.
 Brown, Edward J.
 Brown, Maurice E.
 Brust, Raymond W.
 Burke, James L.
 Carrigan, Charles B.
 Clark, Robert G., Jr.
 Cohalan, Conn J.
 Connly, Walter V.

Crowe, Thomas J.
 Doherty, Francis P.
 Donoghue, Jeremiah A.
 Donohue, Francis P.
 Donovan, Walter R.
 Fahey, William J.
 Fecteau, Louis A.
 Garvey, Francis D.
 Hanifin, Robert T.
 Hurley, Leo K.
 Kyle, William J.
 Lynch, Thomas J.
 McAuliffe, Edward D.
 McCarty, Charles E.
 McQueeney, William J.
 Mitchell, Thomas E.
 Nolen, William E.
 O'Rourke, Edward J.
 O'Rourke, William J.
 Perham, Roger M.
 Prior, Cornelius B.
 Sitkowski, Joseph J.
 Tully, John J.
 Barry, Charles R.
 Biggins, Thomas J.
 Burke, Raymond S.
 Conneally, Thomas F.
 Faron, Arthur A.
 Flanagan, Joseph B.
 Gagnier, Louis E.
 Geary, John J., Jr.
 Griffin, Joseph A.
 Grisé, Joseph M.
 Haley, Jeremiah M.
 Hannon, Leo P.
 Hayes, William F.
 Hogan, James A.
 Hyde, William T.
 Kelly, Edward R.
 Kelly, J. Earl
 Maloney, Augustine F.
 McBrady, John M.
 McCaffrey, Thomas J., Jr.
 McManus, Edward F.
 McManus, John R.
 Magner, Paul
 Mitchell, Thomas F.
 Murphy, Eugene C.
 Paul, Frederick, M.
 Plochcharczyk, Stanley A., Jr.
 Reilly, Thomas H.
 Roache, Bernard F.
 Schneider, Joseph F.
 Simmons, John D.
 Strome, Charles B.
 Sullivan, Maurice J.
 Triggs, Lawrence J.
 Walker, James J.
 Walsh, Thomas F.
 Ward, Edward F.
 Ward, William J., Jr.

Wright, James A.
 Asselta, John J.
 Brady, John D.
 Brosnahan, John C.
 Carroll, George W.
 Cronin, William J.
 Durand, Leo H.
 Farrell, William A.
 Fitzsimmons, Thomas H.
 Fleming, Thomas F.
 Golembeski, Anthony E.
 Hastings, Paul O.
 Hawley, Charles F.
 Higgins, Everett A.
 Hogan, John M.
 Horan, George W.
 Keating, John G.
 Keating, Walter J., Jr.
 Kinney, John P.
 Lahiff, William M.
 Leary, John H.
 McCarthy, Leon E.
 McGovern, Richard A.
 McMurray, Donald F.
 McNiff, William T.
 Mercier, C. Edwin
 Moosbrugger, Edward A.
 Nallin, Joseph J.
 Powers, John E.
 Shea, Frederick T.
 Smith, Vincent J.
 Sullivan, James J.
 Tyne, Harlon F.
 Burke, Charles F.
 Burns, Francis J.
 Carmody, Terence C.
 Doherty, James P.
 Dugan, Leonard A.
 Fitzgerald, George S.
 Forvé, Frederick F.
 Garnier, Joseph A.
 Griffin, Edward A.
 Hayes, John F.
 Healey, William D.
 Hennessy, William B.
 Hutchinson, Vincent A.
 Keane, Joseph A.
 Keane, Paul A.
 Larkin, Edward F.
 Levell, Raymond P.
 Lyons, George J.
 McCarthy, Fred J.
 McGrath, M. Francis
 O'Hara, Patrick J.
 Perkins, Harold E.
 Romainiello, Rocco J.
 Steinhilber, Ferdinand W.
 Stott, James J.
 Young, George F.
 Etaudt, Richard M.

SPORTS





Capt. John J. (Bullett) Mitchell

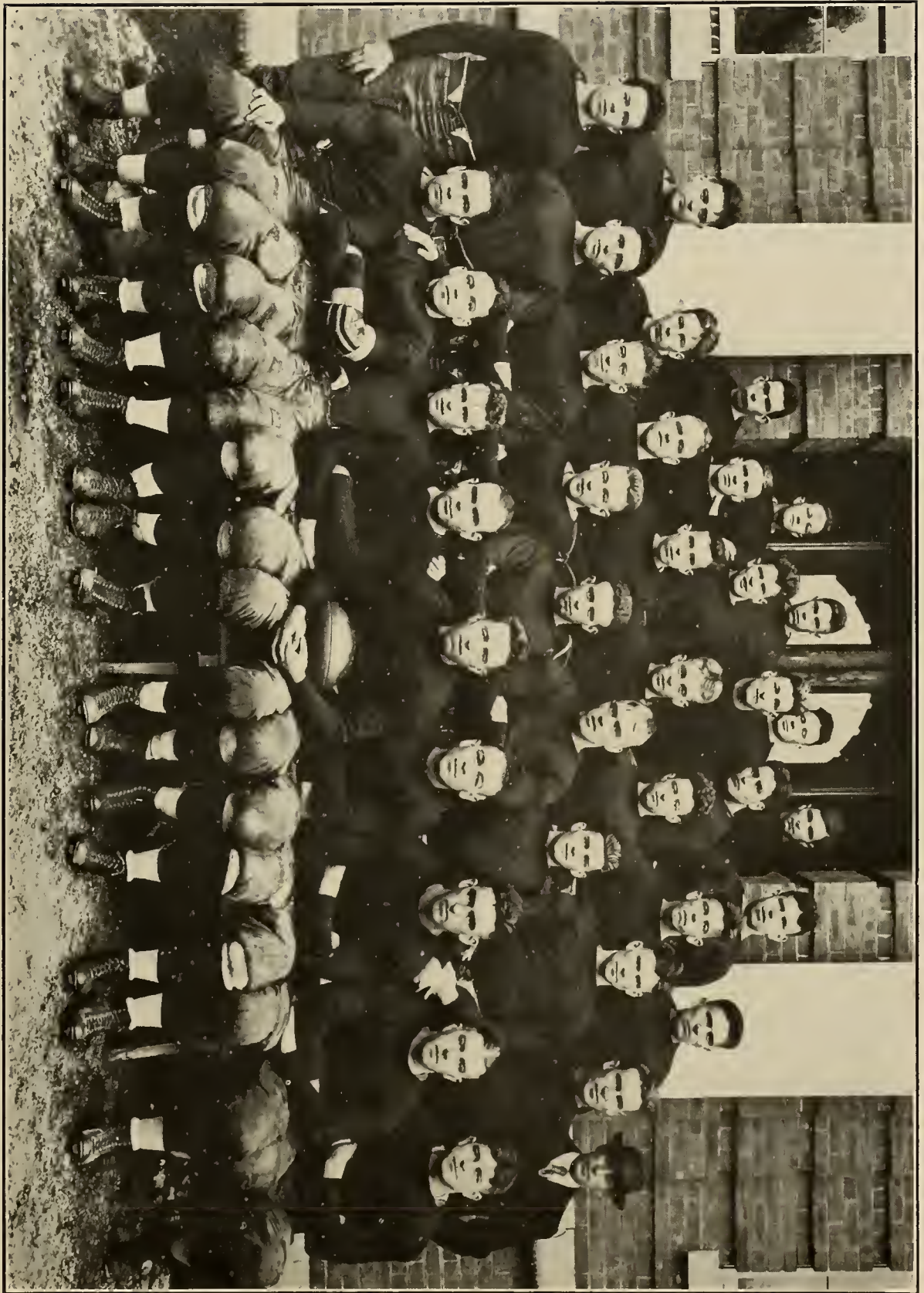


JOHN J. MITCHELL, CAPT.

Capt. "Bullet" Mitchell, a letter man in two major sports, led the best team that tore up the gridiron in recent years at Holy Cross. He was one of the best plunging backs that ever played on a "Purple" eleven. In his first appearances, the fans marked him for a star, and "Mitch" lived up to their fondest hopes.

Cleo's best bet, our Senior year, was "Bullet" Mitchell and we followed them to Boston to see our Captain full-back buck his way to victory. At a time when things looked brightest Mitchell sustained a broken collar bone, and that alone hindered us from defeating one of the best teams in the East.

Having won two football letters, "Mitch" in his Sophomore days decided to sport a white sweater, so he donned the track regalia one afternoon and easily took first place in a fast half mile. In all truth, "Mitch" leaves behind him a record as a real sport and a sterling athlete.



FOOTBALL SQUAD—1919

FOOTBALL

LETTER MEN.



AXEL



MICKEY



FITZ

Football Tributes

JAMES J. (AXEL) McCULLOCH

For four long, trying years, "Axel" McCulloch has labored unceasingly for the greater glory of his Alma Mater on the football gridiron. There never was as much real "pigskin" ability concealed in a small package as there was in this great lineman. He was always using his head, following the ball, strong in emergency. He played the game for all it was worth and was a veritable Gibraltar to the Purple's offense and defence. Patriotism prevented "Axel" from gaining the coveted H. C. four times as he cast his lot with Uncle Sam in the middle of the '18 season.

EDWARD J. (MICKEY) CONNORS

Possessing rare, all-around football ability, "Mickey" Connors has carved a name for himself that will remain for all time in the Purple's gridiron annals. His skill was quickly recognized, making a permanent place at end in his Freshman year. In Sophomore, "Mickey" had little difficulty in retaining his position, his work standing out pre-eminently. As captain of Holy Cross' S. A. T. C. eleven, '18, he showed that he possessed the qualifications of a true leader, the "service" aggregation having a clean slate at the completion of the season. In '19, "Mickey" was drafted to plug up a hole in the Purple backfield. How well he succeeded in the task assigned him is evident from the team's great record.

GEORGE M. FITZPATRICK (FITZ)

Worcester has contributed many stellar gridiron performers to Holy Cross aggregations in the past but none has succeeded in establishing so enviable a record as irresistible "Fitz." Many athletes have arrived on Mt. St. James in former years very highly touted only to fail in the pinch. "Fitz's" advent to Holy Cross was preceded by a reputation that was paramount as an all-around athlete; in his case, however, an exception to the rule was found, for Fitz delivered with a vengeance. His work in the Princeton game in '16 attracted the greatest attention and his featured battering smashes and long spiral punts were a pretty display. "Fitz" was one of those players who thought things out almost instantly and took advantage of every opening. He always put his whole soul into his work and was never found wanting. His achievements will hold a conspicuous place in Purple football history.

Football Resume



MATTHEW P. CAVANAUGH, MGR.

Despite the fact that three losses were chalked up against the wearers of the Purple, the Football season of 1919 marked a new era in the history of the gridiron game at Holy Cross. It was the first year in which Coach Cleo O'Donnell had charge and the results of his work were extremely gratifying. Coming to Holy Cross at a time when football was almost in a state of chaos, this able mentor succeeded in building up a wonderful fighting aggregation from a group which at first was comprised of but mediocre material. The record of 1919 eleven was one of which we were all justly proud. The team was rightly termed "the miracle eleven," and with Coach O'Donnell at the helm in future years Holy Cross will undoubtedly resume her place with the foremost college aggregations of the country.

The opening game on the schedule, that with West Point, found Coach O'Donnell struggling along with but a week's practice behind him. The Purple, however, gave the "Soldiers" real battle, and despite the 9 to 0 loss, the Holy Cross supporters did not give up hope.

Bowdoin appeared on Fitton Field the following Saturday, looming up as a most powerful array, as she had succeeded in holding the mighty Brown team to a 6 to 0 score the previous week. It was a far different group of players that represented the Purple on this occasion, the week's practice sessions working wonders with Holy Cross' performers. "Chick" Gagnon's two touchdowns, followed by two goals on the part of "Bill" Daley, explains the Purple's 14 to 0 victory.

Our most signal victory was over Springfield, which team had held Harvard to a comparatively low score earlier in the season. Our eleven was keyed up to just the proper pitch, and every man gave all that there was in him. The long runs of Gagnon, the vicious line-bucking of "Mickey" Connors, the punting of Daley and the defensive work of McCulloch were the most worthy features. The line held like a wall, and Springfield found it impregnable. The game was won by a 6 to 0 score, not through any flukes but by means of superior playing, as was candidly

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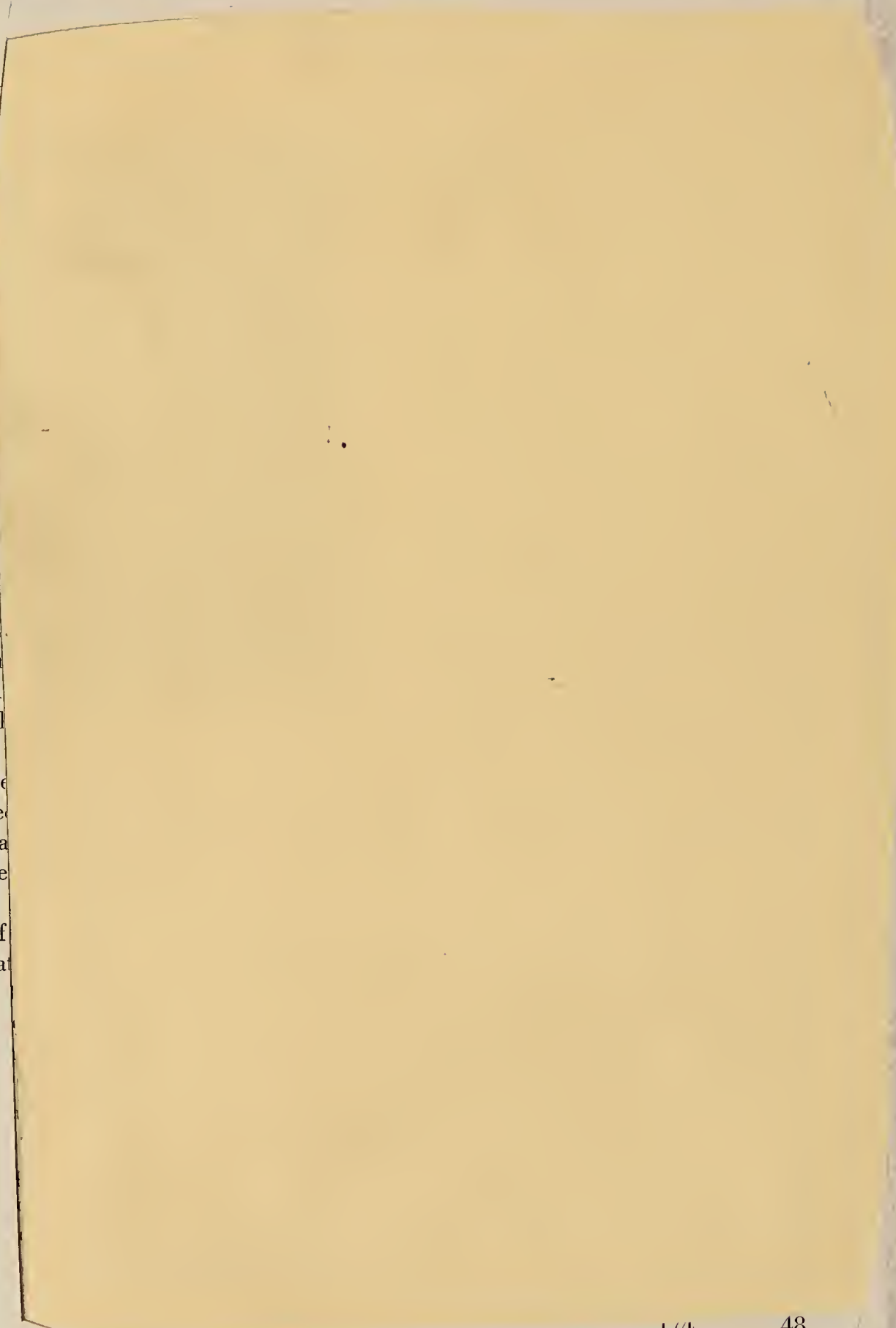
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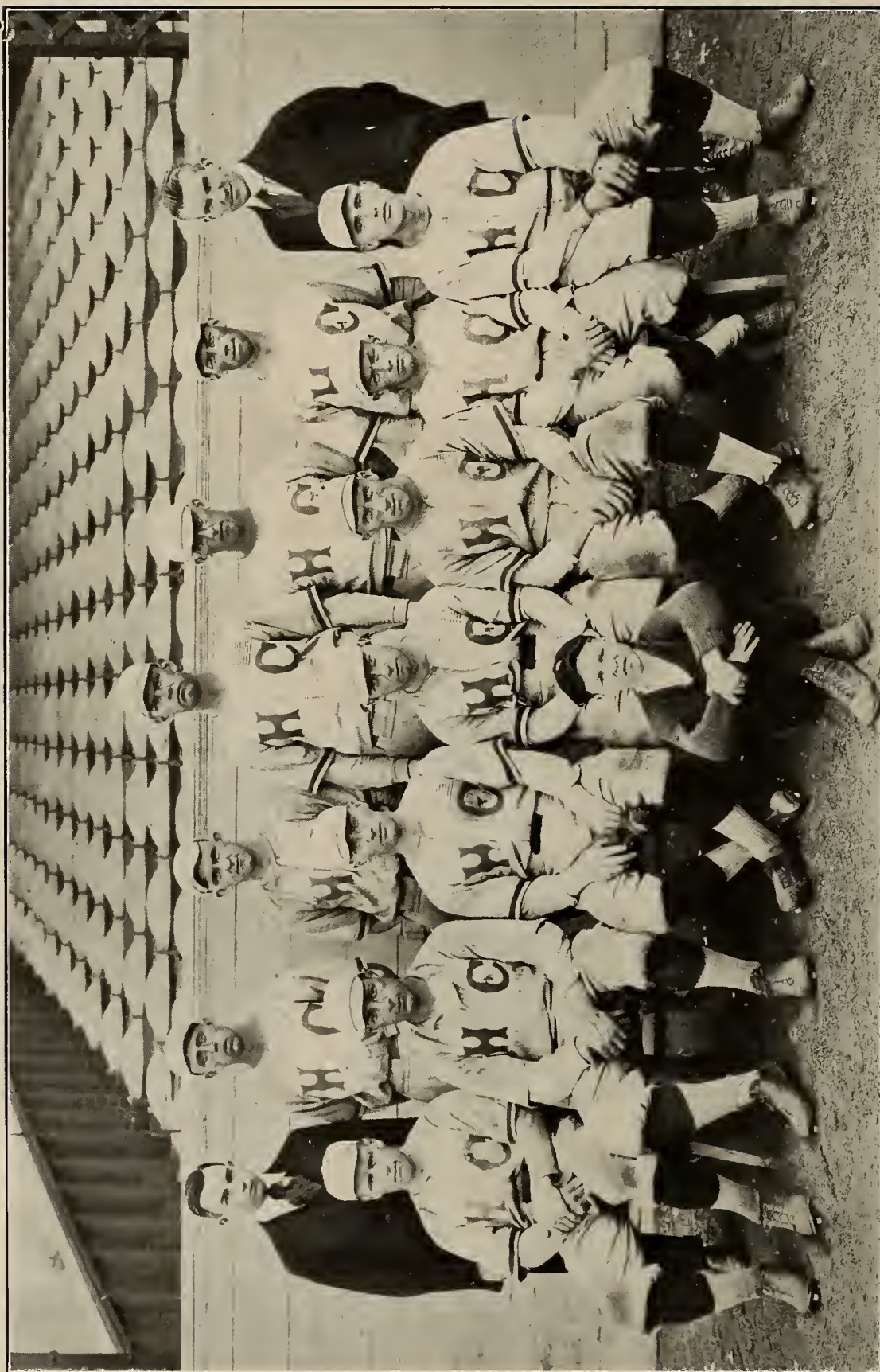
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CHAMPIONSHIP CLUB OF 1919

Baseball Resume

Despite the fortunes of war and other causes which were somewhat of a handicap to college ball in 1919, Holy Cross turned out a nine that easily walked away with the championship, being represented by an aggregation that ranked with the best of all time. It was a well-balanced team, with strong hitting, spectacular fielding and high class pitching. It depended on no one star to carry it along. The strength of the nine is reflected in some of the statistics tabulated for the season's play. In the twenty-three games in which Holy Cross participated, the Purple men scored 197 runs against 55 for their opponents, nearly four to one. They had six shut-outs to their credit and only once in the season were they held to a one-run margin.



RAYMOND B. CAREY MGR. 1920

The *New York Times*, in listing college nines for the season, had the following to say, "The college baseball season for 1919 which has just come to a close, providing competition every bit as brilliant as the campaigns of former years, has left no doubt as to where the championship belongs this year. That honor goes to Holy Cross. The Worcester nine, which suffered but one defeat in twenty-three contests and met the strongest contenders in college ball, stands out more boldly than any other title claimant in years."

At the completion of this most successful season, three of Holy Cross' championship nine were induced to try their hand in major league ball. Capt. Emmons (Chick) Bowen, "Eddie" Gill and "Jigger" Statz.

With Jesse Burkett once more at the helm, Holy Cross looks forward to another banner season and championship aggregation for 1920. In 1917, Burkett was selected to care for the destinies of the Purple nine. From the day of his arrival, Holy Cross has ruled supreme in collegiate baseball, winning 70 games and losing but 8 in three years of competition.

The majority of the performers of the 1919 team are again seeking positions on this year's varsity and with such a galaxy of stars as Capt. Daly, McLaughlin, O'Connor, Maguire, Gagnon, Santoro, Connors, Dugan and Duffy in the fold, Holy Cross supporters are assured of another successful season.

Tribute to Capt. William T. (Moose) Daly



WILLIAM T. DALY, CAPT.

Possessing natural, all-around ability, but lacking the polish of a finished ball player, the "moose," as he is commonly termed by all on the hill, presented himself to Coach Jesse Burkett early in Freshman year for the purpose of perfecting his play. Three years have passed since that memorable Spring, and how well Burkett succeeded in nursing "Moose" along is evinced by the fact that "Bill" was unanimously selected to lead the varsity nine for 1920. Today "Moose" is a finished product. He is a terrific hitter, a sure fielder, possessing an arm that is the equal of any in college ball-dom, and is very speedy on the paths for a man of his size.

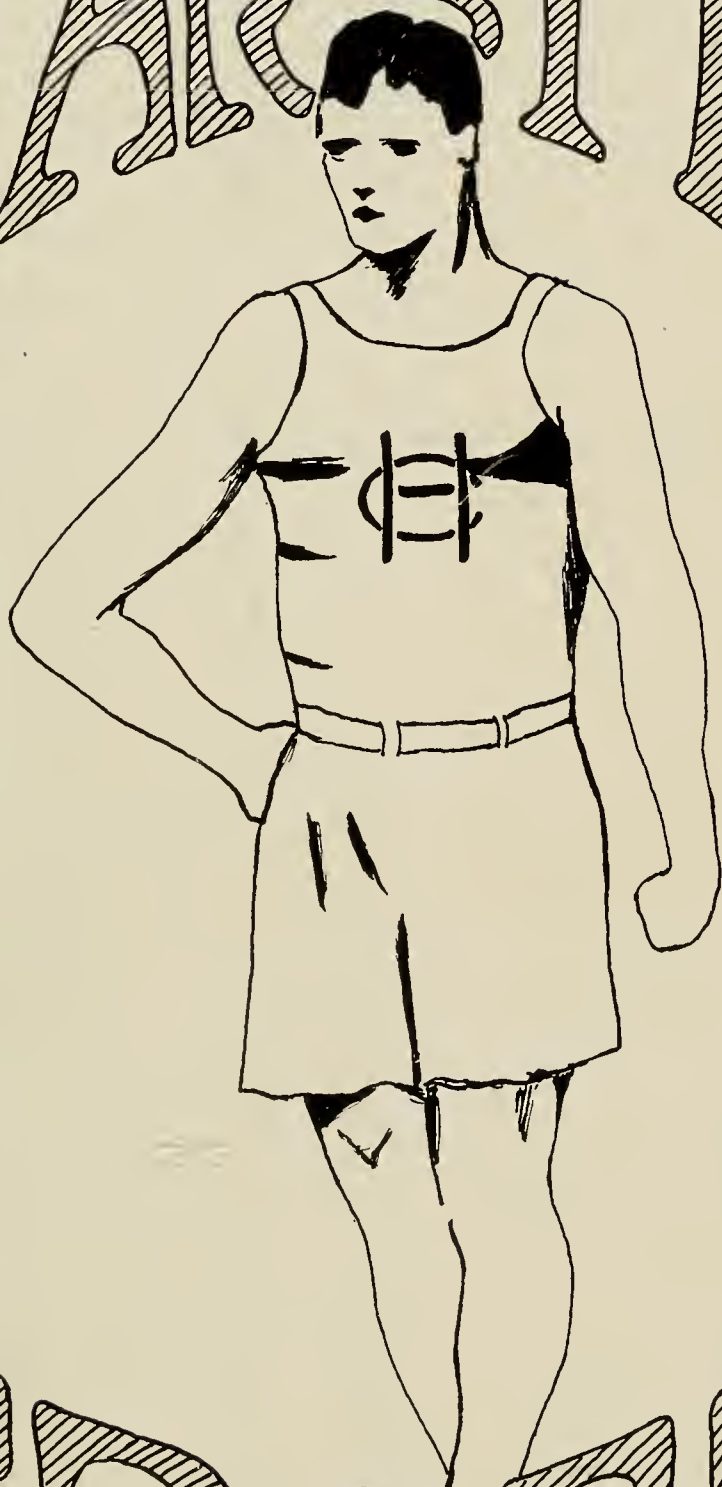
During the 1917 season, "Bill" sat attentively by the side of Jesse on the bench, absorbing a great deal of inside knowledge. One year of this sort of

learning and "Bill" was fitted for regular varsity work. In 1918, "Moose" figuratively set the college world on fire by his tremendous slugging, winning many games for the Purple by virtue of his timely stick work. He continued his sensational work in Nineteen, at the conclusion of the season being rewarded with the captaincy for the season of 1920.

Owing to his eager desire to set an example for his teammates, the "Moose," while practicing for the return game with Brown, suffered a compound fracture of his ankle. This accident kept Bill out of the game for the latter part of the season and that his guiding power was missed was very evident.

"Moose's" athletic prowess was not confined to baseball alone, for on the gridiron his work accounted for many of the Purple's conquests. "Bill" enjoys the distinction of being one of the greatest drop-pickers Holy Cross has had in some time. It was his trusty toe that sent Worcester Tech and Bates down to defeat in the Sixteen season. In Eighteen and Nineteen "Bill" was again listed among the Purple stars, his punting and all-around work being of the highest calibre.

VARSITY



TRACK

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TRACK TEAM, 1918-1919

Track Tributes

CAPT. WILLIAM A. (BILL) WHITE

Holy Cross was fortunate when Hartford, Conn., temporarily parted with Capt. Bill White, as he journeyed up Linden Lane to start his four year grind. Bill's track ability was an unknown quantity until the call for cross country candidates was issued. He was a marked man after his first practice, and Bart nursed him along. Bill easily gained the goal of all athletes by annexing his H. C. in Freshman year. In Sophomore he duplicated the feat he accomplished as a Freshman, and easily won his second varsity letters. Bill is a runner in name only, as he joined the navy in order that his favorite sport would not overtake him during the stormy days of the war. He returned to school after being mustered out of the service, and in spite of an injury to his knee succeeded in garnering his third consecutive letter. For his efforts Bill was selected to lead

Holy Cross' Nineteen Twenty track candidates. The honor could not have rested upon a more deserving member of the squad, as Bill will not only be a competent leader, but also a living example to his men. He is a consistent runner for a small fellow, trains earnestly and has plenty of endurance. His famous axiom, "I smell a mice," stands him in good stead in all his races, as he immediately endeavors to ferret out his dangerous rivals, from the crack of the pistol. In closing, we are proud to number Bill among the host of "Twenty's" letter men and anxiously look forward to the final award of track letters, when Capt. White's efforts will be rewarded for the fourth time, an unusual honor, but a fitting tribute to one who has trained so earnestly and consistently the past four years at Mt. St. James.



WILLIAM A. WHITE, CAPT.



BREEN



MURPHY

TRACK MEN



CUMMINGS



DONACHY

JAMES K. DONAGHY

Discus—as he is commonly called by his friends on the Hill—is a great booster for athletic competition. Besides track, he is the chief sponsor of boxing and wrestling, anticipating Holy Cross' advent into intercollegiate competition in the minor sports. While at Camp Grant, he was one of the athletic officers supervising the physical development of all the men. Discus is a perfect specimen of a physical wonder, his ability on the track and in all other branches of sport is no flash in the pan—as he has always gained points in all the dual meets, besides placing in the New England and Eastern Intercollegiate meets. It is with pride we review his efforts and endeavors to place the “Royal Purple” to the fore in all branches of sport.

JAMES A. MURPHY

Modest Jim Murphy was originally enrolled under the banner of Nineteen Nineteen. But the great war besides making him the property of “Nineteen Twenty” also instilled Jim with a keen desire for competition. Unlike most men—Anidiplosis, as he is commonly called by his most intimate friends—stored all his energy until his Junior year. His ability in hurdling fences and jumping streams on his sojourns into the neighboring country led Jim's friends to persuade him to use his efforts to better advantage. It is needless to say his early training stood him in good stead as he literally walked away with first places in the dual meets. Jim is a faithful student both in the classroom and in his new role as “King of the Jumpers” on Mt. St. James. It is with pride we view his success on the track, and we are anxiously awaiting his closing efforts for Alma Mater.

GEORGE F. BREEN

George came to Holy Cross in the fall of 1916 with a great reputation gathered in local competition. It was no great surprise to his host of admirers to learn that George gained the coveted H. C., he so earnestly endeavored to win on the track. Like most men he responded to the call for keener competition—joining Uncle Sam's sea forces, later obtaining a commission. We are anxiously awaiting George's return to the fold, as we know he shall make competition keener in the hurdle events.

ROBERT L. CUMMINGS

Coming to us unheralded from St. John's Prep., Danvers, Mass., Bob set out to assist in bolstering up the weak spot in the team—the hurdles and the jumps. His efforts like many others to gain the coveted insignia four consecutive years were short-lived, due to an attack of appendicitis. He came out the succeeding two years and assisted Holy Cross to conquer her rivals on the track by consistently placing in the hurdles and broad jumps. Bob is a tireless and conscientious worker, and if the past is any criterion of his ability, we may truthfully and with all confidence look forward to a banner season in his favorite events.

Track Resume



J. E. FENTON, MGR.

From the first call of the announcer until the tape of the final heat was breasted, Holy Cross may well be proud of the results of her indoor and outdoor representatives. Holy Cross, like all other colleges had to struggle against the existing conditions of an abnormal year.

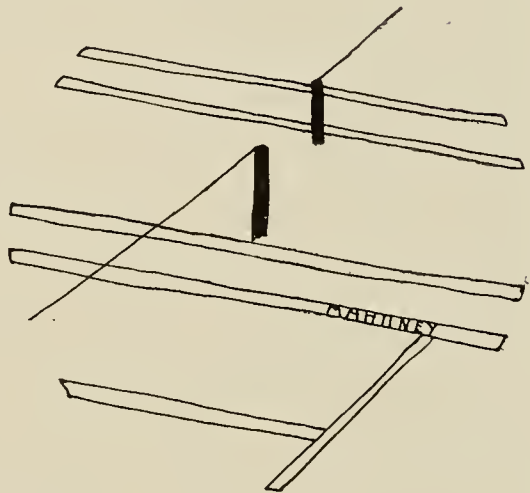
At the first indoor classic of New England—the Boston Athletic Association games—our consistent and trustworthy quartet, Dignan, Maher, King and Mullen, for the fifth consecutive time, vanquished the Boston College Four. Holy Cross was also fittingly represented in the open events. Danny Mullen finished second to Bowden of M. I. T. in the 660-yards run. In the mile run “Slug” Sullivan finished second to Connolly, the New England champion. Climaxing it all, Capt. Foley placed third in the forty-yard invitation race.

In the only other indoor games, the big event of the East—the New England championships—Holy Cross, as usual, was not to be denied her share of the laurels. Tom Dignan—the pride of Mt. St. James—competing in a field of the best men in the N. E. A. A. U., sprinted away with the three-hundred yard event. Earlier in the evening he finished second in the sixty-yard handicap. Entering the sixty-yard championship he also finished in second place.

At the first meeting of the Eastern Intercollegiate Holy Cross finished fifth, with 14½ points. In the dual meets, Holy Cross conquered Springfield 78 to 48.

In the other meet with the University of Maine, Holy Cross was nosed out by a six point margin on a soggy field. And thus the final tape was fittingly breasted at the close of a satisfactory and encouraging season.

TENNIS





TENNIS TEAM

Tennis Resume

For some unknown reason or other, tennis has fought stubbornly to uphold its position in the choice circle of Holy Cross athletics. It has suffered from the inconvenience of arranging alternating schedules, due to the superficiality that surrounds the entrance into intercollegiate competition in tennis. But the old adage "Time alters all hardships," finds a suitable place in reference to tennis conditions on the hill. It is only after the greatest success on the court a man is awarded his letter, or in other words, it is harder on account of regulations governing the sport to obtain a H. C. in tennis than in any other sport. Last year no one was fortunate enough to gain the distinction of winning the necessary points due to the unsettled conditions of college athletics. But this year things are blossoming forth and unless some unforeseen complications set in, Holy Cross will have one of the best tennis teams in her history, under the conscientious direction of Capt. Ed. Dineen.

The outstanding feature of the interclass series was the enthusiasm manifested by the students of all classes. In the spring tournament ninety-five men competed for the honors. The promoters of the tournament were well paid for their efforts as a number of promising candidates were uncovered in the lower classes.

In the class of 1920, we boast of Big Ed. Dinneen, Marrion, O'Callaghan, Geaney, and Hawthorne. We are anxiously awaiting the call for candidates, as we feel confident Capt. Ed. Dineen, Marion and O'Callaghan will be able to make the varsity. Hawthorne, if he displays his usual form, will likely make one of the uncertain positions on the team. John Geaney—the pride of Bridgeport, and genial Sinn Feiner, is liable to surprise any one on the squad, as he is very active on the court, besides being a close student of the game.

We are awaiting the milder days of spring, when tennis will reap the rich harvest it has labored to gain the past few years.

OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



JESSE C. BURKETT
BASEBALL COACH



PRESIDENT OF A. A.
RAYMOND B. CAREY



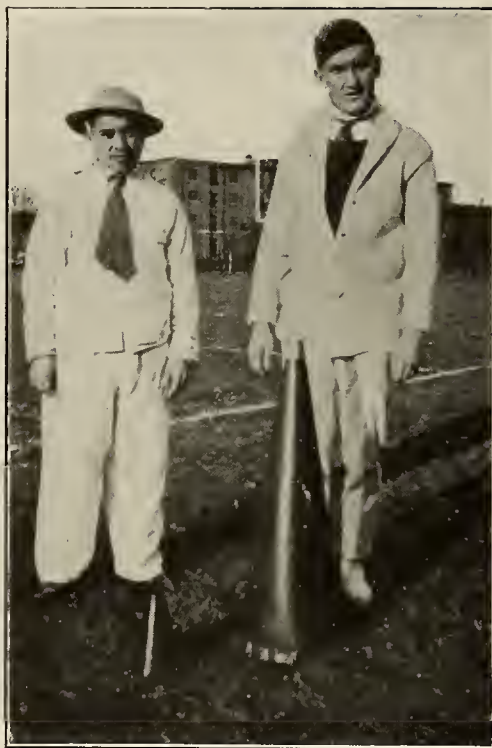
CLEO A. O'DONNELL
GRADUATE MANAGER

Our Megaphone Masters

Pershing was a great leader, as were Foch and Haig. They, by their prowess, call to mind the generals and commanders of old—the Napoleon, the Cæsar, the Hannibal and the cohorts of others. Still when we scrutinize their activities we find how incapable they would have been without military authority and the support of the state. They kept their armies from disbanding not solely by an appeal to patriotism, but also by the coercion of the courts-martial. Here, however, we have a picture of two leaders, who, with no judicial support, led an army of fearless rooters to the scene of every battle. Theirs was an unappreciated task. The future held no bronze and marble monuments, but the cheer leaders, Jakey and Bell, won their battles with the aid of the relentless weapon, the smile. They won by the esprit which seemed to emanate from them. May the future wielders of the megaphone at Holy Cross meet with this same loyal support.

The Crusade of 1919

That the city of Boston should be treated to a gaze at 99.99 per cent. of Holy Cross' student body on the Fifteenth day of November, 1919, was due to the energy and vivacity of the "Help Cleo Beat Cav" Publicity Committee. With a motto of "by hook or by hock," they transported the spirit of Fitton Field to Fenway Park in the Hub. Particular praise for this work is due to James Cletus Magner, known by the colloquialism, "the kid with the stuff." His actions should set a precedent for the classes that follow Nineteen Twenty down Linden Lane.





CLASS ATHLETICS



1920 FOOTBALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS IN SOPHOMORE

Class Football

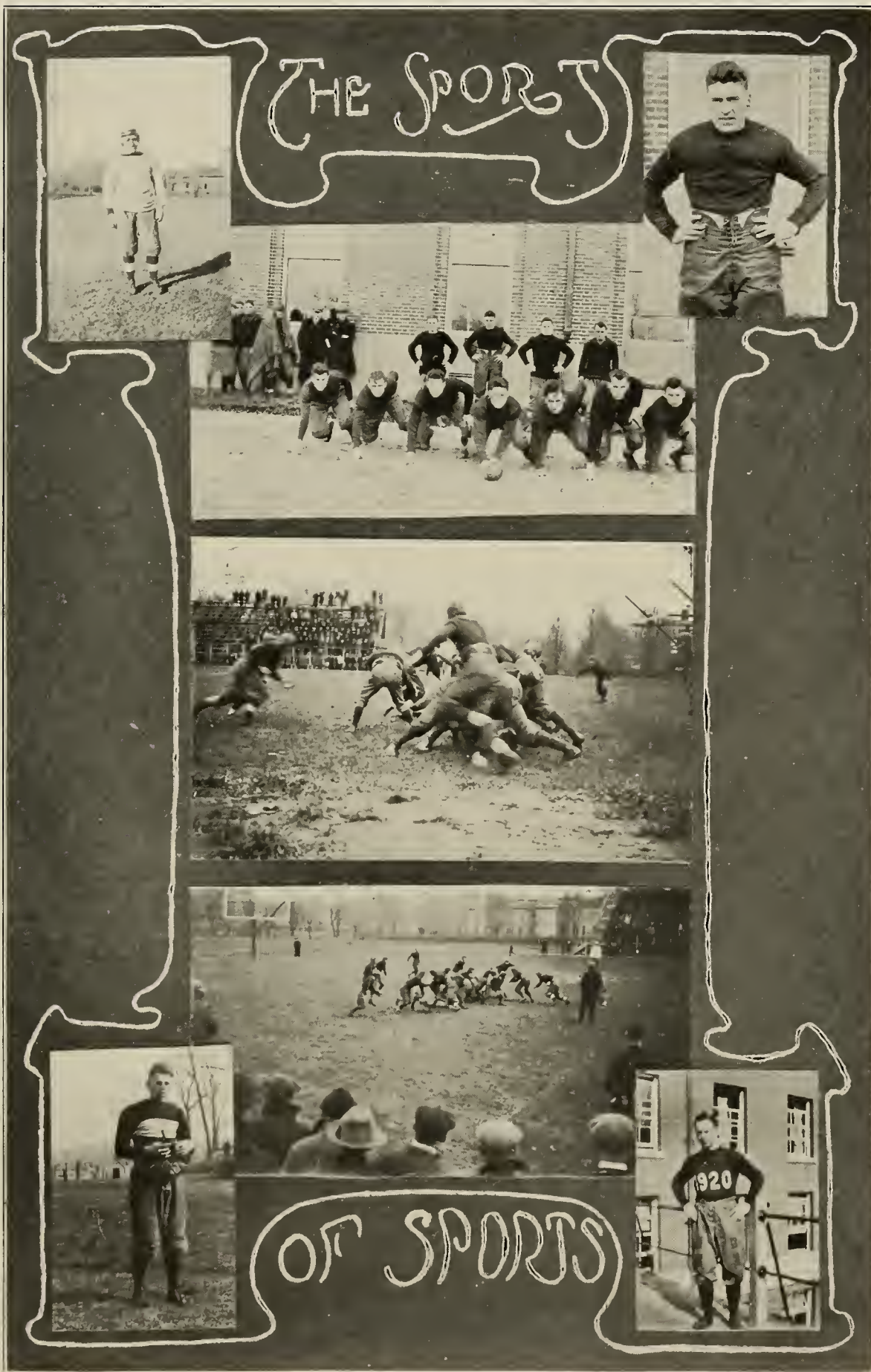
Ever since the organization of the class, Twenty has been represented by aggregations in all branches of athletics that have been well to the fore, teams that have always been in the struggle for premier honors. In football, our efforts always resulted most favorably, having tasted defeat but once in three years of competition. Such a record is one of which we are all justly proud.

In our Freshman year, three games were required to decide the winner of the Soph-Freshie tilt, the second year men finally emerging a winner by a scant margin. Our eleven displayed wonderful form, but with the breaks of the battle going against us, we were unable to produce the necessary punch to score.

In Sophomore, Twenty placed an eleven on the field that compares most favorably with any that ever participated in a class series at Holy Cross. The Freshmen were swamped with little effort on the part of our representatives, while the Juniors likewise tasted defeat in a mighty struggle for the championship. The spectacular playing of Capt. "Bill" Sullivan, "Punk" Ryan, Jacobs, Devine and Carey deserves special mention here. It is needless to state that the "boys" were able to live in luxury for some time afterwards, while the supporters of our defeated rivals were often seen on Front street, proceeding in the general direction of the depot, but that was not their destination, even though they were seen to cast many glances at their timepieces.

Owing to the war, no series was staged in Junior, but with all the veterans in line Twenty would undoubtedly have presented another premier aggregation.

The Senior-Junior struggle in 1919 produced no scoring on the part of either team. Although held to a deadlock, Twenty outplayed and outfought their bitter rivals. The all-around work of Capt. Keville featured, while "Ted" Comiskey's end running was spectacular. Owing to the lateness of the season, no play-off was staged, thus robbing us of an opportunity to add another scalp to our already enviable heap.



Class Basketball

Interclass basketball has rapidly come to the fore until today it is looked upon as the most popular winter sport at Holy Cross. No doubt the extremely fast quintets representing each class has proved a great stimulation in placing the game upon such a high pedestal of esteem. As in the case of other class athletics, Twenty has ever placed a formidable quintet on the court, a "five" that always made things most interesting for the leader.

In Freshman, with "Ed" Riley and "Jack" McDonough at forward, Capt. "Hub" Duffy at center and "Jim" Lucey and "Ray" Carey as backs, we were in the running for first honors until the final whistle was blown, being nosed out for first honors by the heavier and more experienced Senior team.

Again in Sophomore, Twenty battled its way to second place in the final standing. Weakened by the loss of Capt. Duffy and Riley, the Sophs forced the Juniors to exert their utmost in order to gain the top rung. The quintet was composed of Capt. "Jim" Lucey, "Jack" McDonough, "Dan" Collins, "Ray" Carey and "Bob" Ruane.

The wreath signifying "champions" rested serenely on the head of Twenty at the conclusion of the annual series in 1919. As Juniors, we placed a hard-working, united and clever passing aggregation on the floor which swept everything before it. The competition was keen and spirited, but we were equal to the task. Our representatives were Capt. "Jim" Lucey, twice selected for a berth on the "All-Purple" five; "Jack" McDonough, who took first honors in individual scoring for the season; "Mickey" Connors, a wonderful defensive man whose work was most valuable; "Ray" Carey, one of the best defensive backs of the year; and "Axel" McCulloch, a steady player and a most dependable man on the back court. "Punk" Ryan and "Bob" Ruane had no small share in pennant winning. On the court we were *ne plus ultra*.



- FRESHMAN TEAM -



SOPH FIVE



RUNNERS UP



"REG' LARS"



FUTURITIES



- SENIOR SQUAD -

Class Track

The date of the annual class track meet ought to be Bart Sullivan's birthday—this is the day when the peerless coach discovers many a promising championship contender. Many a cinder artist has come to Holy Cross unknown even to himself, only to awaken to his own worth on the day of the class track meets. "Bill" White never ran after anything but a street car before entering Holy Cross, and today, a Senior, our captain of track is the big contender for New England two mile honors.

Competition on class track days is as thrilling and fully as fast as some dual meets. When "Axel" McCulloch topped the timbers in the low hurdles and high our Junior year, the timers were afraid to announce the reading. "Axel" could always bring home to "Twenty" a few points in these meets. His coach was his pinochle partner, "Bob" Cummings. "Bob" was a varsity hurdler and showed his protege the game's fine points.

Frank Galligan was a consistent point-getter in the half-mile all four years. "Tom" O'Donnell and "Jerry" Grady were our milers. In the dashes "Jack" Barnes and "Teddy" Comiskey were the surprise of the year when this pair made "Andy" Kelley do his best to nose them out. "Herm" McGrath was our entry in the high jump and won third place our Sophomore and Junior years. "Jack" Connelly won his numerals with the Freshmen relay and competed in the hurdles. With the above mentioned contenders still on our roster, the class track meet this spring should find "Twenty," as ever, near the tape at the finish.



Smoke up and keep warm.



THE BLUSHING BRIDE



THE GIMMEES
-Velvet Joe.

DAYS of
REAL
SPORT



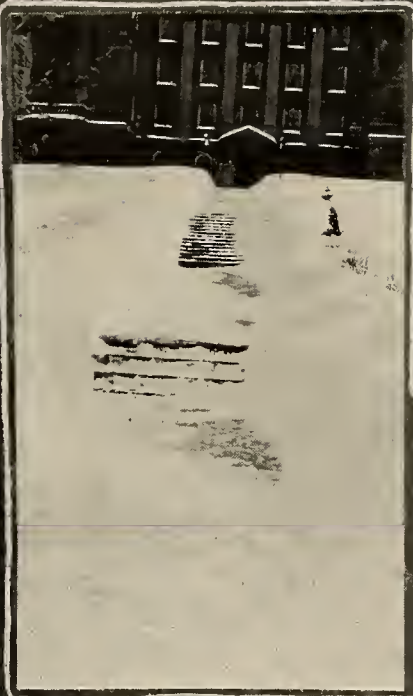
THE BOY TUMBLER



THE ANNUAL CLEAN SHIRT



THE ANNEX GANG



Whoa!



Dorwin was right



Rob in the course prescribed.





STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Class History Freshman Year

"All hail! the Freshman class appears
With loud acclaim and mighty cheers."

In September of 1916 one more class added its name to the already lengthy roster of Holy Cross. After an innumerable succession of steps, hills, and more steps, which made the journey from the Auburn car to the sacrosanct quarters of our respected Prefect of Studies, one to be eternally remembered, we underwent the first operation—registration. In passing, let us recall how painful was this operation—a little matter of four hours or thereabouts, sitting patiently around the registrar's desk, waiting, just waiting. Although but a few hours in our new home, we quickly imbued the spirit of the surroundings and after that wonderful session in 9 Annex, we all knew one another like long lost brothers.

We soon unharnessed our horses, took on the poet's mood and started our eventful ride through Freshman. At our first class meeting, Bob Sharkey, the Solon of Somerville, was selected to handle the reins and guide our destinies, the which he did with credit to self and Somerville.

There follows our first meeting with another class in athletic contest, namely our football game with the Sophomores, in which, contrary to precedent, we held our own and fought with such unity that the opponents defeated us—in a close game—only after their much-touted team had been tied by our warriors in two bloody battles, led on to the fray by the premier class band of 1920. The next important event in our young H. C. life was time-honored Holy Cross Night, our newest source of wonderment, and this introduction to our alumni brothers served as a new source for our college pride.

To recount the various activities and events of this, our first year, would be impossible, yet we could not close our episode without mentioning our banquet and its post-prandials of Sancti-crucian good-fellowship. Many happy moments will we enjoy recalling this, our first formal gathering, brothers all.

Towards Spring a bombshell was thrown into our camp by the declaration of war. Men of 1920, with their college fellows, answered the call in goodly numbers. Here we lay aside our freshman memoirs, passing our first milestone, peering into the distance for the sign-post "Sophomore".



Class History Sophomore Year

"A year for fools, the sophists say,
But every dog must have his day."

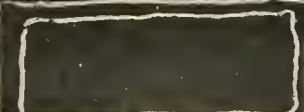
When we had finally found ourselves back on the hill, in the Fall of 1917, it was a queer feeling that we experienced. No longer were we pierced with the pains of being Freshmen; yet we were halted in our enthusiasm by the realization that 1920 was still quite a bit distant. But there was strength in our numbers, and the one hundred and seventy of us were not hampered very long by any anxiety for the future.

The first of Sophomore accomplishments was our defense of Alumni Bridge, when a Freshman rabble stormed it. Horatius had nothing on us, for our line was invulnerable. True to our Roman patron, we drove the hordes back, but not before the railing had given 'way and a few of us had landed on the terraces below with a strangle hold on a goodly number of the vanquished.

The following day came class elections, and "Tim" Daley of Burlington, Vermont, was elected to assume management. Under his guidance we thrived in every sense of the word. Before we noticed that time had been flying, we had already returned from the Thanksgiving vacation, to find two new members annexed to the class. Hans and Pierre hailed from Porto Rico and, as they had been educated in France, their command of English was extremely limited. But it was not very long before 1920's tutorage had had its effect and the two brothers were incorporated as "Regular Fellows".

As we trailed along in the wake of Demosthenes and Socrates, there was not much time for "extras". But finally budding talent, for so long smothered, burst into bloom. The blooming took the form of a Class Smoker which we held in Fenwick Hall the evening of February 8th, 1918.

For the rest of our Sophomore year we were much engrossed in pursuing the classics, and when June rolled around, although some of the class had left for the service, those of us who remained, were only too glad to shake off the shackles of Latin and Greek and assume once more a cosmopolitan role.



HEADS UP.

"AS YOU WERE"

AMBITION



SEVEN UP



SHOVE OFF



Class History Junior Year

“And now old Philos runs in riot,
Prescribing theses for a diet.”

The class of 1920 has the very unique distinction of being the only class to make its Junior year in five and one-half months. And we are proud of this distinction not because we escaped a few months' work but merely because we saw that in a crisis, men of 1920 had the “stuff”, (if you will pardon the slang expression). In a normal Junior year it takes a great deal of hard work to advance very amiably after having been introduced to Philosophy and Physics. But just imagine the concentrated energy expended to accomplish the feat in almost one-half the usual time. But we blush at mention of such compliments; so let's away with the bouquets.

The middle of January saw the lights of Alumni flashing forth the news, “they're back, they're back”. And we were glad to be back and begin a much belated journey on the third lap of our course. Practically the first thing we did was to elect a Gubernator, classically speaking. And as we look back over the last two years we certainly manifested the best of judgment in electing “Mat” Cavanaugh, of Dover, New Hampshire. When you say “Mat” is a Prince, you not only characterize him but also his two years of Presidency over the class, for he was re-elected President at the end of Junior. As we waded through the Spinozism of philosophy, Easter came upon us before we were aware of it. But before Easter came preparation for the Prom, and the Saturday evening after Easter, in the ball-room of the Bancroft, the Prom itself. To say it was a success would belittle it, for we had many successes; but we might consider it thus—the best of our successes. Shortly after this, at the Washington Club, Lake Quinsigamond, we ran a Smoker which did its best to rival the Prom.

Spring sped along and with Spring came the dread of our first Philosophy Orals. But we plugged away and as we basked in the June sun, stretched out along the banks of the Blackstone, a Major in one hand, a Minor in the other, and a Cosmology for a pillow, little did we realize that our stay at Holy Cross was one year nearer its end.



PIPE FITTERS



ALWAYS TWENTY



THE IRON HAT



MORATIUS OF
BRIDGE FAME



A PAIR OF SIXES



JAKES UP

Class History Senior Year

"From black-gowned Seniors we advance,
To live and love, and work—perchance."

With "batter up," our class stepped serenely and with confidence onto the diamond of Holy Cross College life for the last time. In Beaven Hall, the sacred haunt of seniority, we took up our abode and after having torn down all past Senior records, we raised aloft the standard of 1920's unique geniality.

In keeping with our past good-fellowship, we entertained our younger brothers—Freshmen—at an informal smoker and minstrel, given in Beaven Hall, at the close of October. Here we took into our respect and regard the new influx of humanity which had come Mount St. Jamesward, to become men of 1923.

Holy Cross Night found us all prepared, deep in dignity and garbed in cap and gown, to uphold and to guard with progressiveness our untarnished escutcheon. George L. Conley, our amiable and capable Chief Marshal, arranged for us a program enjoyable in its entirety and well deserving of imitation in future years.

To add to the honor of our already distinguished class, Eamon De Valera, President of the Irish Republic, in the presence of Faculty, civil notables and student body, was given by Reverend Rector the degree LL. D., and thus was added to the roster of 1920 his distinguished name. May we, before our first Annual Reunion, be in a position to cable our Alumni brother felicitations for his unselfish part in the world vindication of Ireland.

Surrounded by snow, encompassed by cold, we spent the real New England Winter whiling away the hours via indoor sports. At length came Easter and the surcease of Worcester's blizzards.

The longest lane has a turning, and so we were soon again in form, pursuing the elusive principles of Senior studies with the Final Orals as our goal.

We have come upon the last milestone; here the road forks. May its devious paths lead us to honest endeavor and sane success. May no one of us forget another of us. Let us say "Vale" with a wish in our hearts for the prosperity of each and every man of 1920's capable class, remembering what our class song tells us—"a friend of 1920 will forever be a friend".

FINIS.



O. P.

"BOB"



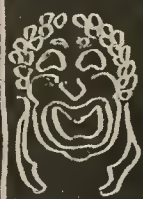
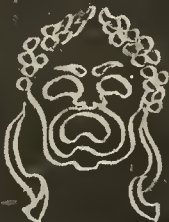
OBJECTIVE
EVIDENCE



LET'S GO



122



"SCISSORS"



THE SCISSORS



Dramatic Society

Henry IV, Part I, was played and well, as we remember; we were timid Freshmen then, and our Marlowes in the making were content to appear on the program, and perchance have just a word here and there as the show passed on. Le Grand J. Bell and William Beattie of our year played the role of those silent actors who wear the uniform—their memory was perfect. The sentence, “The carriage awaits without,” was recited with true artistic feeling by William F. Doyle, '20.

In the production of “The Rivals” our wearers of the buskin bloomed to the full. Jacobs, Ruest, Kennedy, White, and O'Donnell, were the class representatives and were actors inimitable and quite professional. This was in our Sophomore year, and five representatives in leading roles awakened the eyes of all who looked on, that Twenty was an entertainer of more than fair ability.

Beyond peradventure of a doubt, this, our Senior year, will be a blue ribbon period for our histrionic brethren. We contemplate putting on “The Fatal Shot,” and before the curtain drops for the last time, we shall again share the happy applause of a Worcester audience. “Dudley” O'Leary, Jacob, and Clair, the Dorchester Bard, under the histrionic and financial guidance of George Keville and Thomas O'Connor, all of “Twenty,” are expected to be the shining lights of the program.



DEBATES

Debating

Among the institutions of learning throughout the Nation, Holy Cross maintains no mean position in school activities. Many a Daniel Webster, as these States can well testify, found his bud of oratory first opening in our halls at Holy Cross, and the good work goes on. As befits a college whose sole purpose is the teaching of the liberal arts for the formation of thinking minds and for the training of the nation's youth in oratorical composition and expression, Holy Cross has ever and always held an enviable rank in the field of pros and cons.

To the brilliancy of this entity, Holy Cross' fame in debate, the Class of 1920 has contributed at least as much lustre as any class which ever trod the sacred halls of the College. But why should one be surprised? Upon reflection, one cannot fail to note the talent in the class, even today, although the class has lost several of its most prominent orators in the course of the last two years. And today 1920 reigns supreme in the art of debate.

During the three years, 1917-'18-'19, Holy Cross has been a participant in four inter-collegiate debates. Brown and Georgetown were debated in 1917. Three of the four representatives of the Holy Cross team which invaded Providence were members of the Class of 1920. They were: Captain Denis Hurley, Philip H. Breen and T. Lawrence Foran. Mr. Hurley departed from our ranks in 1918, in order that he might do his share in the greatest debate of modern times—that of Democracy vs. Autocracy. We lost in him a power in logic and eloquence. The second debate in 1917 took place at Washington, D. C. Holy Cross was represented by Messrs. Foran, Breen and Harold Colgan, now a very important and invaluable member of the United States Investigation Commission on Profiteering. Georgetown was our opponent in this debate.

In 1918, Brown and Georgetown were defeated in Fenwick Hall. The Class of 1920 was represented by Messrs. John Jacobs, P. Breen, L. Foran. The sterling orator from the West, unequalled for his thundering oratory, on both occasions led Holy Cross to an easy triumph.

INTER-CLASS DEBATING

In 1917, a team composed of Messrs. Hurley, Captain, Maurice Splaine and Philip Breen represented 1920. In 1918, Messrs. Jacobs, Captain, Breen and Foran led 1920 to an easy triumph against 1921. In 1919, for the first, the only and last time, 1920 failed to emerge victorious, and the decision was awarded, 'tis true, but by a scant margin, to 1919. The class was nobly represented by Messrs. J. Jacobs, Captain; William White, Arthur O'Leary and T. E. O'Donnell.

We are confident that this year can bring only success to Holy Cross and 1920 in debating, and our only wish is, that each and every future class will be capable of living up to the standard set by the class about to graduate.

Due to various circumstances, many a member of the class, skilled in oratory, has failed to show his worth, but in a class of so much talent, it is but natural that many have failed to accomplish what would be simple under other circumstances.

Holy Cross Night

The Class of 1920 is justly proud of the Holy Cross Night which was observed on November 10, 1919. We took pride in it particularly because of the unusual success that it was. After a lapse of two years, due to the war, it might be expected that this great event of the school year would be, more than ever before, a time when Holy Cross Spirit would manifest itself in all its splendor—and, indeed, it was so.

We also took pride in it because one of our classmates, George L. Conley, as Chief Marshal, displayed talents rare, genial and unexcelled for such an occasion. The Class of 1920, the student body, the Alumni and the Faculty, all are indebted to Mr. Conley for his untiring efforts in procuring a splendid corps of speakers from among the Alumni, and for furnishing us with entertainment by the College Glee Club and Twenty's Minstrels. The program follows:



G. L. CONLEY, CHIEF MARSHAL

Overture—"The Scarlet Crow"—Bennet	College Orchestra
Introduction	George L. Conley
Senior Class Song	
Address	Rev. David J. Murphy, '90
Address	J. Leo O'Gorman, '04
Selection—"The Hunting Song," from "King Arthur"	College Glee Club
Address	George E. Morris, '05
Presentation of College Song to the College by the Senior Class	
Address	Rev. James J. Howard, '87
Twenty's Minstrels	
Finale—"Linden Lane"—El. C. Earls	College Orchestra

TWENTY'S MINSTRELS

Interlocutor Matthew P. Cavanaugh		
		End Men
George J. Jacob		J. Cletus Magner
William A. White		Thomas E. O'Donnell
Soloists		
		George M. Fitzpatrick
Florian G. Ruest, Jr.		
Accompanists		
		Timothy F. Daley
Edward S. Murphy		
Specialty		
		Arthur J. O'Leary
Professor Dudley		George L. Ryan
Dummy Bimbo		

On Commencement Porch, June 16, '20

(For the Folks at Home.)

Our Day o' Dreams at last!—We sit
In cap and gown to see below,
The throng about The Porch, who come
To watch us graduate and go.
And how the shifting flecks of gold,
That slip down through the fresh-leaved trees,
Are becking worldward! How the call
Of haunting spring sings down the breeze!
We feel the bitter-sweet regret
In parting from the crowded ways
Of college friends and scenes that marked
Our solving of the booky maze * * *
But how this Junetime day of days
Seems whispering, "You are free to fare
Away and cry afar your name!
Your shield is strong! Ho, fling your dare!"

And then our blind eyes, wandering, see!—
A dear, familiar face among the rows
Of ones who look up from the seats
Below. Into our hearts there blows,
Like some soft, chiding hymn or prayer,
A realization to remind
Us of the world we owe to *them*.
We read within those eyes, so kind,
And justly proud, the stories, sent
Through joyous tears, that tell
Us of the days through which they hoped,
And sacrificed and prayed so well.
Oh, dearest hearts! may passing years
Spill rainbow gladness from above,
Upon you, and our task shall be,
To give you back for love—our love.

J. ROBERT CLAIR, '20.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the poem esteemed most worthy by the judges in competition open to members of the Class of Twenty.

K. K. Society



A. J. O'LEARY, PRES.

This society, but now in its second year, already visions beauteous promise of even a more highly flavored literary spirit than has yet graced the hill where old Pan piped to the native red man. And this is the purpose of K. K. to develop a taste for the best in literature and the perfecting of conversation and composition on subjects classical and contemporaneous. It acts as a spur to the steed of the fine arts, because admission to the Society demands an original paper worthy of acceptance by the *Purple*.

The Constitution provides that only one honorary member be elected each school year. Joseph J. Reilly, Ph. D., '04, was elected in the Spring of Nineteen. This year Cardinal Mercier, the world-applauded Prelate of Belgium, was invited to the folds of the K. K., and his acceptance was quickly received.

The undergraduate members show their dexterity in many lines of college endeavors, *Purple* contributors, wearers of the buskin, and debaters herald the K. K. merit. Mr. Raymond J. McInnis, S. J., the Moderator of the *Purple*, continues as Faculty representative, and his kindly, stout assistance is a guarantee for continued success to the coterie.

The following undergraduates have, by literary superiority, earned K. K. membership: Arthur J. O'Leary, '20; Timothy F. Daley, '20; J. Robert Clair, '20; Raymond J. O'Callaghan, '20; James T. Mahoney, '20; John K. Ryan, '20; Joseph S. Balthrush, '21; John L. Kenney, '21; Joseph P. Keenan, '21; Matthew F. McGuire, '21; James J. Tennyson, '21; Thomas McSorley, '21; E. Glen Rosenberger, '21; Dennis M. Hurley, '21, and Evans Page Ham, '22.

McFADDEN'S

PLATE



RAIL BIRDS



FORTY LOVE

FOUR KINGS

SHAVE TAILS



THE GRINDS



FIVE SMILERS



PURPLE STAFF

The Purple

"Ace-high in the list of our exchanges, stands the *Holy Cross Purple*. The November number of our esteemed friend is a product of the best in college journalism. The outstanding feature of the issue is, we think, the excellent quality of its poetic contributions."

These are the opening sentences of a criticism extending over three pages in *St. Vincent's College Journal*, of Beatty, Penn., for January, 1920. It is a representative exchange tribute, the same tone of which runs through all the other sister publications that come to the *Purple Sanctum*. To base an opinion upon the critical testimony of one's contemporaries is always trustworthy. We, therefore, think it is safe to affirm, without any tone of idle boasting, that our Monthly ranks second to few, if any, in the field of college journalism.

This good share, which "Twenty" so happily offered, was borne in great part by our Editor-in-Chief, J. Robert Clair, who was also Editor of *Pan-on-Packachoag*. The *Purple* gladly accepted his offerings in Freshman days, and he was soon an associate editor. Since that year, seldom has the college journal appeared without containing at least two of his literary jewels. We feel safe in saying that a more effusive or sweeter singer has not graced the *Purple's* pages for many years. His inclusion amid the elect contributors to "The Poets of the Future," echoes well our praises.

Among the "Twenty" men on the staff were R. J. O'Callaghan, Edward A. Dinneen, A. J. O'Leary, Clement V. McGovern, while among the names of contributors may be found those of John K. Ryan, John F. Shea, James T. Mahoney, Philip H. Breen, Thomas F. O'Connor, Myles F. Costello, Francis A. Galligan, Clement C. Maxwell and Thomas E. O'Donnell. In losing Philip E. Shaw from our ranks, by enlistment, the *Purple* suffered a regrettable loss.

We must not forget to mention our genial Thomas J. Teehan, who greatly aided the business department in his Freshman and Sophomore years.

Again let us say that "Twenty" is justly proud of her literary men who, by their sincere and praiseworthy efforts, have done so much to place *The Purple* in her enviable and deserving place—far in the van of a myriad, and motley army of college publications.



J. ROBERT CLAIR, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



THE WRECKING CREW



DRESS PARADE



CAUSE FOR A DARK BROWN TASTE



SQUIRREL POOD



HIGH LIGHTS AND HEAD LIGHTS



Music

Music with all its charms is by no means a stranger on Mt. St. James. A very important event took place, when, under the direction and leadership of Mr. Berchmans Boland, S. J., and Mr. Francis X. Downey, S. J., the combining of the Glee Club and Orchestra was effected. Claiming no Carusos or Paderewskis, still the public were given the opportunity to put their seal of approval upon the talents of the Glee Club and Orchestra, on March 24th, 1918.

This special event was given in aid of the Worcester War Chest Fund. The tremendous reception which was accorded to our entertainers, assured all on the Hill, that Holy Cross lived up to her traditions, fragrant with such entertaining features.

Accordingly, on April 8, 1918, our promising musicians repeated their past achievement with the same success, at Leicester. Whitinsville was our hostess next, on April 24th, 1918, and we, by our rendering of the masterpieces, continued to charm.

Lowell was the first city we visited after our appearance in Worcester. In aid of the Chaplain's Fund, held under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Club, we once more held up our former success. On May 26, 1918, we made our farewell appearance of the year in New Bedford. This concert, needless to say, met with the same success. Thus we closed a most successful year.

However, during the fall of the following year, the evening dress was supplanted by the khaki and the blue. But the signing of the Armistice brought back the wearers of the hob-nails and the bell bottoms to Alma Mater. So we were all gathered once again on the Hill of Pleasant Springs, and Severe Winters.

Mr. Berchmans Boland, S. J., who instructed and directed these gifted youths, is the leading figure in the success and fame attained by our aspiring musicians. Mr. Francis X. Downey, who was the business manager, also comes in for his share of praise. His assistant, George Leo Conley, was worthy of the honor bestowed upon him.

A word of praise is also due to Edward S. Murphy, '20, and Thomas Ryan, '20, for the composition of the "Marching Song," which was presented by the Class of Nineteen Twenty to the College. George J. Jacob, James F. Mahoney, Edward A. Dinneen, Francis Sylvia, Stanley L. Sullivan, G. Clifton McCormick, John A. Arcari, Timothy F. Daley, Edward J. Comiskey, William T. Connell, James K. Donaghy, Leo F. McAndrews, James J. McCulloch, George M. Fitzpatrick, Joseph C. Genereux, Elbert J. Hawthorne, Joseph L. Kinney, William J. Maloney, Cyril C. Marrion, Clement V. McGovern, Francis A. Galligan, J. Raymond O'Callaghan, Thomas E. O'Donnell, and Florian J. Ruest represented the Class of Nineteen Twenty in the great success attained by the Glee Club and Orchestra. As we leave the College on the Hill which has just passed the fiftieth milestone of her zealous labors, we feel that the Glee Club and Orchestra will meet with the same success which has been established during our four years' stay.



Smokers and Banquets

Unity is the keynote of success. Upon this principle nations have waxed powerful. Upon this principle has the Class of Nineteen Twenty become a solid entity, with one purpose, the doing of all in its power to make its stay at Holy Cross profitable and pleasant for each and every member of the class.

The first get-together event in the history of the class was held at the State Mutual Restaurant on December 12, 1916. With Mr. J. Bresnahan acting as toastmaster, the evening passed pleasantly, a constant round of song, speech and merriment. From the moment that Robert L. Sharkey, the unanimous choice for president of the class in 1916, opened the fireworks, until the finale, the Alma Mater, not one dull moment ensued. Mr. T. O'Donnell, Mr. G. Jacob, the concentrated bundle of wit, Mr. Maurice Splaine, Worcester's Own, and Thomas Dessie Desmond, the prince of story-tellers, aided materially in making the affair a huge success. Mr. O'Donnell's subject, "Our Mentors," was one which required a skill and tact seldom found in a freshman speaker, but the handling was in this case so finished that even the Rev. Rector, Fr. Dinand, remarked of it, "speech *par excellence*." "Our Jake" toasted and roasted with equal vigor "Woman," although as far as we can determine, he has never allowed an opportunity to pass by. He never passes. But best of all, we banquetted regally. A delightful turkey dinner was appreciated by the boys, who thereby showed their foresight, for the World War and other nearer home circumstances have never permitted the class to really dine. Question No. 1: Why is Arakel a defender of the Order of Jesuits?

We had no banquet Sophomore year, for the class decided that at such a time of need for the nation such an action would be unpatriotic. Other circumstances prevented Mr. Jacob from showing his ability as a toastmaster, for a scheduled Junior year banquet was called off.

Although the absence of a banquet was felt during Sophomore and Junior years, a very fine substitute was had in annual smokers.

On February 17, 1918, the Class of Twenty held their first Smoker. President Tim Daley welcomed the class, enjoining them to get together. Throughout his address he lived up to all the fondest predictions of his most sanguinary and ardent admirers. Speeches by James Donoghue, John Howe, George Hogan and John Jacobs were received with tense rapture. Added color was superinduced by Florian Ruest's solo and the Symphony Six, Jerry Whitney, George Fitzpatrick, J. Legrand Bell, Joseph Rogers and J. Kinney in a "Rollicking Ramble;" a sketch by Paul Lyons and John Kennedy, followed. Rapid fire exchanges of witticisms kept the audience in continuous laughter. The terpsichorean art was represented, and quite æsthetically, by Messrs. E. Keefe and G. L. Ryan. "Scissors," a sketch written by Messrs. O'Donnell and J. R. Clair, was the hit of the evening, in fact was so good that by special request of the faculty, it was placed on Holy Cross



FRESHMAN BANQUET

Smokers and Banquets (*Continued*)

Night program as the feature event. The cast included Messrs. O'Donnell, Clair, J. Jacobs, W. Monahan and J. C. Magner. Mr. R. J. O'Callaghan carried out his duties as toastmaster nobly.

Washington Club, Lake Quinsigamond, May 25, 1919, found "Twenty" a merry crowd. The best time in the three years was had by the class, at least many so judged it, and recent events have made it a certainty that a better time can never be the fortune of any class to come. Much of the credit is due Mr. John McDonough, the hustling chairman of the arrangements committee. President M. Cavanaugh spoke the words of welcome, and throughout his speech the sincerity and other qualities which he possesses to a remarkable degree, were apparent, a justification of the class' action in making him president for two successive years. Mr. Edward Connors presided as toastmaster, and was the surprise of the evening. His sober mien but equally humorous speech aided greatly in making the evening a success. William White and J. Cletus Magner were present and imparted much of the air of gaiety by their well-timed speeches. The George Fitzpatrick & Jacob charmed us with their respective tenors, parlor and —. T. O'Donnell carolled to us sweetly about our future relations with our sassiety college hillites. The quartet, Jake, T. O'D., McGovern, J. Mahoney, together with a violin solo by Frank Sylvia, rounded out the evening's program.

On Hallowe'en evening, 1919, a reception was held by Nineteen Twenty in honor of Twenty-Three. "Twenty" Minstrels entertained the new-comers, all of whom voted the affair simply marvelous. Prominent in the cast were M. P. Cavanaugh, G. Jacob, T. E. O'Donnell, George L. Ryan, Arthur J. O'Leary, J. C. Magner and W. White. Much of the credit for the success is due to Mr. John McDonough, who, incidentally, is the only one in the history of the school who ever enjoyed the unique honor of being chairman of arrangements for two successive years. THE PATCHER will go to print before any other event is held by the class, but we can rest assured that any affair by "Twenty" cannot be anything but a huge success.



Songs

TWENTY'S CLASS SONG

On our Hill of sunset splendor,
Where flow pleasant, crystal springs,
'Neath the folds of Royal Purple
Every heart of Twenty sings.
Swiftly time is lapsing from us—
All too soon these glad days end;
But a Friend of Nineteen Twenty
Will forever be a Friend.

Words by J. Robert Clair, '20.

Music by Edw. S. Murphy, '20.

MARCHING SONG

Mingle your cheers with praise and glory,
Let them ring out until the Purple heroes thrill;
For in their echo is the story
Of the old college on the Hill.
So let us raise her Royal Banner
Up where the sporting breezes toss,
Until we turn the tide of every battle
Back to you, Holy Cross!

Words by Thomas W. Ryan, '20.

Music by Edward S. Murphy, '20.

ALMA MATER SONG

(Air: Maryland)

O hear thy sons in happy song,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross!
Thy sons are loyal, true and strong,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross!
Thy purple banner floats on high,
While songs of praise swell to the sky,
Thy honored name shall never die,
Holy Cross, old Holy Cross.

—Augustine P. Conniff, '02.

CARMEN SCHOLAE

(Air: In the Gloaming)

Anchora nunc tollebatur,
Navis nostra velam dat
Procelloso in oceano,
Mater, duce, adjutrix.

REFRAIN

Semper terror nos urgebit,
Si nocte destitues.
Anchora nunc tollebatur,
Navis nostra velam dat.
Lucem petimus claramque
Virtutem per tenebras.
Fideli gubernatrici,
In certam proram, rege.

Words by

Clement G. Maxwell, '20.

Mendel Club



R. S. KEEFE, PRES.

The Mendel Club began its fourth and in many respects its most successful year last September, with the Class of Nineteen Twenty guiding its destinies. The Mendel Club is a scientific and fraternal organization of not only undergraduates, who have manifested their interest in biology, but also of alumni, who are either at medical school or who have already engaged in the medical or dental professions. The club now numbers among its alumni members many renowned surgeons and practitioners who have attained an enviable reputation in the medical world.

The interest and enthusiasm of the club members during the past year has been very marked. The year began with Raymond S. Keefe as President of the club. In his inaugural address, he outlined the plans for the year, which included a smoker and an entertainment

to prospective junior members; a series of instructive lectures by alumni and undergraduate club members; the publication of the "Mendel Club Bulletin;" and also a reception and reunion of all members—alumni and undergraduate—at the college in June. Mr. John A. Frisch, S. J., is the Moderator, whose kindly assistance continues to be ever bountiful.

The other officers of the club are: Vice President, John W. Spellman; Secretary, Joseph H. Groark; Treasurer, Maurice F. O'Brien; Sergeant-at-Arms, B. Joseph O'Grady.

The following club members contributed generously of their time to the preparations of lectures, which were not only scholarly and extremely interesting, but also were an entertainment: Leo F. McAndrews, William C. McNamee, Christopher E. Dwyer, James P. Gilligan, Robert J. Ruane, Stanley L. Sullivan, George A. Garvey, Florian G. Ruest, Anthony C. Mitchell, Dermod C. Flynn and Edward S. Murphy.

The Mendel Club has prospered and has accomplished an unprecedented and unexpected number of successes the past year. Who will say that this is not due in a very great degree to the inspiration of the Moderator, Mr. John A. Frisch, S. J., and also to the spirit of enthusiasm and the earnest work which has ever been characteristic of all the various activities to which the members of the Class of Nineteen Twenty have turned their attention?

Scientific Society



G. C. MCCORMICK, PRES.

The Scientific Society of Holy Cross College, after a lull in its activities, due to the war conditions, was reorganized in the fall of 1919, with Mr. G. C. McCormick as President and Mr. Thomas O'Connor as Secretary. The other officers were Mr. Thomas Malumphy, '21, and Mr. Timothy O'Connor, '21, Treasurer.

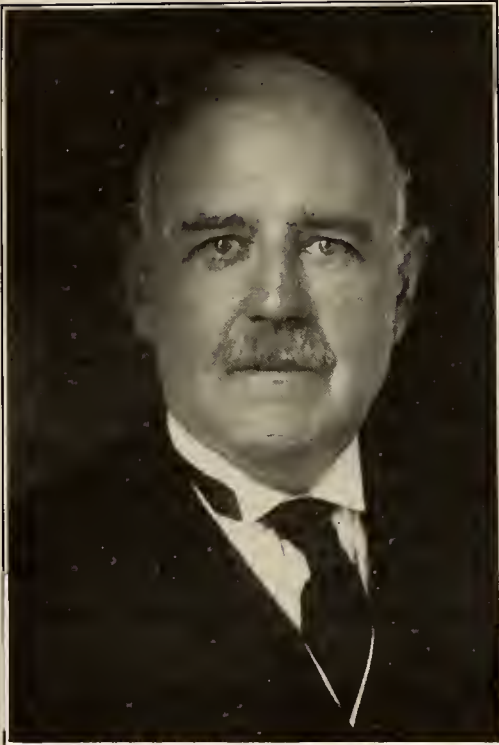
Through the efforts of Mr. McCormick the Society had the unusual opportunity of listening to a series of lectures upon the Manufacture of Iron and Steel by Mr. V. E. Hillman, Notre Dame, '09, who is at present Chief Chemist and Metallurgist at the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, Worcester, Mass. The subject was treated in detail, from the mining of the ore to the study of the microscopic structure of the finished steel. Papers on the various physical aspects were delivered by members of

the Society, and among them the following were by members of the Class of Twenty: The Principles of Metallography, G. C. McCormick; The Annealing of Steel, C. C. Marrior; Chemical Reactions of the Blast Furnace, W. C. McNamee; Detection of Flaws in Steel by Magnetic Methods, M. F. O'Brien; Pressed Steel, T. J. O'Connor; Some Applications of Physical Laboratory Methods to Metallurgy, E. F. Trainor; Steels and Their Physical Properties, T. J. O'Leary; Applications of Mechanics to Steel Tests, J. J. Brady; Cast Iron vs. Cast Steel, E. S. Goodwin.

The papers and lectures were supplemented by tours of the American Steel and Wire Works, where the process from the charging of the open-hearth furnaces to the drawing of the steel wire could be seen in detail. Later, through the courtesy of the Crompton & Knowles management, the Society was privileged to study the various testing apparatus of the Physical Properties of different steels, in the laboratories of their plant. An opportunity was also had of visiting the laboratories of the Wyman-Gordon Co., in Worcester, where the heat treatment of steel has been highly developed. Moving pictures, exhibiting the various uses of steel were obtained through the efforts of the moderator, Mr. D. P. Mahoney, S. J., from the Bureau of Economics.

The thanks of the Society for the series of interesting and profitable meetings was voted to the President for his constant activity, to Mr. Hillman for his generosity and to the Moderator for his encouragement and coöperation throughout the year.

NEXUS LECTURERS



HON. JAMES B. CARROLL, '78, L. L. D.



MICHAEL F. FALLON, '84, M. D.



LAWRENCE A. FORD, '95, L. L. D.

The Nexus Society

The name of the society signifies a connecting link between the Senior Class and the alumni. This link has been moulded and shaped by the Class of Nineteen Twenty; it remains for our successors to weld and temper it. This living bond owes its origin to the worthy Moderator of the Society, Rev. John X. Pyne, S. J. His desire for the advancement of Holy Cross men experienced a great discouragement when he saw the number of promising young men drifting like a ship without a sail upon the sea of business opportunity. He knew that the body of the Alumni was strong and that the spirit was willing. He saw the necessity for the aid and advice of the older brothers; it was the wind which could blow the wanderers safely into port.

It is to his inspiration and guidance we owe the Nexus Society.

The possibilities of the society are indeed a rich heritage we leave to our successors. Its foundation, built upon the spirit of brotherly love, of lending a helping hand to our struggling neighbor, is one of solid rock. The structure erected upon it will be a living monument to the Class of Nineteen Twenty.

The first year of the organization of the society has indeed been a successful one. Distinguished members of the alumni, prominent in the business and professional life, have sacrificed their time and energy to deliver lectures to the society. Many of the seeds of advice they sowed fell upon fertile ground and will bear fruit one hundred fold. The society has communicated with many of the alumni, and received in many instances not only advice but material aid in obtaining suitable positions for its members.

The society in its infancy is sending into the world the men of Nineteen Twenty, devoted in their love to Alma Mater; eager in the practice of charity; determined that they will be ever watchful for the welfare of fellow members; that they will contribute to the advancement of their brothers, all to the greater glory of dear old Holy Cross.



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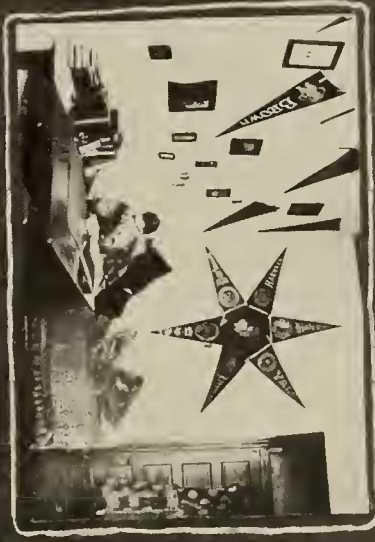
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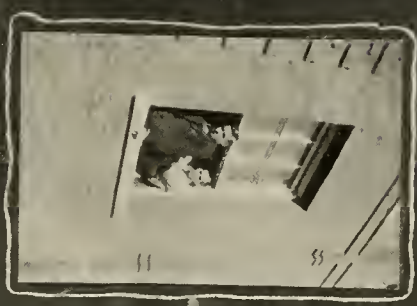


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Acknowledgments

THE TWENTY PURPLE PATCHER Board sends a vote of thanks to:

REV. JAMES A. MULLEN, S. J., for his tedious task of reviewing these pages before their going to press.

REV. JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S. J., and FRANCIS A. MILLER, for their aid willingly offered to the business board.

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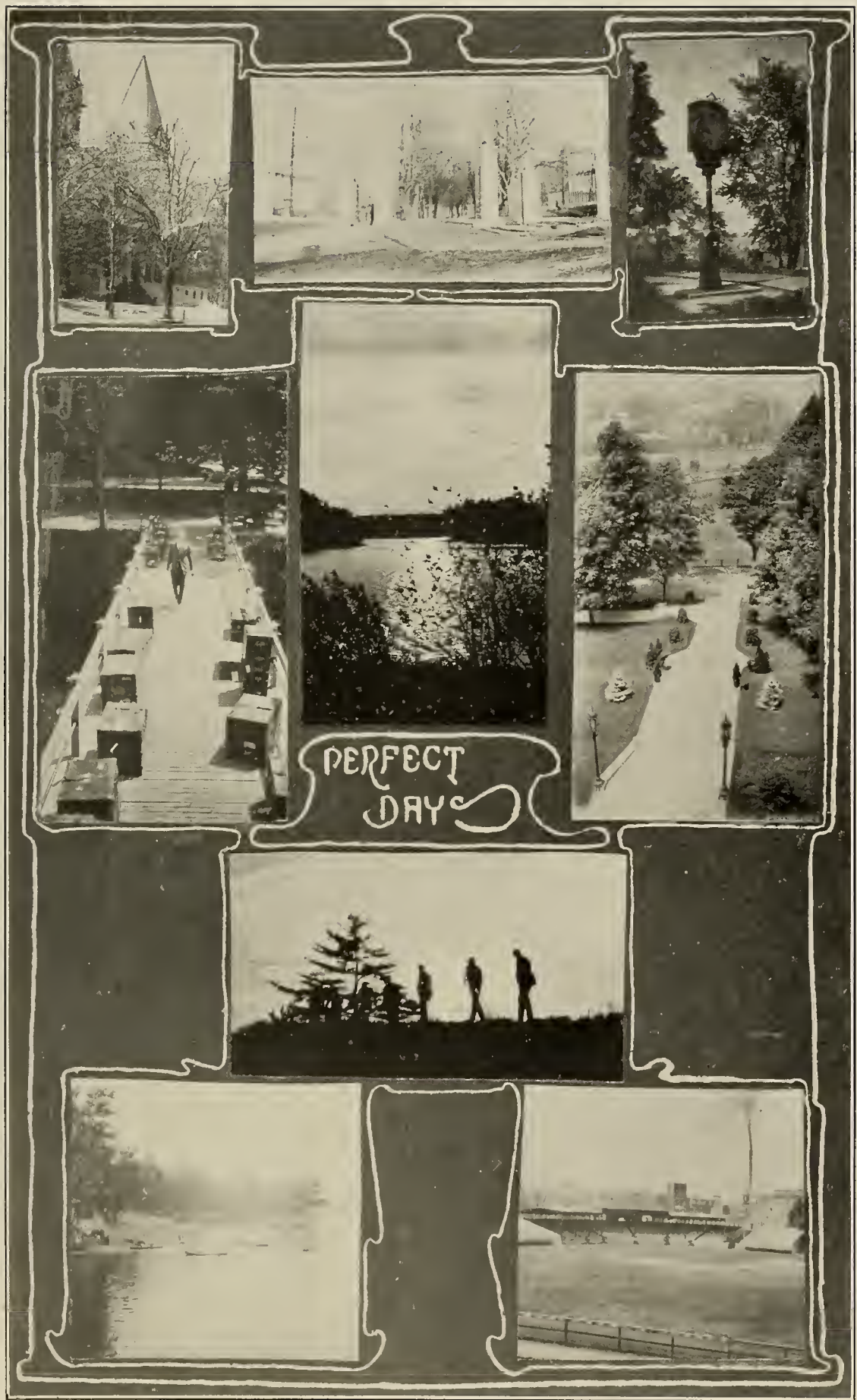
MR. JOHN A. FRISCH, S. J., whose photography made several of these pages possible.

THE HEFFERNAN PRESS; in particular MR. WILLIAM J. HEFFERNAN, whose many suggestions and personal interest in this publication has made the burden light.

HOWARD, WESSON ENGRAVING CO.; in particular MR. F. GLEASON, for his coöperation in making the cuts of this book.

GRAY STUDIO; for their tireless and patient efforts in photographing the Class of Twenty.

To the many others, students, friends and advertisers, who have assisted us directly and indirectly in this issue of THE PURPLE PATCHER.



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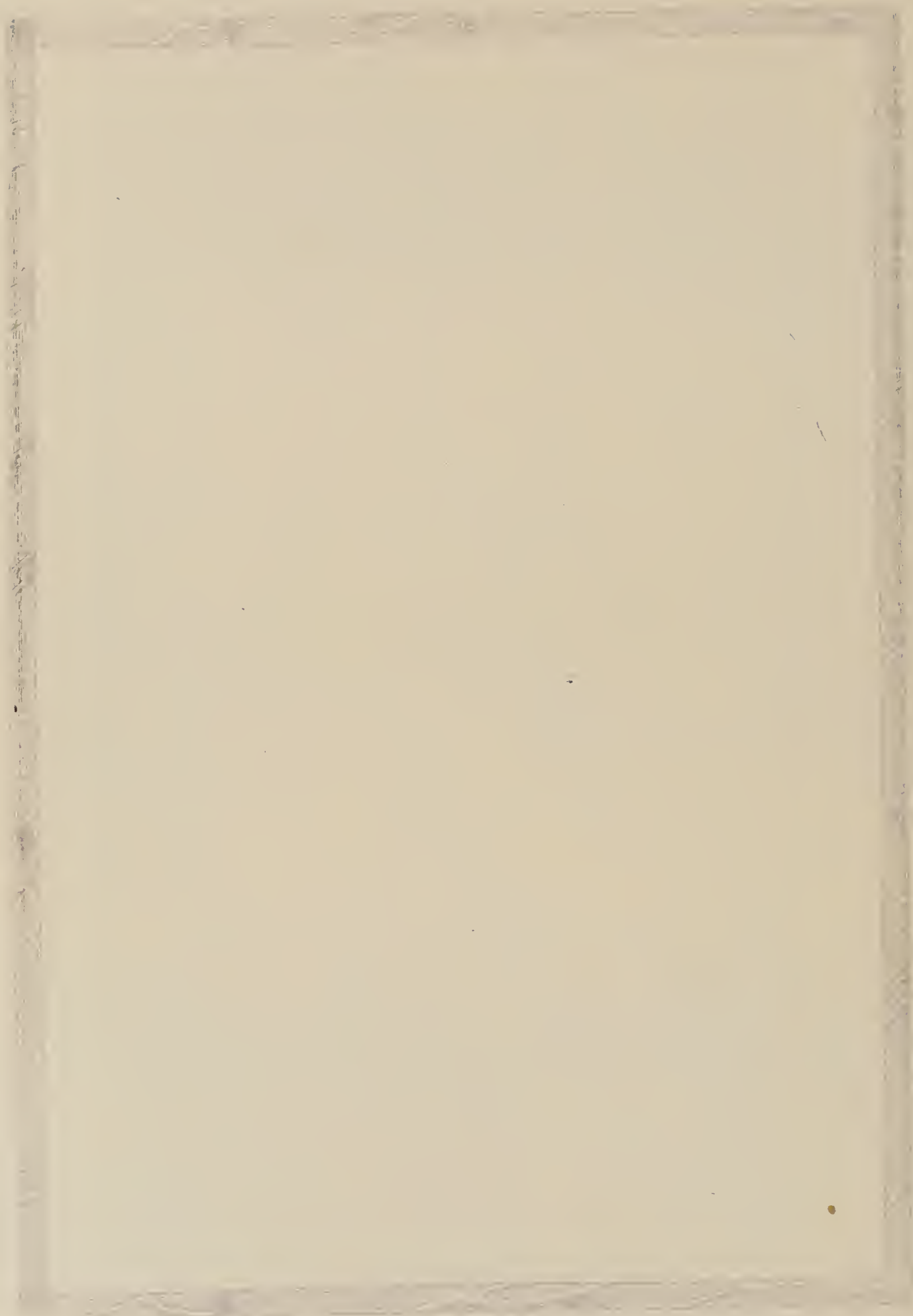
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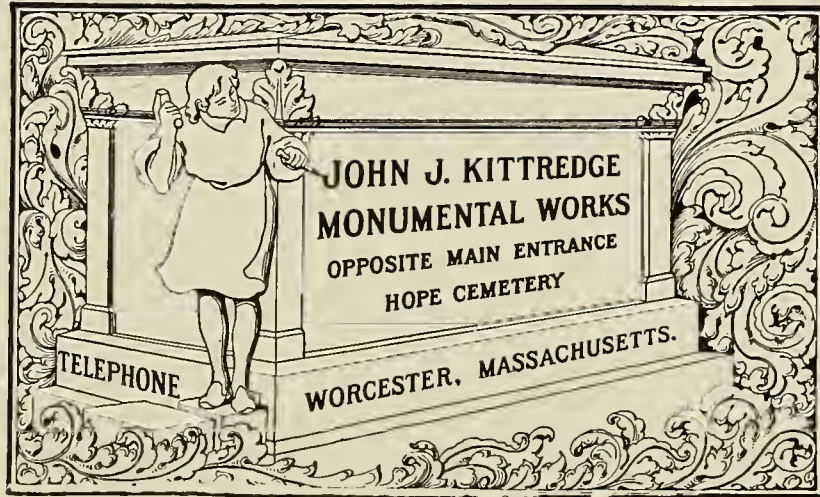
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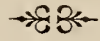
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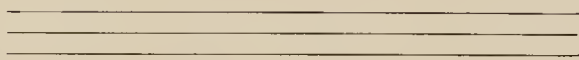
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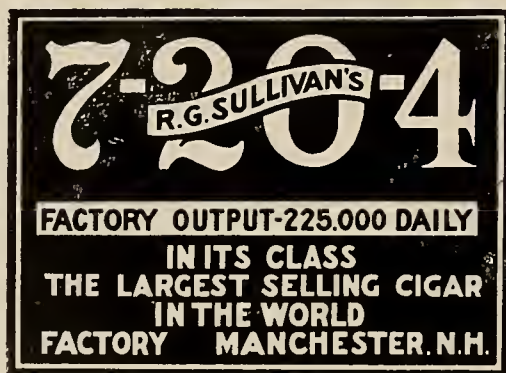
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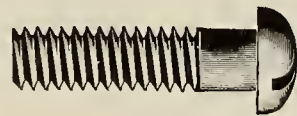
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